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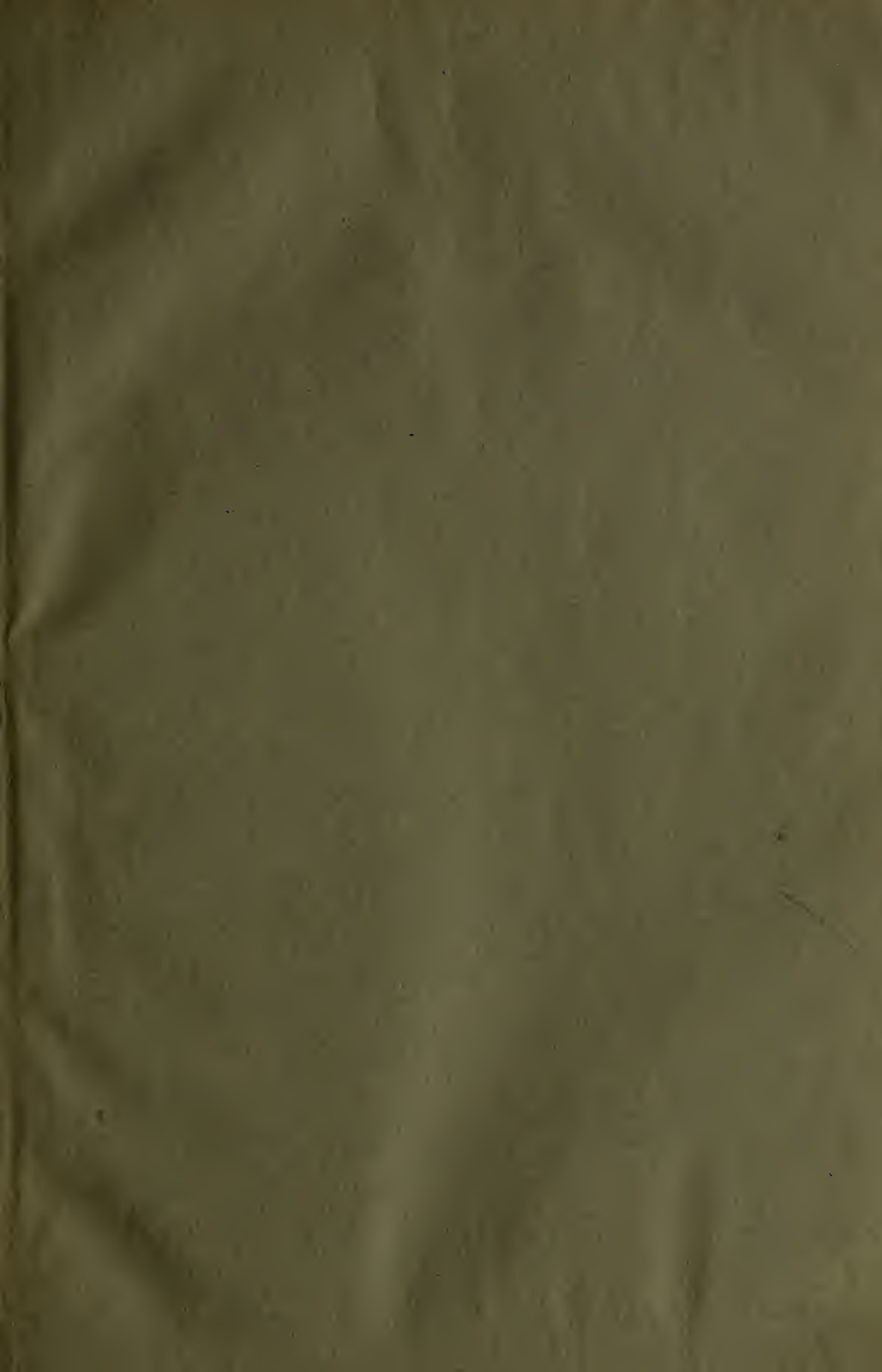
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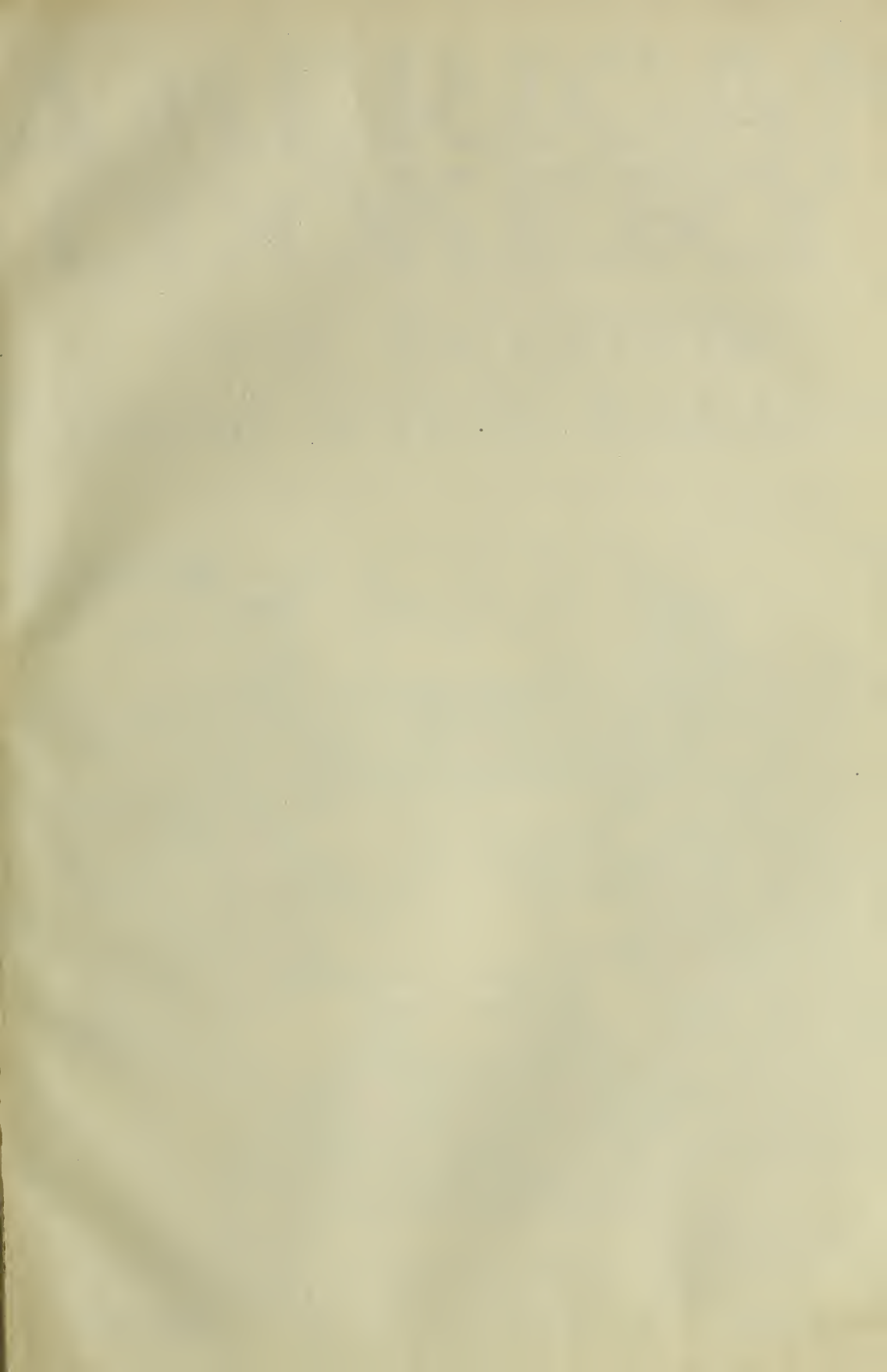
















DRIVING OUT THE HIGH-SCHOOL PICKLE

# AMERICAN COOKERY

FORMERLY

## THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF CULINARY SCIENCE AND DOMESTIC ECONOMICS

JUNE-JULY, 1914

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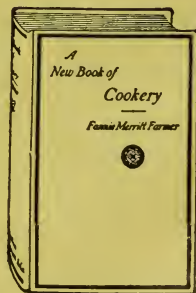
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# American Cookery

FORMERLY

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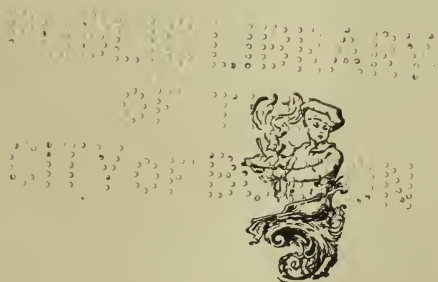
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# American Cookery

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No. 1

## An Architect's Own Home

By Charles Vaughn Boyd

ONE is often prone to bemoan the dearth of really meritorious small houses; yet the cause of this lamentable lack is not difficult to discover. In the first place, many architects really do not care to design small houses for clients, because of the proportionately low fees; secondly, many people in building a small house do not engage an architect, thinking his services superfluous, except for larger homes.

In the designing of his own home, however, an architect finds thoroughly congenial occupation—a recreation almost, because the whims of clients and the amount of fees do not enter into his consideration. It is scarcely strange, then, that some of the most attractive small houses of today are owned and occupied by their creators. Such a home, its interior eloquent of compact comfort, its exterior strikingly homelike, is shown in the accompanying illustrations.

For the construction of the house, frame was used throughout, thereby materially reducing the cost. The exterior surface of the first story walls is plastered over metal lath. In color, this plaster is a cool gray-white, which furnishes an effective foil for the quiet green shade applied to all the exterior trim. The "weathered" shingle roof is of the perennially-popular gambrel type, giving a satisfactory ceiling height for the rooms on the second floor. Instead of separate dormer windows on the front and rear elevations, use is made of "con-

tinuous" dormers, which add considerably both to the second floor area and to the attractiveness of the external design.

Inevitably a house presents unpleasant angularities of construction, if the surrounding grounds are not artistically planted. Here, there is a very pleasing disposal of vines, shrubbery, and trees—framing the house, and robbing it of any harshness of outline.

A wide porch, screened in summer and glazed in winter, extends across the entire front of the house. From this porch, the main entrance admits to a large, well-lighted, square hall—the walls of which are hung with an unusual, two-toned brown paper, that is very appropriate with the warm brown-stained chestnut woodwork. At the rear are two doors, one opening to a commodious coat-closet, the other to a passage, communicating with the kitchen, and with the side-entrance beneath the stair-landing. At the left, a wide, cased-opening connects the hall with the living room, in which the walls are hung with golden-brown canvas.

Of architectural features in the living room, the bookcases cunningly built in under the wide casings of the windows, the deep baywindow with its generous seat, and the fireplace, are of chief interest. The treatment of the over-mantel is especially good. A beautiful forest scene, painted in soft tones of green, gold, and brown upon wood, is inset in the simple wood paneling; and upon the

mantelshelf is "inscribed in Old English lettering that appropriate legend:

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
Homekeeping hearts are happiest.  
For those that wander they know not where,  
Are full of trouble and of care;  
To stay at home is best."

The dining room is so intimately connected with the living room, that the walls have been treated in a similar manner with golden-brown canvas. A corner china-closet, with doors of leaded glass and fittings of hammered copper, is the central point of interest in the room; although the windows upon two sides, affording delightful garden views, are an important asset.

For a small house, the service department is especially well-handled; as, in its equipment, no essential to comfort or convenience is omitted. The pantry is unusually large; and, opening from it, additional space is afforded by a closet.

The rear entry is so arranged, that the refrigerator occupying one end may be iced from a small side window, thus saving unnecessary tracking through the kitchen.

On the second floor, economy of space has resulted from the presence of only one staircase and from the elimination of unnecessary hall-area.

The owners' suite is formed by the two front bedrooms, where the woodwork and the furniture are stained forest green, and the walls hung with neutral-toned, self-figured paper. In the larger room, the window-alcove has a built-in seat, with a hinged cover and a cedar lining, to permit the storage of wearing apparel. A gown-closet is still another useful adjunct of the room.

In the guest room, the maid's room, and in the upper hall, the woodwork is stained gray-brown, the walls being papered in harmonizing tones. Ivory



INTERESTING MANTEL IN LIVING-ROOM



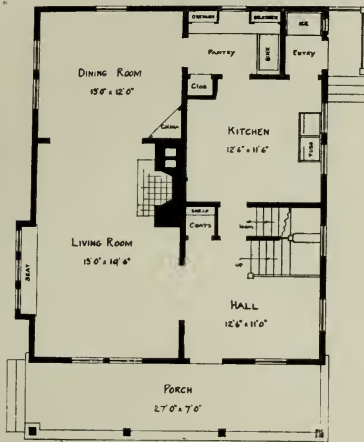
enamel and white tiling create that immaculately sanitary appearance so desirable in a bathroom.

The third floor, which is accessible by means of a closed stairway, is unfinished; but it provides a very useful storage space—always of more importance in a small house than in a large one.

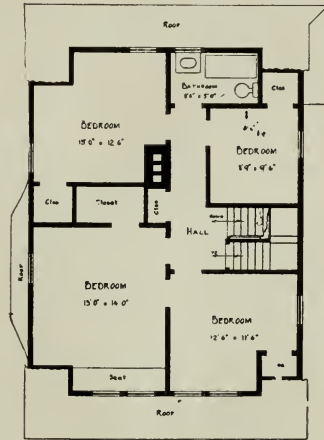
One frequent cause of failure, both in the designing and the furnishing of small houses, is the striving for grandiose

effects. The aim should, instead, be for absolute simplicity—a simplicity expressed in strong, direct lines, in quiet colors, in restfully uncrowded spaces. Only thus can a small house attain that superlative measure of attractiveness and comfort which so pervades, without and within, the inviting little home here described and portrayed.

EDITOR'S PRIVATE NOTE.—Cost approximately \$5000.00, without site.



FIRST FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR

## Out of Style

When, to follow old Dame Fashion,  
Women have a senseless passion  
For a garb that's both indecent  
And grotesque—

One that sets the men to staring,  
And to blushing or to swearing,  
And to making them a subject

For burlesque—  
Then, methinks, 'tis time to falter,  
(If we cannot fashions alter)  
And to ponder and consider

For awhile,  
If it be not wiser, better,  
Neater, sweeter and completer,  
Just to be, in dress, a little  
Out of style.

When we see the home-life suffer  
By the fads that some run after—  
Women's Clubs, the suffrage meeting  
Or the play,

When the hand of woman raises  
To her lips the cup that dazes,  
Because she hasn't courage

To say "Nay,"  
Then, methinks, 'tis time to falter,  
(If we cannot customs alter)  
And to ponder and consider

For a while,  
If it be not nobler, purer,  
More womanly and truer,  
Just to be, in ways, a little  
Out of style.

LUCIA WELLS FAMES.

# Back Door Folk

By M. B. S.

FREDA LORING is the most investigative and original girl I have ever known. When, therefore, I heard one morning that, dispensing with all orange-blossom preliminaries, she had become a bride, a housewife, and my next door neighbor, all in one day, I knew that our old drowsy, conventional street had some eye-opening experiences in store for it. I knew that Freda's neighborliness would not be as the neighborliness of us others was, and I knew that Freda's first year of housekeeping would not be a thing of slowly fading rose colors, but "a revolutionary evolution" enlivened with astounding and adventurous excursions into the unexplored romances of a housekeeper's life. Where she was to adventure and what she would find in the prosaic domestic routine of our quiet street, I could not

imagine. But I had mountainous faith.

Business took me south the very day that she arrived and it was a month before I returned and made my first call. I "ran in" right after breakfast. Freda herself came to the door. In the midst of our enthusiastic greetings, she said suddenly, looking over my shoulder: "There goes your calendar!"

I turned, mystified. But all that I could see was my cat walking demurely down the steps of my front porch.

"I had forgotten it was Friday", added Freda, watching the cat frisk across the sidewalk and seat herself in the middle of the road.

"Friday—my calendar—my cat! What are you gibbering about?" I demanded.

Freda looked at me in questioning surprise. "Do you mean that you don't know that for five years she has been going out every Friday morning to meet Mr. Grant?" She was amazed.

"And who is Mr. Grant?" I demanded tartly. I jealously adore my cat, and I was not at all pleased by this suggestion of a long-continued clandestine attachment on her part. "Who is Mr. Grant?"

"Mr. Robinson S. Grant—he delivers fish for the Metropolitan Market every Friday", said Freda.

"Oh, the fishman!" This was what "Mr. Grant" had been to me for five years, coming to my back door every Friday morning, winter and summer—the fishman—an automaton that asked for, recorded and supplied, almost mechanically, the order that I gave. The fishman—it had never even remotely occurred to me that he was anything more. And here, it seems, he had a name—and must have had it, furthermore, through all those five years of our periodic intercourse. And a name that, for some reason or other, suddenly individualized him for me for all time to come.



THE FISHMAN



THE GROCER

With a word, Freda had transformed that vague, barren, Friday generalization of "the fishman" into the most interesting thing in the whole world: "a human being."

"He is going to speak this evening before the Woman's Club—it meets with me—you must come over," Freda ran on, heedlessly piling Pelions on my Ossa of astonishment.

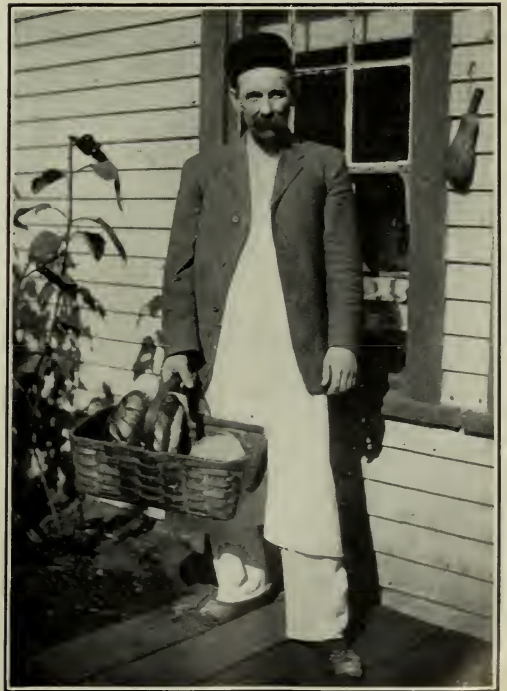
"I have started a new Woman's Club here. I tried my best to drag the Pierian out of the pre-Christian renaissance, or whatever they call their 'art' afternoons, but they refused unanimously to budge past Titian and Shakespeare. I wanted to discuss refrigerated foods!"

"The new club has fifty members already, and Mr. Grant has consented to talk to us to-night on 'Mistakes that Housekeepers Make in Ordering'. His ambition, you know, is to open a large fish-market of his own in a couple of years, and he is studying his business enthusiastically from every angle. He is going to make a success of it, too, for

he not only knows fish, but human nature. He can size up a customer with a look. He knows in an instant whether you are the kind of a person with common sense enough to appreciate advice from an honest expert or not. If you are, he offers it.

"There he is now—see him feeding your pussy cat." And Freda tripped out to give her order.

I sat down on the first available bit of furniture to collect and rearrange my wits. They were completely shattered. My fishman was to address the Woman's Club to-night in Freda's parlor! I tried to imagine him ringing the bell and coming in the front door as Mr. Robinson S. Grant, "even as you and I"; but I couldn't. I could only see him in his colored shirt and overalls, standing bare-headed and deferential before me, with pencil poised to take my order, impassive, automatic, silent, save for his regular weekly comment on the weather, which, too, seemed as mechanical as the strokes of his swift moving pencil. No,



THE BAKER



my imagination, dulled by my unthinking acceptance of class distinctions, was quite unable to escort Mr. Robinson S. Grant in through Freda's front door.

Then, I perceived that all my world of folk was divided into two kinds: front door folk and back door folk. And that my home, the home of my ancestors, stood between the two divisions, keeping the goats and the sheep carefully apart.

I am modern enough and American enough not to be entirely pleased with the full realization of this commonplace discovery. Neither was I pleased with the recollection that Mr. Robinson S. Grant had never, on any occasion, proffered me any advice on my weekly order of fish.

I began to be pricked with doubts as to my attitude (which I had all my life subconsciously enjoyed) of superiority toward back door folk. It was barren at best. It would, certainly, never have procured a speaker for the Woman's Club. What else had it lost?

At this moment I noticed a wagon

marked "Lawton & Thomas, Groceries and Provisions", drive past, and I had just begun to wonder what Freda had gleaned from her month's trading there, when she returned.

"I suppose you'll be surprised to hear that I'm almost a suffragist", she began, "converted in Dortville, too. It was your Mr. Benson who started me."

"Did he!" I exclaimed, knowing by a sudden flash of intuition that "my Mr. Benson" must be the Lawton & Thomas driver on my route.

"When I found that he had lived in Colorado before he came to work for Lawton & Thomas", Freda continued, "I asked him last election day what he thought about women's voting. And what do you think he said? 'I know it's a good thing for the men. You ought to see the difference between the Colorado men going to the polls and some of the men I noticed this morning. In my little town men brushed up to vote—put on a clean shirt—the poorest of them—for election. We went with our wives and daughters and wanted to look right. And I believe that's a step toward wanting to think right'.

"Of course, I couldn't keep him talking while he was on his grocery route", said Freda, "so I went right upstairs and telephoned Mrs. Benson and asked her to come over to lunch with me and tell me all about how it changes a woman to have the vote. Wasn't it splendid to have such an authentic chance? To get the facts first hand? She came, and she told me such interesting things! We are going to make a series of articles out of them for the Dortville News. She will contribute the facts and I the writing, and the editor has actually agreed to pay us for them!"

When I left Freda an hour later, I had learned something interesting about every one of our back door folks. She had known them only a month, yet her instinct for humanness, if I can so define it, was so strong that in that short time she had not only learned something



THE MILKMAN

of the personal story of each individual, but had seen a way to bring him into wider touch with the community in which he lived. Robinson S. Grant, from being the nameless fishman on my departure for the South, was known today to every wide-awake woman on our side of the town, and was given that respect accorded to every man who knows any one thing well. The wife of one of Lawton & Thomas's delivery men, from being an ignored or unknown stranger from the West, had become joint author of "those clever woman articles running in *The News*"; and our

milkman (who had always had "his own ideas", but because of competition could not afford to carry them out, so that we were still, among other unsanitary things, getting our milk in tin cans) had become chairman of a lively committee that was keeping the city council busy with schemes for enforcing pure municipal milk.

And I saw why Freda had been able to do all this. Because, figuratively speaking, her home had only one door, and through it every one, who in any way touched her life, must enter and go out alike.

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## Efficiency in the Kitchen

By W. B. Stoddard

IT has become more and more recognized of late years that there is a good way and a poor way of doing house-keeping, just as any other line of work. Various attempts have been made to systematize the labor of the housewife, but it was not until efficiency managers had revolutionized office and factory that an efficiency mistress appeared and demonstrated that there is as much science in running a house as a business.

The woman who evolved this great idea is Mrs. Christine Frederick, who established the Applecroft Experiment Station, at Greenlawn, L. I. She also wrote a book upon the subject, but the real worth of her theories was never fully appreciated until her model kitchen and laundry were shown in operation at the Efficiency Exposition in New York City early in April.

The word "efficiency" frightens a great many women, who imagine that the necessary equipment is expensive and complicated, and that theory and practice cannot go hand in hand. Of course there are utensils in Mrs. Frederick's kitchen

that are not found in that of the average housewife, but that is owing to the short-sightedness of the mistress, or probably to her ignorance of their advantage. The man of the house, be he farmer or banker, keeps himself supplied with all the latest devices that will assist him in his work, knowing that any tool that enables him to save time or accomplish his task more effectively will pay for itself in a short time. Woman, more conservative, clings to the dust-pan, the scrubbing brush and the dish-cloth of her mother and grandmother, and then wonders why she ages more rapidly than her husband.

The saving of needless steps is the first principle of Mrs. Frederick's plan for the conservation of energy. She insists that there should be no hap-hazard arrangement of the furniture—the ice-box in the far corner because it best fits there—the sink wherever the plumber has seen fit to place the pipes—the stove ditto, on account of pipe connections. These items should be considered carefully in the beginning.



All food preparation starts from the ice-box. This should be built in the wall whenever possible, so that the ice man can put in the ice without ever entering the kitchen. Many country housekeepers will hold up their hands in horror at the expense. "We've always kept the ice-box on the porch, and *that* was sufficient to keep the iceman from tracking up the kitchen floor." But does the utterer of these words realize the energy expended in going back and forth between porch and kitchen for every article wanted from the refrigerator? And, moreover, does she realize the waste of ice, due to the much higher temperature in which the ice box stands outside?

Assuming that she has seen the wisdom of having a modern ice receptacle, the next item to be considered is the kitchen cabinet. Here again conservatism must be combatted—though fortunately not to such an extent as formerly. "Why, I've always had a big pantry to keep my things in, and I'd feel squeezed to death with everything jumbled together in a cupboard." But everything is not "jumbled together" in the up-to-date cabinet. There is the maximum of ease with the minimum of space—the flour bin, the sugar box, the bread box (mouse proof), drawers for canned goods, cutlery, milk tickets, cook book, small change; revolving rack for condiment jars, sliding shelf for pots and pans, rolling pin rack, utensil hooks, cutting board—everything that one needs, without the necessity of moving from her place.

After preparation of the food the next step is cooking, so close to the cabinet stands the fireless-cooking gas range with its hood attachment. The cost of this range is about \$95.00, and though it may appear expensive, the immense saving in fuel soon places it in the class of money savers. For example, a roast is placed in the oven and heat applied for about twelve minutes. The gas is then turned off, and at the expiration of thirty minutes the oven door is opened and the

meat found done to a turn. The hood attachment is used for foods prepared on top of the stove—cereals, vegetables and the like. Heat is applied for about five minutes, or until the boiling point is reached, then the hood is dropped until it rests firmly on the top of the stove, the gas extinguished, and the cooking finished without trouble or expense. In the efficiency kitchen the oven is waist high, thus doing away with the constant stooping, always so burdensome in the old style stoves.

The last step in the preparation of food is the serving table. This has a metal top, making it easy to clean.

The cabinet, the range and the serving table, all stand in a row on one side of the room, so there is no crossing and re-crossing, taking the thousand and one unnecessary steps so often due to faulty placing of the furniture.

After the serving comes the harder part—the clearing away. Many a woman sighs, "I don't mind getting the dinner, but the everlasting dish-washing that comes after it." Even in this age of efficiency one cannot say "presto, change" and have it done, but Mrs. Frederick shows how many of the disagreeable features can be eliminated. To begin with, a wheeled tray is used to convey the dishes from the dining room to the sink. The dishes are all piled on this at once, thus doing away with the endless trips back and forth carrying a few dishes at a time.

On the side of the room opposite the serving equipment is placed the cleaning up furniture. The dishes are borne at once to the combined sink and dish-washer. Into the latter the wire dish strainer fits securely, and in this is placed the china and glassware. The water is then turned on, the strainer given a rotary motion and the dishes are thoroughly flushed. The strainer is then lifted out and the china placed, without drying, on the open shelves along the kitchen wall, these open shelves having been found to be more sanitary than the



closed cabinet, besides much more easy of access. Nothing has yet been found to take the place of the actual cleaning of the pots and pans, but a wooden scraper and a handled mop make unnecessary much actual contact with the soiled utensils.

Of course, all the dishes are thoroughly scraped before being placed in the strainer or dishpan, and for this purpose a small table is placed just to the right of the dishwasher. In this is cut a circular hole and the garbage pail stands beneath, so that all the parings and scrapings drop naturally into it, the dish meanwhile resting on the table.

Last of all, one of the most practical of the new inventions, and especially valuable to city housewives, is the incinerite. Constructed on the principle of a crematory, all garbage, either wet or dry, is dumped therein and in a short time reduced to a fine powder. By this useful little invention the foul smelling, fly-inviting, disease-breeding garbage can is done away with altogether, and the cost is as nothing compared with the satisfaction the mistress feels in the elimination of this bane of her life.

The walls, instead of being papered, are covered with sanitas wall covering. This has a woven cloth foundation and comes in many artistic designs, as well

as the plain, and probably more serviceable patterns. It will not tear or fade, like wall paper, and is readily cleaned with a damp cloth, so that it always presents a fresh appearance.

The floor is covered with linoleum, preferably of a dull brown, though it may be had in many inlaid designs, if something more fancy is desired. This, like the wall, may be wiped up daily—a much easier and more sanitary method than the old process of sweeping—which took the dust from the floor, only to deposit it on the walls and furniture.

The indirect lighting system is employed. No light strikes the eye directly, but the gleam is diffused about the room, giving an even distribution of light and casting dark shadows nowhere.

Mere decorations are out of place in a kitchen as in any well ordered workshop. If a spot of color is desired, nothing is better than a growing plant or two, a hardy red geranium, for example.

In concluding the description of this practical and scientific kitchen I think nothing could be better than a quotation from Mrs. Frederick herself:

"Efficiency does not mean superfluous and costly equipment. It means the right tool, in perfect condition, placed scientifically; the right plan, plus an efficient attitude of mind by the worker."

## Junes

God has more Junes to give away—  
There is not any need to weep  
June's going. Though we cannot keep  
Our June—whatever Doubt may say,  
God has more Junes.

God has more Junes—all put away  
In scented places for our need;  
Enough to satisfy this greed  
For sweetness—though June fade today,  
God has more Junes.

God has more Junes—Ah, romp and play  
With all your playmate winds, and sing  
In jocund way, remembering  
That, still, though this June cannot stay,  
God has more Junes!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

# When Cook Books Talked

By Mary F. Nuttorf

THE House-wife was busy in her kitchen, as housewives should be, when she heard strange sounds from the drawer in the kitchen-cabinet. It was not a mouse, nor yet a buzzing fly, for The House-wife was very proper and had no such things in her kitchen. It was real voices, and it came from among the cook-books. The House-wife sank into a chair, held her doughy hands away from her spotless apron, and listened, breathlessly.

Now there were cook-books galore in that drawer, from grandmother's stained and worn one to a new one that said "Chafing Dish Dainties" on the cover.

"I wonder why she keeps me," sighed the Old, Old Book. "She never uses me any more. I used to be such a delight to her grandmother. O, the mince pies, apple dumplings, meat puddings, fried cakes, pound cakes, pickles, and cobblers she used to make by my rules. People eat such queer things now-a-days." "Don't you know you are out of date?" asked a book called, "How to Use Vegetable Oils." "The human stomach cannot digest animal fat."

This was exasperating to the Old, Old Book, and it retorted, "There isn't a soul in this house as healthy and happy as any member of her grandmother's family." Now the Old, Old Book could not be denied, since it was the only one who had been there in those old days, so by way of further argument, a book called, "Miss Salad and Her Trousseau," spoke up and asked, "Did this old-fashioned woman know the possibilities of a few fresh vegetables, nuts and mayonnaise?" "Fresh vegetables? Well, I can see them now swinging over the fire. Some were cooked with a piece of sweet salt pork from the smoke-house, and oh, how hungry everybody was just to get a whiff. And nuts, never did Saturday

come, from October to April, that the children didn't crack a huge basketful to eat on Sunday. They had such jolly times picking out the meats, and they used horse-nails. How well I remember their hiding their nails, so that when the basket was brought out, everyone was ready to pick, unless he was careless enough to forget where he had put his nail, and then he was chaffed by the others. Children now are so extravagant and difficult to entertain."

This was altogether too homely a vision for "Miss Salad and Her Trousseau," so she did not refer to the mayonnaise.

Then a much fussed up little book in a white cover, tied with green ribbons, water color sketches through its pages, and called "Frozen Dainties," asked, "Do your pages tell how to prepare a mousse, or a lemon ice, or mint sherbet, or tutti-frutti ice-cream?" "No, but I have a rule for a delicious blanc mange." Before anyone could laugh at this, a very serious looking book in a brown cover, called "Meat Substitutes," asked, "Do you tell of the value of whole wheat, cheese, or nuts?"

"Yes, and olive oil instead of lard," interrupted the before mentioned little volume of "How to Use Vegetable Oils."

"And attractive ways to serve PurO-FoodO, the great new pre-digested food," from a new book in a slick shiney cover with a picture of a little child preparing a meal.

Now the Old, Old Book had lain there in the bottom of the drawer a long, long time, and had become to feel quite meek and old, but this bantering sent an indignant thrill down its loose old back, and transformed it into a volume of vigorous retort. "Olive Oil, Pre-digested food, PurO-FoodO! The oil in my time was castor oil, and nothing now can hold

a candle to it. Talk about pure foods. What could be purer than the things one makes one's self? I've seen home ground meal, dried fruits, herbs, molasses, sugar, lard and meats that came, every one of them, from field, garden or pasture, and placed in store by this grandmother's own hands. They weren't labeled pure, because there was no doubt about it, and no one was ever ill—unless it was because he could not have a second helping. Pre-digested food was not heard of in those days. Stomachs were not lazy. People ate what they pleased and went to work and forgot about it. I do wonder what this world is coming to. People will soon be kept in glass cases and fed with condensed nourishment in capsules."

This long speech from the Old, Old Book was so astounding that not one of the others could think of anything to say, and the silence was becoming strained and painful when a learned looking volume entitled, "Errors in Mod-

ern Diet," offered a few remarks in a quiet tone that restored peace. "You are all half right and half wrong," it began. "This grandmother's family *may* have handed down a worn out digestion to its posterity. Who can tell? Recall this—people lived in the open then, and men and women, alike, worked much more with their hands than with their heads. We should now fit our diet to our occupation. The world isn't growing any worse, I'm sure, so let's give three cheers for the old days—and three cheers for the new days, and live happily ever after."

Loud cheering, then silence.

The House-wife jumped to her feet. The dough had dried on her hands, so she held them under the faucet, and while she rubbed and brushed at the obstinate little patches of paste, she said, "Well, I certainly was puzzled for a while about the menu I had planned for today's dinner, but, after all, I believe it is all right. Did you ever?"

## Roses of June

The roses of June, oh, the roses of June,  
 Their perfume is scenting the air,  
 Red, yellow and white, in their beauty bedight,  
 The dainty, the gorgeous, the rare.  
 They bloom in the garden, they grow by the  
 wall,  
 They twine over trellises high,  
 Where traffic is king, where whip-poor-wills  
 sing  
 Their faces they lift to the sky.

The roses of June, oh, the roses of June,  
 Their beauty no lip would deny,  
 In clusters and sprays, they petition our praise,  
 And never one passes them by.  
 The treasured of age and the chosen of youth  
 Their fragrance ungrudgingly shed,  
 O'er the youth in his pride, o'er the bonnie  
 young bride,  
 O'er the new-sodded couch of the dead.

The roses of June, oh, the roses of June,  
 Earth stands in her bravest array,  
 And the heavens above bend in tenderest love  
 While breezes exultantly play.  
 Red, yellow and white, in their beauty bedight,  
 That passes away but too soon,  
 Their banners, unfurled, whisper joy to the  
 world,  
 The beautiful roses of June.

LALIA MITCHELL.



# Driving Out the High School Pickle

By Zoe Hartman

THE corridors of the great building are silent, though you can hear the hum of voices at the closed door of every room. Now and then a stray pupil wanders through the halls, pausing a moment to sniff the warm, spicy odors that issue from the big room set with the long, orderly rows of bare tables and chairs, and to peer through the doors at the aproned women plying busily to and fro amid a stir of preparation.

Then a gong peals through the building. Instantly a dozen doors are flung open and the corridors are full of tramping feet. They rumble on the stairs like distant thunder and make straight for the room that sends forth the alluring odors.

In scores and fifties they come—apple-cheeked tomboys of both sexes; demure young misses with their hair piled high on their heads; and tall lads with the conscious importance of young manhood already upon them. Some of them negligently lug a text-book or two which they toss into a corner outside the door. There is much good-natured pushing and jostling and a vast bubbling of high spirits, so long bottled up by the decorum of classroom and laboratory. Scores of eyes brighten at the sight of the long steam-table smoking with savory food.

Each one receives a figure-inscribed paper check from the pleasant-faced woman near the entrance, helps himself to a knife, fork and spoon, a plate and a paper napkin and joins the procession filing along between the counters and the railing that separates the crowd from the larger area of the room. Behind the steam-table and the salad and pastry counter stand half a dozen or more deft women who ladle away for dear life at the appetizing contents of their kettles and pans, not too busy, however, to be-

stow an occasional benign smile upon the hungry crowd.

"Hullo, Schmitty, old top, whadder' ye going to have today?" says one exuberant youth, digging a harum-scarum, bullet-headed comrade in the ribs with his elbow, while he spears two fat frankfurters with his fork. "Dog looks pretty good, huh?"

"Not much! Me for sausage and spuds!" declares the bullet-headed one. "What kind of ice-cream are you taking?"

"Choc'late. Say, look at that Peets kid loading up with cake and pie and ice-cream! And that's all he's going to have! Ain't he the limit?"

They trail along with the crowd, now moving in three orderly lines through as many open gateways into the wilderness of tables and chairs beyond. The big room fills rapidly; the three checkers stationed at the gates vie with the servers behind the counter in skill and despatch, and everything moves like well-oiled machinery. No one scrambles with undue haste, but it is evident that there is no time to be lost.

Gradually, by twos and threes and then in a steady stream, the crowd flows out by the opposite door, past the toll-taking cashier's desk, while half a dozen kitchen helpers swoop down upon the deserted tables and strip them of dishes, which they hurry kitchenward on wheeled tables. Scarcely have they whisked the last spoon out of sight before the gong again clangs through the building, releasing a second mob of hungry pupils, who must be fed during the remaining twenty or thirty minutes of the noon hour.

Through it all, a woman sits tranquilly before a small table at one of the windows, absorbed in a pile of tradesmen's

bills, which she frequently compares with a ledger and a book of receipts. Now and then she looks up to smile absently at the crowd trooping by, but she does not stop, for this is account-settling day.

"It takes a lot of your time, doesn't it? Don't you ever get tired of it?" you sympathize across the table from her, for you know that this has been her own particular little chore every school week for the past dozen years.

"Oh, it's not much trouble when you remember what a great work it is!" She warms with enthusiasm, this Little Lady with a Vision,—and her eyes kindle. "Why, not long ago, one of the ladies of our church was telling some of us club women how she didn't believe in women's clubs and how, if every woman did her duty by the Missionary Society, she wouldn't have any time for clubs. It made me a bit warm and I said afterward to the ladies, 'Pooh! when it comes to missionary work, I've done more of that right here in our high school lunch-room than she's ever done in all her life in her missionary society!'"

As a matter of fact, during all the years that her club has managed the lunch-room in this particular Chicago high school, she has been the guiding spirit of the enterprise, supervising every detail of serving lunch to something like four hundred pupils daily. During some years the number has risen as high as seven hundred.

As to whether this particular kind of club activity constitutes a legitimate brand of missionary work, let the rank-and-file club woman decide for herself, no matter whether her own club studies Browning, or conducts a day nursery, or makes the local authorities wriggle by its investigations into municipal health arrangements.

"Why did we take up the work?" repeated the Little Lady with a Vision, in response to inquiries. "Just because of the cry of Chicago physicians that the stomachs of high school pupils were being ruined by lunches of the dill pickle-

and-bag of candy variety. The majority of the pupils live too far to go home for lunch. So they either ate no lunch at all or else nibbled away at cream puffs or soggy rolls or other indigestibles from the corner delicatessen."

And that is why the Ravenswood Woman's Club, in the spring of 1902, took charge of the newly established lunchroom at the Lakeview High School, thereby becoming the pioneers in this particular line of club work in Chicago.

The following year a second large organization, the Englewood Woman's Club, assumed similar duties at the Englewood High School. They, too, had been urged by physicians, teachers and parents thus to champion the health of the pupils against the demon of the candy counter and the delicatessen pickle-jar. It was furthermore brought to their attention that the paper-bag lunch, at that time eaten without the reinforcement of dishes, tables or other symbols of civilization, was fast bringing the average high school pupil within three jumps of savagery.

"We entered upon the work," declared the capable club chairman who originally captained the enterprise, "as much as anything in hope it would react upon the manners of the pupils. We reasoned that a well-kept lunch-room, where warm food was served at tables by a group of women interested in the schools, would supply an atmosphere of refinement not to be found in a bare room littered with greasy paper bags, banana skins and other refuse from cold lunches."

For much the same reason the Irving Park Woman's Club yielded to the pleas of the school authorities and took charge of the Carl Schurz High School lunch-room, in September 1912, after a year or two of private management which had proved unsatisfactory. By the time the Rogers Park Woman's Club was ready to test its managerial abilities on the lunch-room of the new Nicholas Senn High School, in the spring of 1913, the principle of successful club management

had become a commonplace generally accepted.

Missionary? Why not? If a missionary is the standard-bearer of a higher civilization, then we should find among the fruits of his labors a sound digestion and gentle manners based upon kindly consideration for others. There you have it!

"We are doing a great civic work," declare the club women. In grandma's day, they talked conservatively of "home missions". Today it is all a part of the vast expanding field of "civic work".

The Board of Education has set the seal of its approval upon the work, as a result of a special investigation in 1908, which covered all the high school lunch-rooms in the city. In fact, it ranked the club-managed lunch-rooms higher than those under private management—a judgment which was confirmed a year later by Miss Caroline L. Hunt, an investigator for the United States bureau of education, in her monograph, "The Daily Meals of School Children".

The pupils, also, approve of the work and show it by choosing the best lunch their allowance of pennies will buy, and then by rushing home after school to spread the glad news about "those dandy graham gems they have up at the lunch-room and why can't we have some like 'em at home?"

As for Mother and Father, they are so well satisfied with the arrangement that it never occurs to them to wring their hands and wail that "the home is being broken up" by the serving of a communal meal to their children. Some of the poorer fathers and mothers even show their appreciation of it by providing money for a larger lunch than the children of richer parents often buy, realizing, no doubt, that the club is furnishing better food at a lower rate than they themselves can afford.

And no wonder! All supplies used in the club lunch-rooms are of the best quality, and include the freshest vegetables, the purest milk and butter (not

butterine!), the highest pedigreed brands of meat, and little luxuries like filtered water. An inflexibly high standard of food is maintained, and woe to the dealer who seeks to lower it!

"We could make money, if we bought a cheap grade of food," says one lunch-room chairman proudly, "but we won't do it!"

Again, the women keep their prices, practically, at cost, using what surplus they may accumulate to renew and improve the equipment. One club disposes of a part of its surplus by lowering the price of milk or some other item on the menu. Another maintains a sinking fund which it sometimes devotes to charity, or to the buying of books for the high school library, or apparatus for the laboratory. However these extra moneys may be spent, not one penny is ever charged up to "profits". The get-rich-quick aspirant would have a sorry time of it in one of these club-managed lunch-rooms. He would stand a far better chance at his million by peddling shoe-strings or emptying ash-cans.

The practical management of each lunch-room is in the hands of a special club committee, with a membership varying from twenty to seventy odd women. They are headed by a chairman who divides her force into working squads and assigns each different squad its day in the week or fortnight. The chairman also hires the manager, the cashier and other employes, straightens out bills and accounts and otherwise supervises the business end of the enterprise.

The Irving Park Woman's Club is the only one in which the chairman combines the duties of her office with those of manager and cashier, giving all her time to the work, for which she receives a regular salary. She confers with her committee, however, in planning menus, ordering supplies and examining accounts.

Each committee has its own treasurer, who handles the funds and approves all bills.



The manager does all the buying, usually from several true-and-tried wholesale dealers. Unfortunately no manager has ever been able to buy on large enough scale to command the lowest wholesale prices, because none of the lunch-rooms have proper facilities for cold storage. In the words of one manager, "It's easy to see that no woman architect had a hand in planning these lunch-rooms!" Even in the newest buildings, this strange lack of foresight is shown, not only in the absence of storage room, but in the inadequacy of kitchen space—which makes it difficult for the various managements to bake their own bread, cakes and pies. And yet three out of the four find a way to do most of the baking; only one buys its supply of bread, cakes and cookies, while its pies, muffins and biscuits are all strictly home-made.

The club women find that the location of their quarters is of more serious consequence than first appears. Two of the lunch-rooms are on the first floor of their respective school-buildings and the other two, upon the very top floor. The first location is ideal; the second bristles with disadvantages. First, many of the pupils look upon the climbing of half a dozen flights of stairs as too great a price to pay for the comforts of a noonday meal and stay away accordingly, leaving no inconsiderable gap in the attendance. Equally vigorous are the objections of tradesmen to the task of lugging groceries upstairs from the first floor to the fourth or fifth. Fortunately, one of the rooms has a small freight elevator which partially solves the problem, but the other, lacking elevator service, has for years been obliged to pay extra for the delivery of goods above the first floor and for the removal of garbage, all at labor-union rates.

The furnishing of the lunch-rooms is a two-fold responsibility, the board of education usually providing the room, the tables and the chairs, while the club women supply the gas-range, dishes, sil-

verware, kitchen utensils and water coolers. In the case of the new Nicholas Senn building, however, the board, grown more liberal in its successful dealings with club women, furnished all the immovable equipment, such as gas-range and steam-tables, in addition to its usual quota of furniture. All the rooms are well ventilated and lighted, two of them with large sky-lights.

As cafeteria service is the rule everywhere; the employment problem is comparatively simple. The workers are recruited from three sources—paid helpers, members of the lunch-room committee, and student assistants who get their lunch free for their services.

At the Lakeview lunch-room, where some four hundred pupils are served daily, from ten to twelve paid workers are employed, with several pupils to punch checks. During the early years of the club's management, the club women attended to the serving in person, but of late this work has been handed over to paid employees.

At the Nicholas Senn, where the attendance is largest, more than a thousand pupils are fed each noon through the efforts of eighteen paid workers, fifteen students, who hand out checks at the door, assist the cashier, clear off tables and otherwise make themselves useful, and eighteen club women who act as checkers and servers. There is a different committee of eighteen for each day in the week, each with its own chairman who assigns the women to work.

Practically the same plan is in force at the Englewood lunch-room, where eight kitchen employees, under a most efficient manager, prepare the food for six or seven hundred pupils. Student help is rarely utilized in this lunch-room, except for waiting on the faculty table. Here the general chairman is in command three days out of the week and the vice-chairman, two; and the latter makes use of her training by succeeding automatically to the chairmanship for the following year. The Englewood club

women are enthusiastic advocates of personal service. Direct contact with the pupils, they declare, has a healthy humanizing effect upon the young people; and the service itself has been known to interest many a club member for whom no other department of club work offered a field of usefulness.

At the Irving Park lunch-room, where the patronage amounts to four hundred fifty pupils a day, eleven employes, aided by a like number of pupils, perform all the service except the checking. This is done by the club women working in groups of three, each group serving one day in every fortnight.

Thus it will be seen that each club arrives at efficiency by a different route, as no two follow exactly the same plan in the division of labor.

Each lunch-room serves its customers in two divisions; formed according to the time schedule of the high school classes. As in all cafeteria service, after the food is prepared, the chief requisite is speed, to which the women add a large measure of "level-headedness" and unruffled good-nature, just by way of "oiling the wheels".

Three of the lunch-rooms use paper checks, which are distributed at the door as the pupils enter; the Englewood management alone retains the use of celluloid checks, counting them after every noon-day meal, to insure accuracy. The Ravenswood club women began their work with celluloid checks, but of late years they have substituted a system of serially numbered paper checks, varying in color from day to day.

The numerical size of the checks varies with the appetites of young Miss Geometry Shark and Master Latin Grubber, or like as not, with the size of their luncheon allowance. A considerable percentage of pupils bring their own lunches, some adding a glass of milk or a bowl of soup to the home-prepared dainties. So the checks range all the way from three cents to twenty, the average expenditure being between ten and

twelve cents.

Now, if your gastronomical adventures are confined to Sherry's and Delmonico's and the like, you will doubtless be surprised to learn how good a lunch one may buy for twelve cents. One club maintains a uniform price of five cents, each, for meats, vegetables, salads, pastries and desserts, even in the face of an advancing cost of living; the others vary charges according to the price of raw materials. In the preparation of menus, the managers usually shun monotony as the plague and as far as possible avoid cluttering up the calendar with anything like regularly recurring pork-and-beans Tuesdays, or corn-beef-and-cabbage Thursdays.

The following menu is but one of many with which appetites are tempted at one of the older lunch-rooms:

Cream of Tomato Soup.....	5c
Breaded Pork Chops.....	6c
Beef à la Creole.....	6c
Baked Beans .....	5c
Creamed Potatoes.....	3c
Macaroni and Cheese.....	5c
Corn Fritters and Syrup.....	5c
Baked Corn .....	5c
Escaloped Tomatoes .....	5c
Chipped Beef on Toast.....	5c
Cold Boiled Ham.....	6c
Salad; Potato 5. Cabbage 5. Salmon.....	5c
Minced Ham Sandwich.....	3c
Hot Muffin and Butter.....	3c
Roll and Butter.....	2c
Pie; Apple, Raspberry.....	5c
Chocolate Pudding .....	5c
Baked Custard .....	5c
Baked Apple .....	5c
Whipped Cream Cake.....	5c
Chocolate Cake .....	3c
Tarts .....	3c
Steamed Pudding .....	5c
Sliced Oranges .....	5c
Olives 2 for 1c. Pickles 2 for.....	1c
Ice Cream; Vanilla, Chocolate Maplenut, Cherry .....	5c
Coffee 5. Cocoa 4. Milk 3. Tea.....	5c

Another schedule of food and prices for one day comes from a more recent arrival in the field:

Cream Rice Soup.....	5c
Baked Salmon and Tomato Sauce.....	7c
Sausage .....	6c
Mashed Potatoes .....	4c
Fried Potatoes .....	4c
Lima Beans .....	3c
Cold Slaw .....	5c

Rye Bread and Cheese.....	3c
Baked Hash .....	5c
Blueberry Pie .....	5c
Cookies .....	1c
Norwegian Pudding .....	5c
Ice-cream .....	5c
Cocoa 3. Milk 3. Coffee.....	5c

It will be observed, from the foregoing menus, that coffee and tea are held at higher prices than cocoa and milk, with the evident intention of encouraging the demand for the less harmful drinks. In the other lunch-rooms, also, coffee and tea are rarely used except among the teachers.

By way of sparing nothing to make the lunch-rooms attractive, at least three of the clubs have, in response to popular demand, installed a candy counter, at which a brisk trade in "penny goods" is carried on at the close of the lunch hour. One club handles nothing but home-made molasses taffy and small bags of salted peanuts that sell for a cent. Then, just for good measure, another club gives its services free in taking charge of the refreshments at class parties and school revels, thus enabling the pupils to make the lunch-room the center of their social life, even out of school hours.

All this is in harmony with the spirit of altruism which inspired the women's clubs to begin their work in high school lunch-rooms. Yet none know better than they that it is not charity, but practical service. That is the reason why, of all the high school lunch-rooms in Chicago, the club-managed product is unanimously acclaimed the best.

To summarize, briefly, what have the club women contributed to the solution of the school lunch problem? They have demonstrated that to combine the best food and the most efficient service with the lowest prices is an economically sound proposition. In other words, they

have evolved a conclusion which no privately managed enterprise dares either to recognize or to challenge,—namely, that the only practical and satisfactory way of managing a school lunch-room is, first, to eliminate all profits.

The great majority of high school lunch-rooms in Chicago are money-making enterprises and like every other investment they demand returns. For this reason certain far-sighted persons, who are concerned for the future of the high school lunch-room, are setting their faces toward that (probably) inevitable day, when the school authorities shall follow in the path blazed by the club women.

The Little Lady with a Vision, who is an authority on club-managed, high school lunch-rooms, has dared to dream splendid dreams of a vast system of school lunch-rooms under municipal control, each with its own salaried manager, thoroughly trained for the work in a large central domestic high school. She would have lunch prepared and served at cost by the pupils themselves under the instruction of these experts, who in turn should be directed by a skilled dietician, well-versed in the chemistry of food. Each menu should contain several different combinations of food, arranged by the dietician from the standpoint of a well-balanced ration, of which patrons could take their choice. Every lunch-room should have ample space for cold storage and the buying should be done for all on an extensive wholesale basis, thus making possible wide economies, which the present system does not permit.

That is the Little Lady's Vision. If it ever becomes a reality, the club women will have pointed the way, for they are the logical forerunners of the idea. They are showing the public how the thing is done.





# Company Dinners

By Mary M. Jaynes

**A**S a result of the combined business and social relations of my husband and myself we feel ourselves called upon to entertain guests at dinner frequently. It is not wholly a question of duty with us, as many of those whom we invite would probably not feel that we were indebted to them, but we believe that one of the chief attractions a home may possess is the extension of hospitality to others.

For the past two years we have rarely passed a week without having one or two guests at dinner, and I have systematized the entertaining by carefully planning the meals with regard to their cost, time of preparation, adaption to the season of the year, suitability to the guests etc. etc. so that it is neither a burden to the housewife, nor a drain on the family purse.

In most families it is the custom to have one specially good dinner a week, something extra as a meat course, a salad or rich dessert. Usually the meal is prepared for Sunday and when we were first married I held to this rule, but now we have our "big" dinner of the week on the day when we find it most convenient to have guests. It is more often a week day. On Sunday we are as apt as not to have a simple meal of round steak, cooked in one of its many palatable forms, vegetables and a plain dessert. Sunday's dessert is usually prepared on Saturday—a fresh cake and a gelatine dessert, a pumpkin pie to be re-heated, or baked apples stuffed with a few nuts and raisins to be served with thin cream.

I have two young children and keep no maid, so in planning the company dinners I try to serve as few dishes as possible that require attention at the last minute. We are very fond of prune whip, but I rarely serve it when there are guests as it should be watched dur-

ing the course of the dinner to see how it is cooking. There is, however, a way of preparing this dainty dessert to be served cold and we often have it this way in summer. Make the whip as usual. My rule is: Twice as many tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar as there are whites of eggs and as many prunes as tablespoonfuls of sugar. For instance, to four whites of eggs add eight tablespoonfuls of sugar and eight prunes, cooked soft and cut fine (no juice). Bake in unbuttered pan in slow oven 20 or 25 minutes. To five eggs add ten tablespoonfuls of sugar, ten prunes and so on for as large a pudding as you like. If you wish to serve the pudding cold, bake it in a tube cake-pan, buttered and dredged lightly with granulated sugar and set in a pan of hot water. Bake slowly, turn out of pan carefully and when cold it may be sliced and served with whipped cream or a thin custard sauce.

I have found that one of the ways to prepare company dinners more easily and with less expense, is to have many of the little extras in the way of garnishings, seasonings etc. always on hand. On my pantry shelf may always be found a small bottle of Maraschino cherries, a jar of preserved ginger, a bottle of capers, a pint mason jar of shelled English walnuts, a large jar of cracker crumbs, powdered sugar, and, of course, the canned things that help out so much in case of emergency—tomatoes, pineapple, shrimp, sardines, etc. I replace these things when they are used as carefully as I do the staples. It saves much worry to have them on hand, so when I plan my ordering I have only the main meat and vegetable dishes to think of and not all the little extras. In winter I keep a box of parsley growing in the kitchen. Its fresh green sprays, on each

end of the meat platter and at the side of the "melted butter hollow" on a snowy mound of mashed potatoes, certainly help to make every one at the table realize how hungry he is.

A hearty and satisfying dinner, which we have often in winter, consists of roast leg of lamb with mashed potatoes and brown gravy, escaloped onions, lettuce-and-egg salad, and for dessert a cream custard. The onions are a most appetizing dish and have the added good quality of being inexpensive. "Cheap and unique", I often say as a joke, but in my efforts to be economical I try never to lose track of nourishment, and while our bank account grows slowly, we are always well and our children are healthy specimens with firm flesh and rosy cheeks.

To return to the onions: Boil them as usual; when tender drain, and with a knife and fork chop them coarse. Add half-a-cup, each, of bread-crumbs and chopped English walnuts or pecans and a cup of rich milk. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle more buttered crumbs over the top and bake in a casserole fifteen or twenty minutes or until the crumbs are browned. I have found that for covering dishes with crumbs and butter it is much better to melt the butter and mix with crumbs thoroughly, then spread on dish. The crumbs brown quicker and are crisper and more tasty.

A lettuce-and-egg salad is very good with any kind of roast meat. Cut hard-boiled eggs in quarters lengthwise. Arrange the lettuce on salad plates and at the edge dispose two, three or four of the egg-quarters. Pour over a generous spoonful of French dressing, and sprinkle with three or four capers.

Cream custard is delicious and I have rarely found anyone who did not thoroughly enjoy it as a dessert. It may be made the day before, but in summer—I make it oftenest when eggs are cheap) it should be kept on ice. Heat one quart of milk in double boiler. Beat two eggs and the yolks of four more, add a pinch

of salt and three-fourths a cup of sugar. Cook in the milk till it thickens, stirring constantly, strain into a large pitcher and when cold add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a few drops of almond. When ready to serve, break two stale macaroons into each glass cup (as many cups as there are persons to be served), pour over the custard until the glass is two-thirds full, add a generous spoonful of whipped cream and, lastly, a maraschino cherry. Set the glasses on plates with lace-paper doily—(these are very inexpensive—a quarter's worth for company occasions will last a long time). The macaroons do not need to be fresh, in fact, they are better if a little dry when put into the glasses. The whipped cream may be omitted. If the cream is used, it does not need to be sweetened.

We usually serve desserts that are suitable for the children to eat. Pies and very rich puddings we seldom have, though we have one friend, a bachelor who has a great fondness for pie and when he comes we have it. He told me about a very special dish his "mother used to make"—a "walnut pie". He could not give any recipe, but described it and I tried it. When he came again he pronounced the result highly satisfactory; ate two large pieces and said the taste took him back thirty years. It is just an ordinary custard pie with the addition of two-thirds a cup of fine chopped, *black* walnut-meats. They are put right in the custard mixture. They rise to the top in the baking and give an indescribably toothsome flavor to the pie.

Roast chicken is a great favorite with us as the principal dish for our company dinners. I select the chickens myself and get them as large and tender as possible. For the bread stuffing I use salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of Poultry Seasoning—(it comes already prepared in small cans and gives a deliciously seasoned stuffing) and moisten with melted butter. A very good salad to serve with roast chicken, and one that

(Continued on page 76)



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THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE CO.,  
372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

ENTERED AT BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

LET us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; cultivate vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love; and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.—David Swing.

HOW do you like the new title as it appears, for the first time, on this June-July number? We feel that it is appropriate to the special work of the magazine and broad enough to cover the field in which we wish to make this publication more extensively and better known.

American Cookery, as a science and art, has become quite cosmopolitan in character. It has culled ideas and usages from the experience of all nations and adapted the best of them all to its needs. The works of noted cooks and chefs of all ages are now well known to those who are concerned at all with the culinary art; while to past knowledge of food and feeding modern science is adding constantly facts and information of the utmost importance. So today, we think, it may truthfully be said, American cookery is second to no other in the world. It is scientific in principle, hence hygienic, wholesome and satisfactory in an eminent degree. We have in America abundant food-supplies and we are rapidly learning how to manipulate these in the most advantageous ways.

Our chief needs seem to be a more widespread and universal knowledge of the ways and means of housekeeping, and a general acceptance and practice of economic principles and laws. Prudent economy in family and state is yet in large measure to be learned. The problem of living today in a land with ninety millions, chiefly craftsmen, is quite different from what was once the case with a population composed largely of tillers of the soil. History teaches that, sooner or later, every people is compelled by circumstances to practice economy and thrift. The French are said to have learned the lesson long ago. Now the Germans are faithfully pursuing the same course. The time has now come when the prudent, economic, efficient conduct of affairs, both great and small, is the most important subject of the day.



This publication aims to inculcate a more intelligent, earnest, and prudent management of the American household.

Our readers are reminded here once more that the character of the publication is not to be modified, even in the slightest manner, save in the line of betterment and progress.

The magazine is just what it claims to be, a reliable, sensible and usable culinary journal. Its contents are worthy of preservation; therefore it provides each year a title page and complete index.

The present is a propitious time for new subscriptions, beginning with a new volume, a new name and new inspiration for enlarged service. The spirit of the magazine is that of economy. A subscriber writes us today, "Your magazine is greatly enjoyed by me and I think no housekeeper, in fact no young woman, should be without it." Keep your culinary publication; it is of greater value and consequence to you than its cost. Like the favorite almanac, why not consider it as a part of the household outfit?

### THE GRAIN OF TRUTH

**T**HERE are truths and half-truths. Propositions that have not been fully accepted by mankind contain undoubted germs of truth. As an economic measure the contentions in favor of free trade among the nations are humane, true and unrefutable; but the era of universal peace has not come to earth and people must face existing conditions rather than assay untried theories. Even in the present stage of civilization, unless individuals and nations are prepared and willing to practice self-defense, neither property nor life would be long secure anywhere. Though ill be the philosophy, yet might still makes right in most worldly affairs.

When Progress and Poverty was first published, many said before the doctrines advocated therein shall prevail, resistance through destructive re-

volution will occur. But the grain of truth was there; a few decades pass and to-day Henry George is regarded as the foremost thinker and philosopher of his age. His book has had marked influence on the thought of the day. The idea of the single tax on land, though not yet put into practice, has been strangely incentive in modifying the methods of taxation in civilized parts of the globe.

Passing from the abstract to the concrete, people in masses are not likely to adopt in general practice the method of eating as taught especially by Horace Fletcher, in his now well-known book, "The X-Y-Z of Nutrition". Still Fletcherism has spread far and wide. Thinking men and women, everywhere, are giving far greater attention to the study of food and nutrition than did their forbears of old. In fact, in matters of diet we are gradually, but steadily, conforming to the teachings of Fletcher and the vegetarian, — in other words, to the deductions of modern scientific study and investigation. Progress and reform are slow processes. They are brought about gradually and in accordance with natural laws. The world is steadily and surely growing better.

### ROYAL DINNER PARTY

**A**LTHOUGH the King only cares for the simplest dishes in the *menu*, he does not impose these tastes on his guests. Consequently, those who are bidden to dine at Buckingham Palace do not fare as did Lord Steyne, to whom George IV. offered "boiled neck of mutton and turnips." Not only are the resources of the Royal kitchen equal to furnishing as Lucullus-like a repast as the heart of *gourmet* could possibly desire, but the *chef* (a Frenchman) has a perfect genius for evolving the new and delicious dishes which are set before the guests.

Amongst these is a soup (the secret of which is locked up in the cook's breast) costing about 5s. a plateful, while the method of preparing game for a Royal

dinner party's consumption is the envy of half the culinary experts in Europe. As to the cellar, it has long been a famous one, many of the wines, especially the white ones, being almost priceless. There is a certain still hock, for instance, which was laid down half a century ago, and for which wealthy connoisseurs would cheerfully pay whatever sum might be asked, while the Château Y Qu'em although possessing all the characteristics of its admired type, is less inclined to sweetness than are most Y Qu'ems. The liqueur brandy, too, is a thing to inspire reverence.

Two tables are laid, one of which is intended for the King and Queen (who sit opposite each other) and for some twenty-five guests, the other accommodating a slightly larger number. Both tables are decorated with red and white flowers, carnations for choice, an enormous golden vase containing a quantity of them, smaller vases being placed around it. The appointments of Their Majesties' table are also in gold, those of the other table being of silver. The cut glass (which is cleaned with almost superhuman care) is in both cases the same. The room is lit by large electrically-fitted chandeliers and by gilt bracket lights.

Royalty dines at about 8 o'clock, and some minutes before that hour the guests, who have been ushered in by the red-liveried, powdered footmen, and received by the members of the household, are placed in position according to the order in which they are to enter the dining-room. Then, ranging themselves in two lines, they await the arrival of the King and Queen, who, passing through the double rank of bowing and curtsying courtiers, lead the way, being followed by the rest of the company. The places at table are easily found, for each is marked with a number and with the name of the diner, additional assistance being rendered by the equerries. The last-named are very important persons, and Royalty looks to them to super-

tend the necessary arrangements in connection with the dinner, and, above all, to see that, in sending in the couples, the proper precedence is observed, an error in this direction amounting to a most heinous offence.

Although no fewer than twenty dishes are served, thanks to the intelligently-devised means of communication between the dining-room and the kitchen, each *plat* follows its predecessor in such rapid succession that, long waits being dispensed with, the duration of the meal is kept within bounds. At its conclusion the party betakes itself to one of the State rooms for the purpose of "assisting" at a very short concert, after which coffee and ices (strange mixture!) are served. Finally, 11 o'clock having struck, the indispensable equerries pass the word that the King and Queen are about to retire to their own apartments, and the guests once more arrange themselves in two lines. Amidst much curtsying and bowing Their Majesties take leave of all present, in English, French and German, according to the nationality of the person addressed.—GEORGE CECIL in *Food & Cookery*.

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I am glad to see that Mr. Finck, in "*Food and Flavour*," shows himself a doughty champion of the English breakfast that so many of our advisers have told us to go without. "Breakfast, the very word," he says, "suggests a great service Britannia has done the gastro-nomic world. Nothing could be more irrational for normal persons than the Continental habit of eating only bread and butter for breakfast and then having a second heavier breakfast at eleven or twelve o'clock to interrupt the morning's work in its full tide. Far better, both economically and hygienically is the English way of having a substantial breakfast and then nothing more till lunch time, the best hour for which is one o'clock. A healthy person ought to have a good appetite in the morning, after a night's rest, and gratify it."—*Exchange*.



CHAUDFROID OF BOILED HAM

Decoration Capers and Slices of Olive Covered with Aspic Jelly

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Broiled Bluefish

**D**ISCARD the head and tail, split the fish and take out the backbone and such bones as are attached to it; rinse in fresh water and dry on a cloth. Have ready a hot, well-oiled broiler; in it lay the fish and set to cook on the flesh side; turn often, cooking principally on the flesh side. After the fish has been well-browned, it may be set into the oven over a dripping pan for the final cooking. The time of cooking will depend on the thickness of the fish and will vary from twelve to eighteen minutes. When cooked, with a steel fork separate the broiler from the fish. Do this on both sides of the fish, then slide the fish, skin side down, upon a large platter. Spread the fish with maître d' hôtel butter; pipe mashed potato around the fish. Serve cress or cucumber salad on chilled plates. For a change add one or two tablespoonfuls of oyster cocktail sauce to the French dressing.

### Baked Bluefish, Potato Stuffing

Prepare the fish as for broiling, except remove the skin. Oil a fish-sheet (tin cracker-box cover with edges flattened); on it set one of the prepared fillets and season with salt and paprika. Chop fine one mild onion and one green pepper; let cook in one-fourth a cup of butter until softened and yellowed a little. Do not let the vegetables brown. Add one cup and a half of mashed potato, a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley, with salt and black pepper as needed, mix thoroughly and spread over the fish; set the second fillet over the potato, lay strips of fat salt pork above and set into the oven. Let bake about forty minutes, basting five or six times with the fat in the pan. When baked remove the bits of pork, spread on three-fourth a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with one-fourth a cup of melted butter, and return to the oven to brown the crumbs. Slide the fish to a hot serving dish. Garnish with lemon and parsley.



Serve tomato sauce in a separate dish.

### Tomato Sauce

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter;



INDIVIDUAL LAMB PIE

in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a chili pepper and half a slice of onion chopped fine, add half a teaspoonful of salt and three-fourths a cup, each, of stewed tomatoes and brown stock and let cook until boiling, then strain and use. Mushrooms, fresh or dried, soaked, (two or three or an equivalent), may be added with the onion and pepper, or all may be omitted.

### Little Lamb Pies

Make flaky pastry with two cups of sifted pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of shortening, two tablespoonfuls of butter (rolled in at the last)

pastry will make six or eight "covers". Brush the underside of crescents or other small figures, cut from the paste, with cold water and set them on the paste, and make an opening in the center of each. For the filling, have remnants of a roast leg of lamb; these should be cut in thin slices, freed of all unedible portions, and cooked exceedingly tender in stock or boiling water to cover. For each cup and a quarter of meat make one cup of sauce (two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and one cup of the liquid in which the meat was cooked). Have the sauce boiling; in it heat the meat, turn into the dishes, spread over the cover and press it down over the edge of the dish. Let bake from ten to fifteen minutes. Serve at once, or reheat in the oven before serving.

### Lamb Stew

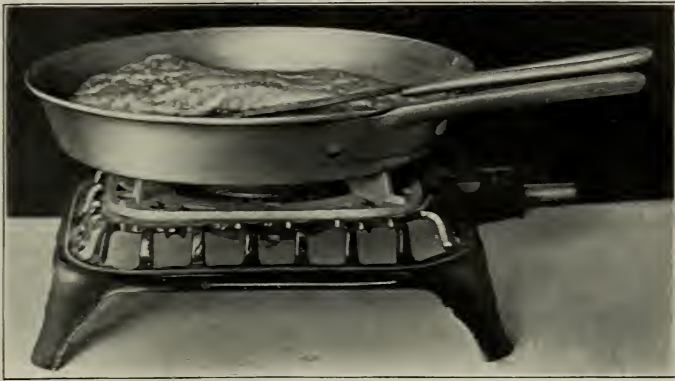
Buy meat from the best part of the forequarter. Three pounds will be enough for a family of five or six persons. Remove superfluous fat and cut into pieces about two inches square and one inch thick. Remove superfluous bones and wipe each piece of meat carefully, to get rid of any bits of bone that may be present. Cover the bones with cold water and set to simmer. Use this



BAKED POTATO

and a little cold water. Have ready some small, brown, earthen baking dishes (6x4 or 5x3); lay one upside down on the paste and cut with a knife all around it, one-third an inch from the edge. The

broth to replenish the liquid around the meat when it is needed. Cover the meat with boiling water, let boil five minutes, skim as needed, then let simmer until nearly tender. It will take three or four



FRENCH OMELET, ROLLED AND READY TO TURN FROM PAN

hours. Add two peeled onions, cut in slices, a cup and a half of pared potatoes, cut in slices, parboiled five minutes and drained, five small (new) carrots, scraped and cut in halves; and let cook ten minutes; skim off all fat, possible, then take up the rest with tissue or blotting paper; add salt and pepper as needed, and one pint of fresh-shelled green peas. Serve as soon as the peas are cooked.

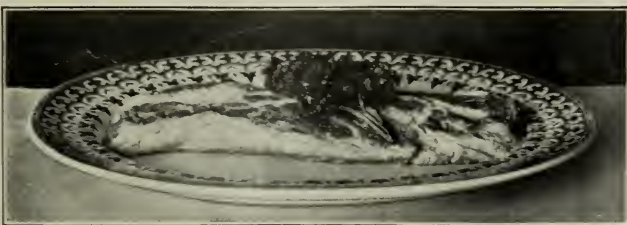
### Chaufroid of Boiled Ham

Scrub and wash a ham; if salt, soak overnight in cold water. Set to cook in a fresh supply of cold water; use enough water to cover the ham. Heat gradually to the boiling point, then let simmer until tender. Let partially cool in the liquid, then remove to a board. Cut the skin in points to leave the lower and larger

until the sauce begins to "set" a very little, then pour over the ham below the skin to cover it completely, and smoothly. If the ham be chilled, the sauce will set at once and give a smooth surface. Decorate with a wreath of capers and slices of olive, or with figures cut from thin slices of truffles. Have ready a cup of hot, clarified consommé, in which a tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in cold water, has been dissolved. Let cool in ice-water, then use to cover the decorations and sauce. The ham will keep in perfect condition for several days.

### French Omelet

To make a French omelet successfully is thought to be more difficult than to make a good puffy omelet. A smooth omelet pan that has been gradually heated is of the first importance. A pan,



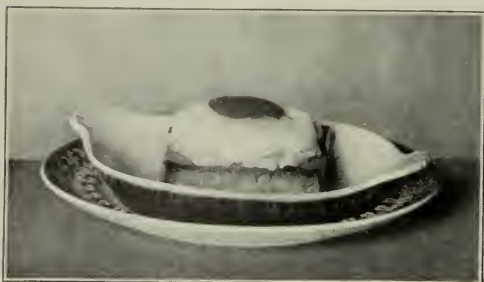
FRENCH OMELET

part of the ham free from skin. Set aside to become chilled. To a cup of hot cream sauce add one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water; stir over ice-water

eight inches in diameter, is about the right size for an omelet of four eggs. To the eggs broken in a bowl add a generous quarter a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; beat with a spoon until



a full spoonful can be lifted; add four tablespoonfuls of water (one for each



POACHED EGG ABOVE CREAMED ONIONS  
IN CROUSTADE

egg), and beat to mix thoroughly. Into the well-heated omelet pan put a tablespoonful of clarified butter and turn the pan to distribute the butter evenly over the surface. Pour in the egg mixture; with a spatula, in one hand, separate the egg from the side of the pan, and, with

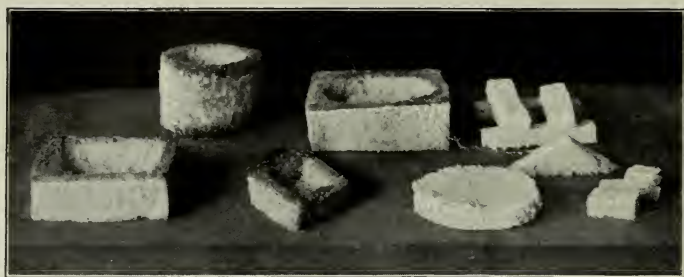
bread. Spread the whole surface of the bread with butter and let brown in the oven. Fill the opening in the hot bread with hot, creamed onions, and set a carefully poached, small, egg above. Serve at luncheon or supper.

### Croustades with Spinach

Chop half a peck of hot, cooked spinach very fine; melt one-fourth a cup of butter in a hot dish; add half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and the chopped spinach, stir and cook until evenly blended, then serve in hot croustades of bread.

### Ragout of String Beans à la Bretonne

Remove the strings from fresh-picked, crisp string beans, and cut or break in small pieces. For a pint of beans add a



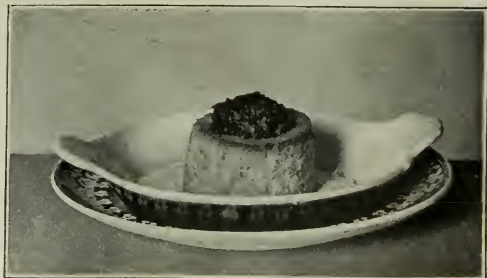
BREAD CROUSTADES, CROUTONS, ETC.

the other hand, shake the pan that the cooked portion of the egg may slide up on the pan, wrinkle, and let the uncooked portion down upon the pan. Continue in this way until the whole portion of egg is nearly set, then roll or fold with the spatula; let rest a moment to color the bottom slightly, then turn on to a hot dish.

### Creamed Onions in Croustades, with Poached Eggs

Cut tender, cooked, mild onions in slices and the slices in halves, and mix with an equal bulk of cream sauce. Have ready generous squares of bread, about an inch thick, from which a round has been taken to half the depth of the

teaspoonful of salt to a saucepan of cold water; in this cook the beans till tender, adding boiling water as necessary; drain the beans; press a fresh-cooked onion through a sieve; add an equal measure of either cream or tomato purée, about half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of



SPINACH IN CROUSTADE



black pepper; when boiling, add the beans; when very hot, add a tablespoonful of butter; shake the pan to melt the

## Hollandaise Sauce

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to



ASPARAGUS, HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

butter, and at once pour into a hot serving dish.

## Asparagus as Peas

Cut the tender portions of a bunch of asparagus in pieces half an inch in length; let cook in boiling salted water, with a teaspoonful of butter, until tender and the water is not too plentiful. Beat the yolks of three or four eggs; add half a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, and salt if needed; add to the asparagus with three tablespoonfuls of butter and stir constantly until the egg thickens. The mixture should be quite stiff. Serve on toast or on a dish surrounded with toast points.

a cream; add two egg-yolks, one after another, and beat each in thoroughly; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and one-third a cup of boiling water; cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thickened slightly; add the juice of half a small lemon and at once pour over the asparagus tips. For a thicker sauce, use one or two more egg-yolks. Too long cooking will cause the sauce to curdle.

## Green Peppers, Stuffed with Rice and Onions

Cut a slice from the stem or pointed end of the peppers, whichever will furnish, thereby, the best receptacle for the filling. Pour boiling, salted water over



GREEN PEPPERS, STUFFED WITH RICE AND ONIONS

## Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce

Trim off the tough ends of the asparagus and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Set the stalks on two slices of toast, tips towards each other in the center of the dish. Pour Hollandaise Sauce over the tips.

the peppers, cover and let cook three or four minutes. Remove and set in symmetrical order in a serving-dish suitable for the oven. Have ready, for six peppers, about one cup and a half of cream sauce, half a cup of rice, blanched and cooked tender, and three mild onions boiled tender. Cut the onions in bits and

mix with about one-third of the white sauce. Fill the peppers with alternate layers of the creamed onions and the



GINGER ALE SALAD

rice. Set a few buttered cracker crumbs above the filling in each pepper. Let cook in the oven until the crumbs are browned. Turn the rest of the cream sauce around the peppers and serve at once.

### Plain Tomato Jelly, with Celery Salad (By request)

Cook two cups and a half of canned tomatoes, two slices of onion, three branches of parsley, a small bit of bay leaf, three cloves and a branch of celery, if at hand—, about fifteen minutes. Strain and add one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water; stir until the gelatine is dis-

solved, then turn into a border mold. When ready to serve dip the mold to its full height in tepid water, wipe, turn in the hand, to make sure that the jelly

### Ginger Ale Salad (The latest novelty in salads)

Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and let dissolve in a dish of hot water; add a grating of lemon rind and one cup and three-fourths of ginger ale. Turn into small molds to chill and set. Serve very cold on heart-leaves of lettuce, with either French or mayonnaise dressing, to a cup of which is added three tablespoonfuls or more of cocktail sauce.

### Macedoine of Vegetable Salad

Boil a bunch of new carrots, carefully scraped, a bunch of beets, a head of celery or the equivalent of celeriac, a cup of string beans, a cup of peas, and a small head of cauliflower, separately. When chilled thoroughly, add one-fourth a cup of chili sauce to a cup of French dressing made with half a teaspoonful of onion juice, mix and pour over the vegetables (all of it may not be needed). Serve at once in nests of lettuce.

### Scones

Sift together two cups of pastry flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, and three



TOMATO JELLY, WITH CELERY SALAD

tablespoonfuls of sugar; add half a cup of raisins; work in one-fourth a cup of shortening; beat one egg; add half a cup of sweet milk and stir into the dry in-

tablespoonfuls of sugar; add half a cup of raisins; work in one-fourth a cup of shortening; beat one egg; add half a cup of sweet milk and stir into the dry in-



SCOTCH SCONES, WITH MARMALADE

gredients. Turn the dough on a floured board, then pat and roll into a sheet half an inch thick; cut into diamond shapes; bake in a quick oven; split and let toast over a quick fire. Serve at once with butter and marmalade or maple syrup.

### Chocolate Cream Cake

Cream one-fourth a cup of butter; beat in half a cup of sugar; beat two eggs; beat in half a cup of sugar, then beat the eggs and sugar into the butter and sugar; sift together one cup and three-fourths of flour and three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add these to the first mixture, alternately, with two-thirds a cup of milk. Bake in two round layer cake pans. Put the layers together with custard filling. Cover the top with chocolate frosting, or, sift confectioner's sugar, over the top.

### Custard Filling

Scald one cup of milk in a double boiler; stir one-third a cup of flour with

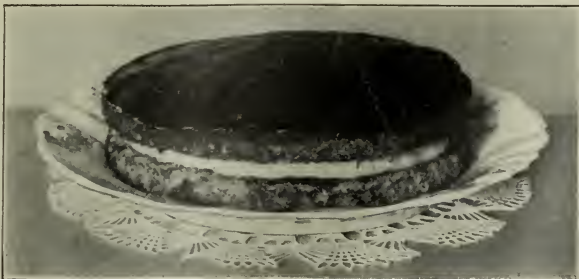
one-third a cup of milk to a smooth paste, then stir and cook in the hot milk until the mixture thickens; cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Beat one egg; beat in one-third a cup of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and stir into the hot mixture; continue to stir until the egg is set; let cool; add half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and the filling is ready.

### Chocolate Confectioner's Frosting

Melt one ounce of chocolate; add three or four tablespoonfuls of boiling water, half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and sifted confectioner's sugar as needed.

### German Puffs, with Strawberries

Beat a scant half-cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, then the unbeaten yolks of three eggs, and beat the whole until light and fluffy; finish with one cup of milk and two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with half a level teaspoonful of



CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE





GERMAN PUFFS, WITH STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM

soda and a slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar. Have an iron muffin-pan well-heated and greased, or individual aluminum pans greased without heating; put in the mixture. Bake about twenty-five minutes. The mixture makes fourteen puffs. Have ready a basket or two of strawberries, cut in halves and sweetened, and a cup of cream, beaten firm. Turn the cakes upside down, and cut out a rectangular piece from each; remove more of the cake if desired to make the opening larger. Fill with the sugared berries; pipe the cream above. More berries may be disposed around the puffs. The puffs are good with raspberries, peaches or pineapple; and also with raspberry or strawberry sauce, creamy, foamy, sabayon or other pudding sauce.

### Prune Bavarian Cream

Remove the stones and cut cooked prunes in small bits. There should be one cup and a half of pulp and juice. Soften one-third a package of gelatine in one-third a cup of cold water; dissolve

in a little of the prune pulp and juice made hot for the purpose; add one-fourth a cup of orange or grapefruit marmalade (cut the peel in small bits), the juice of half a lemon, and two-thirds a cup of sugar; stir until the sugar is dissolved, then set into ice and water and stir occasionally until the mixture begins to set, then fold in one cup and a half of cream, beaten firm. Turn into a border (or other) mold. When unmolded, garnish with half a cup of cream, beaten stiff, and pieces of cooked prunes.

### White Cake (said to be good recipe for high altitude)

Cream half a cup of butter; add gradually one cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Bake in two layers. Put the layers together and cover the outside with a boiled frosting to which half a cup, each, of chopped raisins and nuts have been added. As Almond Cake, see page 45.



PRUNE BAVARIAN CREAM

## Menus for Formal Occasions in June

### WEDDING BREAKFAST

#### I

(guests seated)

Strawberries, French Fashion  
Breaded Fillets of Fresh Fish, Fried  
Cucumbers, French Dressing with Cocktail Sauce  
Parker House Rolls (reheated)  
Egg Timbales, Cream Sauce with Asparagus Tips  
Coffee  
Pineapple Sherbet      Cake

#### II

Salpicon of Strawberries and Pineapple, in Glass Cups  
Creamed Fresh Fish au Gratin  
in Shells or Ramekins  
Olives  
Lady-Finger Rolls (reheated)  
Breaded Sweetbreads, with Peas  
Lettuce and Cress, French Dressing  
Sultana Roll, Claret Sauce  
Assorted Cake

### WEDDING BREAKFAST

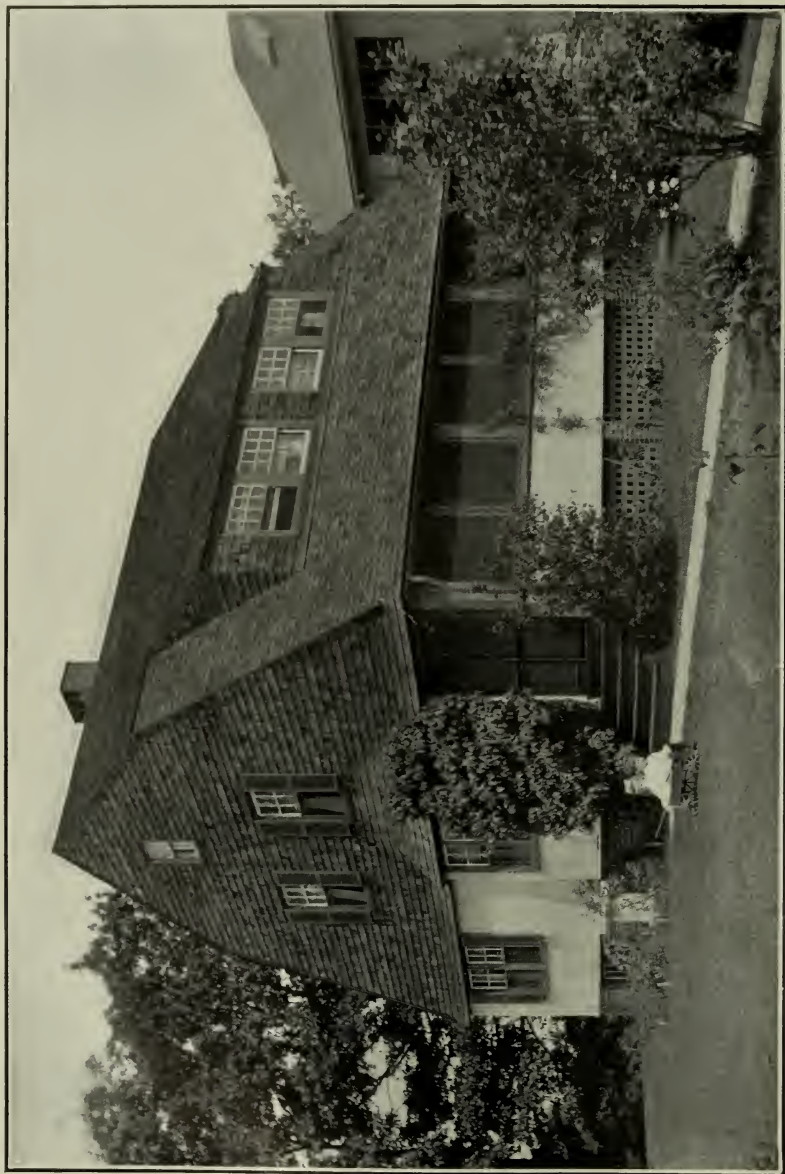
(Buffet Service)

#### I

Chicken Croquettes  
Asparagus as Peas (kept hot in chafing dish)  
Eggs à la King Chafing Dish  
Lobster-and-Halibut Salad  
Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
Small Baking Powder Biscuit  
Coffee, Cocoa, Whipped Cream  
Strawberry Sherbet in Glasses,  
Whipped Cream Decoration  
Bride's Cake (cut by bride)

#### II

Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare  
Creamed Chicken, Peas and Mushrooms  
(in chafing dish)  
Fresh Salmon Salad  
Yeast Rolls  
Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
Coffee      Tea  
Vanilla Ice Cream in Glasses, Strawberry Sauce



AN ARCHITECT'S HOME, PORTLAND, ME.



# Menus for One Week in June

*With many foods, cooking may be said with truth to be the preliminary step to rapid and the completest possible digestion.—Jordan.*

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Creamed Asparagus on Toast  
Poached eggs above Kaiser Rolls  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Beef Broth with Paste  
Roast Veal, Brown Gravy  
Bread Dressing Mashed Potatoes  
Gooseberry Jam or Jelly New Beets  
Meringues, with Strawberries  
and Whipped Cream  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Hot Cheese Sandwiches  
Lettuce or Endive Salad,  
French Dressing with Cocktail Sauce  
Stewed Prunes Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Broiled Honeycomb Tripe Pickled Beets  
Baked Potato Cakes  
(Mashed potato, left over)  
Hot Scones, Toasted  
Cocoa Marmalade Coffee

## Dinner

Veal Soufflé Tomato Sauce  
Green Peppers, Stuffed with  
Rice and Creamed Onions  
Floating Island  
(Cake, soft custard, snow eggs, bits of jelly)  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Scrambled Eggs Buttered Toast  
Rye and Oatmeal Bread  
Strawberries Tea

## Breakfast

Veal, Potato-and-Green Pepper Hash  
Cornmeal Muffins  
Dried Peaches, Stewed Dry Toast  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Baked Bluefish, Potato Stuffing  
Drawn Butter Sauce  
Asparagus on Toast  
Beets Stuffed with Chopped Cucumbers,  
French Dressing  
Rhubarb or Green Currant Pie  
Cheese Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Bluefish Salad  
(garnish, pickled beets, chopped)  
Bread and Butter Baking Powder Biscuit  
Stewed Peaches Banana Coffee

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Lambs Liver and Bacon  
Mashed Potato Cakes, Baked  
Rhubarb, Stewed with Raisins  
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup  
or Bees Honey  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Individual Lamb Pies  
(left over roast)  
Hot Boiled Spinach  
or Dandelions, Buttered  
New Turnips, Boiled  
Baked Maple Custard  
Half Cups of Coffee

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Creamed Smoked Beef  
Small Baked Potatoes  
Philadelphia Butter Buns (reheated)  
Rhubarb Marmalade  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Roast Leg of Lamb Franconia Potatoes  
Beet Greens String Bean Ragout  
Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce  
Bread Pudding (with jelly) and Meringue  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Cold Beet Greens, Sliced Eggs,  
Sauce Tartare Parker House Rolls  
Dry Toast Strawberries  
Cookies Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Pineapple French Omelet, Broiled Bacon  
French Fried Potatoes  
Parker House Rolls (reheated)  
Radishes Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Mock Bisque Soup, with  
Whipped Cream  
Cold Roast Lamb, Sliced Thin  
Potatoes Scalloped with Onions  
and Green Peppers  
Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce  
Strawberry Tarts Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Sardines Thin Bread and Butter  
Olives Chocolate Cream Cake  
Milk Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Eggs Scrambled with Asparagus  
Strawberries, Thin Cream  
Pop Overs  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Swordfish, Breaded and Sautéd  
Mashed Potatoes  
New Cabbage Salad  
String Beans  
Lemon Sherbet  
Sponge Drops  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Tomato Rabbit  
Pineapple  
Cookies Grape Juice

## Supper

Succotash  
(Kornlet and Dried Lima Bean  
Rye and Oatmeal Bread  
Strawberries  
Cookies  
Tea

# Menus for a Week in July

*The free use of soups and fresh vegetables is wise for those persons who have a tendency to overindulgence in eating. — Jordon.*

SUNDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Broiled Bacon, Dry Toast Individual Raspberry Shortcakes Coffee Cocoa	<b>Breakfast</b> Creamed Dried Beef Small Baked Potatoes Bread and Butter Blueberry Muffins Coffee Cocoa	WEDNESDAY
	<b>Dinner</b> Cream of Spinach Soup Steamed Fowl, Browned in Oven New Potatoes Green Peas Lettuce and Peppergrass, French Dressing Raspberry Sherbet, in Glass Cups Whipped Cream above Oatmeal Macaroons Half Cups of Coffee	<b>Dinner</b> Veal Cutlets (from round) Scalloped Potatoes Sliced Eggs and Cress, French Dressing Blueberry Pie, Cheese Half Cups of Coffee	
	<b>Supper</b> Egg Timbales, White Sauce with Green Peas Bread and Butter Blueberries Tea	<b>Supper</b> Sword Fish Croquettes, Sauce Tartare Baking Powder Biscuit New Rye Bread Home Canned Apple Sauce Tea	
MONDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Creamed Chicken on Toast, Poached Eggs above Ryemeal Muffins Strawberry Jam Coffee Cocoa	<b>Breakfast</b> Eggs Baked in Tomato Cups Pulled Bread Waffles, Maple or Caramel Syrup Coffee Cocoa	THURSDAY
	<b>Dinner</b> Flank Steak, Stuffed and Braised Brown Sauce New Cabbage, Boiled Baked Potatoes Cherry Pie Half Cups of Coffee	<b>Dinner</b> Hamburg Steak Halves of Hot Potatoes, Grilled New Carrots, Lyonnaise Custard Soufflé, Sabayon Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	
	<b>Supper</b> Green Pea Soup, St. Germain (Chicken Broth) Browned Crackers Berries Bread and Butter Ginger Snaps Tea	<b>Supper</b> Broiled Bacon Mashed Potatoes Blueberry Tea Cake Berries, Thin Cream Tea	
TUESDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Salt Codfish Balls Bacon Rolls Hot Chopped Cabbage (left over) German Coffee Cake Blueberries Coffee Cocoa	<b>Breakfast</b> Breaded Fillets of Fresh Fish, Fried Sauce Tartare Yeast Rolls Berries Coffee Cocoa	FRIDAY
	<b>Dinner</b> Baked Sword Fish, Italian Sauce Mashed Potatoes String Beans or Peas Cucumbers, French Dressing Hot Cornstarch Pudding Raspberry Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	<b>Dinner</b> Potato Soup Cheese Soufflé, Tomato Sauce Swiss Chard Summer Squash Prune-and-Orange Marmalade Jelly Whipped Cream Half Cups of Coffee	
	<b>Supper</b> Blueberries, Milk Crackers Bread Jelly Roll Tea	<b>Supper</b> Black Bean Soup, Croutons Lettuce, French Dressing Cream Pie Raspberries Tea	
SATURDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream French Omelet Hashed Brown Potatoes Yeast Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa	<b>Dinner</b> Veal Pot Pie Baking Powder Biscuit (for dumplings) Buttered Onions New Beets Caramel Custard Renversée Half Cups of Coffee	<b>Supper</b> Eggs à la King (chafing dish) Toast Lettuce and Mustard Leaves, French Dressing Little Fruit Cakes Berries Tea

# Simple Menus for Family of Two

*Variety is the spice of food just as much as of life*

## SUNDAY

### Breakfast

Berries, Thin Cream  
Yeast Rolls (reheated)  
Coffee or Cocoa

### Dinner

Hamburg Steak  
Baked Potatoes  
Lettuce and Peppergrass,  
French Dressing  
Half the recipe Raspberry Parfait  
Drop Cookies

### Supper

Asparagus on Toast  
Stewed Cherries  
Cookies Tea

## MONDAY

### Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
French Omelet, with Asparagus  
Toast  
Coffee or Cocoa

### Dinner

Buy 4 lbs. forequarter Lamb,  
Use scrag end for Lamb Stew  
Tomatoes, French Dressing  
Custard Renversée  
(2 eggs, 1 cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar)  
Cookies

### Supper

Hot Toast Rye Bread  
Stewed Prunes, Stuffed with  
Neufchatel Cheese, Cream  
Sponge Jelly Roll Tea

## TUESDAY

### Breakfast

Salt Codfish, Creamed, on Toast  
Poached Eggs above  
Berries Coffee or Cocoa

### Dinner

Best Half of Lamb  
Steamed, Caper Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes  
Boiled Turnips  
Blueberry Betty

### Supper

Lamb Stew (left over)  
Bread and Butter  
Sponge Jelly Roll Tea

## WEDNESDAY

### Breakfast

Breaded Tomatoes, Fried  
Sprinkled with Grated Cheese  
Coffee Pop Overs Cocoa

### Dinner

Small Lamb Pie  
Boiled Onions  
Cress and Sliced Radishes,  
French Dressing  
Prune Soufflé, Custard Sauce

## Supper

Peanut Butter Sandwiches  
Berries Oatmeal Macaroons  
Hot Tea

## THURSDAY

### Breakfast

Broiled Bacon, Eggs Cooked in Shell  
Graham Muffins  
Orange Marmalade  
Coffee or Cocoa

### Dinner

Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce  
Buttered Beets  
Creamed Potatoes  
Cherry Pie

### Supper

Sardines  
Potato Salad, with Chopped Beets  
Lady Finger Rolls  
(reheated)  
Berries  
Tea

## FRIDAY

### Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Shredded Cutlet in Tomato Sauce  
in Ramekins  
(left over)  
Poached Eggs above  
Toast  
Coffee or Cocoa

### Dinner

Half of Bluefish, Broiled  
Mashed Potatoes  
Sliced Pickled Beets  
Green Peas  
Coffee Jelly  
or

Raspberry Sherbet

### Supper

Mayonnaise of Sliced Eggs and Lettuce  
Bread and Butter  
Scotch Scones  
Cocoa

## SATURDAY

### Breakfast

Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream  
Hot Bacon Sandwiches  
Coffee or Cocoa

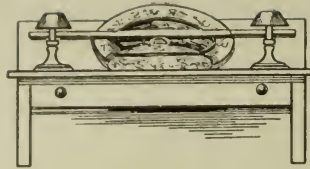
### Dinner

Emergency Soup  
Bluefish Croquettes  
Green Peas  
Cucumbers, French Dressing  
Rhubarb or Lemon Pie

### Supper

Baked Potatoes  
Broiled Bacon  
Yeast Rolls (reheated)  
Berries Cake  
Tea





# Our Daily Bread, or Preparation in Detail of the Meals of One Day

*Family of Two Adults and Two Children*

By Janet M. Hill

## SATURDAY

### Breakfast

Strawberries, French Fashion  
Thin Slices Cold Beef Tenderloin  
French Fried Potatoes  
Cold Bread                      Radishes  
Cereal Griddle Cakes  
Coffee                      Cocoa

### Dinner

Veal en Casserole  
Cabbage-and-Green Pepper Salad  
Steamed Raspberry Pudding  
Raspberry Hard Sauce  
or, Raspberry Parfait, Drop Cookies  
Half Cups of Coffee

### Supper

Stringbean Salad with Sliced Eggs  
Lady Finger Rolls Almond Cake  
Raspberries                      Tea

**T**HE potatoes, made ready for frying Friday night, are quickly dried while the fat is heating; coffee and cocoa are made ready for the boiling water and the radishes are scrubbed and set into a nest of crushed ice. All perfect leaves are retained on the crisp radishes that the leaf and root may be eaten together, the leaf being thought an aid to digestion of the root. Radishes, pulled from the fresh, moist earth just before breakfast is served, may be eaten by those who never in-

dulge in those brought from the market.

A teaspoonful of sifted, powdered sugar is piled in the center of small plates and around the sugar, on each plate, six or eight choice strawberries, with perfect hulls, are disposed. A small, soft brush should be used to free the berries and hulls from any chance grains of sand. These and the cold meat left from dinner on Friday, cut in thin slices, may be set in place on the breakfast table without delay. A few sprigs of cress or parsley, preferably the first, will enhance the looks of this dish.

For the cereal griddle cakes, cold boiled rice or a "ready-to-eat" cereal may be used. Do not mix the cakes until the potatoes are fried, but have all the ingredients measured and at hand. The ingredients are: One cup of cereal, one cup of buttermilk, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and soda, one egg beaten light, one cup of sifted flour and one level teaspoonful of baking powder.

Now fry the potatoes; do not put too many in the fat at once, nor have the fat too hot; skim on to soft paper to drain at the oven door, then, when all are fried tender, reheat the fat and return the potatoes to color them a little; drain a second time, season with salt and send at once to the table.

To make the griddle cakes, beat the egg in the mixing bowl; add the rice,

pressed through a vegetable press, or the cereal just as it is taken from the package. Stir the soda into the buttermilk (or sour milk) until it is foamy through-out; add to the other ingredients with the salt, flour and baking powder sifted together, and mix all together thoroughly. Bake at once on a well-oiled griddle. Send the cakes to the table as soon as one baking is taken from the griddle. Sweet milk may be used, by omitting the soda and adding another teaspoonful of baking powder with the flour.

After breakfast attend to the fire and bake the cake and cookies; part of the cake may be set aside in an earthen jar for Sunday. First of all start the sponge for the rolls; if this has been done before breakfast, the final mixing may now take place. For the sponge, mix a cake of compressed yeast with one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, then add to one cup of scalded-and-cooled milk with about one cup and a half of bread flour; beat very thoroughly, then cover and set aside to become light and puffy. Do not set this sponge on the hot shelf of the range, nor in a draught of air. When the sponge is well risen, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, (the whites are used for the cake), half a teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, one tablespoonful of sugar, and about two cups of bread flour, then mix to a soft dough. Knead about fifteen minutes, cover and set aside to double in bulk. In three or four hours the dough will be ready to shape. Turn it upon a board, upper side down, and divide into pieces of about two ounces, each. Knead these into balls, and set them on a board lightly dredged with flour, a little distance apart; cover closely with the mixing bowl that they may not crust over. When very light, roll each ball on the board, under the fingers, to make long rolls pointed at each end. Use more pressure on the dough at the ends than in the middle and the right shape will be easily secured.

Set the pointed rolls on a buttered sheet, some distance apart. When light, with a pair of scissors make three transverse cuts in the top of each roll. Bake about twenty minutes. When nearly baked brush over with white of egg (beaten slightly) and return to the oven to set the glaze. Part of the rolls should be set aside to be reheated on Sunday.

When the rolls are kneaded and set aside, the cake may be mixed and baked, that the oven be ready for the veal to be cooked for dinner. Use the recipe for white cake, given in the "Seasonable Recipes;" bake in two layer-cake pans 12x7 or 9x9. Have ready half a cup of blanched almonds, split in halves; set these into one of the layers in rows, side by side; press only one long edge of the half nuts into the cake, (let the other emerge), dredge with granulated sugar, then bake about eighteen minutes. The decorated layer is for the upper layer; put the two layers together with a boiled frosting, made of three-fourths a cup of sugar, one-third a cup of boiling water and the white of one egg; add one-fourth a cup of chopped (blanched) almonds and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Do not frost the cake at this time; bake the cookies—then get the veal into the oven. Or, as the veal should cook between three and four hours, start the veal before making the cookies; the veal can cook in the casserole on the top of the range until the oven is available.

For the drop cookies, use half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, beaten light,—or the two yolks still left over from the cake, half a cup of sour cream, or rich buttermilk, one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda, two cups and one half of sifted flour, and three level teaspoonfuls and one-half of baking powder. Mix in the usual manner, stirring the soda into the cream or buttermilk. Drop from a spoon and shape into a smooth round. Dredge with granulated sugar. Bake in a moderate oven.

For the veal, two and a half pounds

from the breast, or a single slice from the round (steak) may be used. After cutting the meat in small pieces (about two inches and a half square), roll it in flour, then sauté in fat, tried out of salt pork, until browned a little, then transfer to the casserole; rinse the frying pan with boiling broth or water, to remove all the meat glaze, and pour this liquid over the meat; add also enough more liquid to cover the meat, set the cover in place and let the meat cook very gently on the top of the range or in the oven. Scrape a bunch of new carrots and peel four to six onions; peel and quarter about six small potatoes; let all the vegetables stand in cold water until time for cooking; the onions should be put into the casserole one hour and a half before dinner, the potatoes and carrots, about half an hour before. Add salt and paprika to season when the potatoes are added. Half a cup of tomato purée or two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce or catsup or Worcestershire sauce may, also, be added. Send the meat to the table in the casserole.

The pudding is to steam one hour and a half, thus it must be set to cook about an hour and a quarter before the hour of serving dinner. It is mixed in the same manner as a cake; the berries are put in, here and there, as the batter is turned into the mold. Do not crush the berries by stirring them into the batter. A three-pint melon mold gives a well-shaped pudding, but an empty coffee can answers the purpose. The ingredients are one-third a cup of butter, half a cup of sugar, two egg-yolks, two cups of flour, two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of milk or water, two egg-whites, beaten dry, and one cup of raspberries. Serve with a hard sauce, made of half a cup of butter, one cup of powdered sugar, the white of one egg, beaten dry, and about half a cup of raspberry purée, (raspberries crushed and pressed through a sieve.) Cream the butter and add the other ingredients in

the order enumerated. We have given, as a substitute for the pudding and sauce, a raspberry parfait and the drop cookies before referred to. The parfait is a more expensive dish than the pudding, though in the country where cream is available at less cost than in the city, the expense need not prohibit the dish. The ingredients for one quart are a scant pint of cream, one cup of raspberry purée, three-fourths a cup of sugar and a *scant* tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of raspberry juice and dissolved over hot water. Sometimes a cup and a half of cream is sufficient. Beat the cream pretty firm. Add the dissolved gelatine and the sugar to the raspberry pulp and juice, and stir over ice water until the mixture thickens slightly, then gradually fold in the cream. Have a quart mold (one with two covers is the most convenient), partly packed in salt and crushed ice, lined with paper, turn in the mixture, cover, then carefully invert the mold and return to the freezing mixture. Inverting the mold helps to do away with a layer of frozen mixture, at the bottom, more firm in texture than that in the rest of the mold. The mold should stand about three hours, and be turned over and repacked after one hour and a half.

Crisp the cabbage for the salad at dinner in cold water, then dry and shred both cabbage and pepper exceedingly fine; let both be reduced to threads rather than to Julienne shapes; season with salt and pepper and then with French dressing. One of the yolks left from the cake may be used in making Mayonnaise dressing, but while this is palatable with cabbage, the dressing is too rich for a dinner salad.

The string beans and eggs for the salad may be prepared in the morning, then at night the preparation of the supper will take but a few minutes. The egg slicer shown in our May number will cut an egg into more slices than can be cut in any other way, and the slices will be **exactly** uniform in thickness.



# Some Elementary Principles of Dietetics

By Lawrence Irwell, M. A.; B. C. L.

**A** PART from the labor of every-day life in which brain and muscle engage, an immense amount of work is done in the mere act of keeping alive. Nowhere in Nature is work done without proportionate waste, or wear and tear of the machine that does the work. This assertion is as true of the human body as of the locomotive, and just as the machine—whatever it may be—must be supplied with conditions necessary for the production of force, so the living body similarly demands a supply of material from which its energy—the power of doing the work—can be derived. As the locomotive obtains the necessary conditions from the fuel and water that it consumes, so the living body derives its energy from the food on which it subsists. Food, therefore, is anything taken from the outside world from which the human body derives the substances required for the repair of the waste which the continual work of life entails. In the young, food serves another purpose—it provides material for growth, and it also affords substance from which the supply of force is derived. In the adult, while food supplies actual loss of substance, it is especially devoted to the duty of maintaining that equilibrium between waste and repair which constitutes health.

Turning to general rules for scientific meal-taking, the most important rule is founded upon the obvious fact that we must find in our foods the substances necessary for the repair of our bodies and for the production of the energy through which work is performed. Food substances, from this point of view, fall into two well-defined classes—those that contain nitrogen and those that do not contain nitrogen. Another classification divides them into organic and inorganic, the former being derived from animals

and plants, the latter from the mass of non-living matter—so-called—with which the world abounds. Flesh of animals, fish and vegetables represent organic food; water and minerals represent inorganic food materials. From living matter alone do we derive the substances that are essential to the generation of force. Nevertheless, water and minerals are necessary for the support of the body; they assist in carrying on the chemical changes which are continually taking place within the body, and they are, of course, essential constituents of the body.

Taking the usual classification of foods into nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous, we find examples of the first class in such substances as albumen, seen almost daily in the “white” of egg, casein found in milk, gluten, obtained from flour, etc. All these substances are very similar in chemical composition, and it seems as if the process of digestion reduces them to an almost identical state. For this reason, they can, to some extent, replace each other in the diet of mankind. The nitrogenous foods are sometimes called flesh-formers, and the name is a suitable one for, as the result of experiment, we have learned that the chief duty of albumen and allied substances is that of building up and repairing the tissues of the body. The substances referred to produce heat as a consequence of being chemically changed during the process of disintegration, and in this way they, to some extent, aid in the production of force and energy. The so-called nitrogenous foods are composed chemically of the four elements, nitrogen, carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, the presence of the first element giving the characteristic name.

The non-nitrogenous foods include four groups, viz:—(1) starches and

sugars; (2) oils and fats; (3) minerals; (4) water. The starches and sugars include not only starch and sugar as we know them, but also some gums and some acids, such as acetic and lactic. Group (1) includes all substances technically classed as carbohydrates, which contain in addition to carbon, oxygen and hydrogen in the proportion in which they are found in water. These foods maintain animal heat and give energy to the animal frame. Although starch as found in bread and potatoes is a most useful food, the heat creating power of all starches is inferior to that of fats and oils. The carbohydrates assist in the digestion of the nitrogenous foods, but the manner in which they do so has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Starches and sugars are in some degree fattening foods, therefore persons who are too heavy for their height and build should consume them in moderation. Excessive fat is, in most persons, probably due to insufficient oxidation, that is, burning-up of the food which is eaten, but as a rule excessive consumption of food, especially of the carbohydrates, plays some part in the creation of obesity. That oils and fats are heat-producers is shown by the experience of mankind in the large consumption of those articles of diet by the inhabitants of cold countries. Further, fats being chemically burned in the body give rise to the force which we exert in ordinary muscular work. Again, the fatty portions of our diet assist in the duty of removing waste products from the organs. As to the heat-creating power of fats compared with starches and sugars, the former may be regarded as very much superior, the figures being about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 1.

The mineral parts of our diet perform an important duty in the maintenance of the frame. We require iron for the blood, phosphorus for the nerves, lime for the bones. Other minerals are found in the fluids of the body, but their use has not been accurately determined. It

is certain, however, that although the quantity of some minerals—potash for example—required for the work of the human body is extremely small, derangement of health follows complete deprivation of them. Common salt (chloride of sodium) is an ingredient of many of the secretions, and it assists the formation and chemical integrity of the gastric juice of the stomach. But some persons eat too much of it, with the result that the kidneys are overworked in its excretion, and serious disease makes its appearance.

Water is, of course, a food of paramount importance, for it can in the absence of all other nourishment sustain life for many days. Although a man is almost certain to die in less than ten days if deprived of solid food and of water, yet he may live for fifty days upon water alone. The great importance of water may be demonstrated by the following facts. It constitutes about two-thirds of the weight of the body; it enters, into the weight of the brain to the extent of eighty per cent; bones contain ten per cent of it; seventy-five per cent of the blood is water. Entering into the composition of every fluid and tissue of the body, and being perpetually given off by means of the kidneys, lungs and skin, there is little wonder that water is absolutely essential to health. It dissolves other foods and conveys them to the different parts of the human system; it assists in removing waste products, and it also shares in regulating the temperature of the body through its evaporation. Water is the only fluid which is a necessity of life, coffee, tea and other beverages being luxuries. They cannot be called foods in the strict sense of the term. Many men and women do not drink enough water to keep the kidneys in an active, healthy condition. For an adult, six ordinary tumblersful may be sufficient for a day and a night in cold weather, but in summer eight tumblersful is about the minimum quantity that should be drunk in



twenty-four hours.

Drinking-water in most cities of the United States and Canada, and in country places, is not safe until it has been boiled and then allowed to stand. The sediment, if there is any, should be thrown away. Few filters are as safe as the boiling process, and a filter which cannot be cleaned is worse than no filter at all. Most cases of typhoid fever come from drinking contaminated water, and if every one boiled the drinking-water, there would be few cases of typhoid. The general appearance of water has little to do with its qualities so far as drinking it is concerned. Although clear, it may be literally loaded with the microbes which cause the serious disease just mentioned, sometimes called enteric fever. To boil all drinking water used in a house may cause considerable trouble, but by so-doing health will be improved, doctors' and druggists' bills will be reduced, and the undertaker's visit may be postponed. Our national death-rate from typhoid fever is now about twenty-three per hundred thousand of population.

The supposition that our muscles lose substance and consequently waste away is a mistake. On the other hand, they consume nitrogen and grow as a consequence. The exhaustion of the muscles is due not so much to chemical waste as to accumulation of the waste products of certain foods. The muscles are in reality the agents by which so much energy, always derived from food, is converted into actual and applied force. If the muscles wasted their substance, as was believed many years ago, and as a few people still imagine, the heart would be consumed by its own work within a few weeks.

The natural laws which are necessary for the regulation of life and the preservation of health in the matter of food-taking now demand consideration. For the proper support of the human system a combination of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods is essential. The accuracy of this statement is proved by

the fact that milk, upon which the infant grows rapidly, is a combination of both classes of foods. The egg of the chicken, also, is a combination of both classes. But neither milk nor eggs without other foods can be regarded as a suitable diet for adults. Some carbohydrate—bread or potatoes, for example, and some fat, such as butter, fat of meat, cream or olive oil, should be added. A thoroughly satisfactory diet can best be obtained by the use of both animal and vegetable foods in reasonable proportion. The chief objection to a strictly vegetarian diet is that, in order to obtain sufficient nitrogenous food, unnecessarily large quantities of carbohydrates must be eaten. Upon the other hand, semi-vegetarians, persons who exclude flesh foods, but who eat animal products—eggs, milk, cheese—have a satisfactory bill-of-fare, from the point of view of the chemical composition of the articles consumed. This, however, is only one aspect of the diet question, and there is no diet which will agree with all adults, because individual idiosyncrasy naturally plays a very important part in the regulation of meals—a subject upon which instinct is more reliable than reason. Certain vegetables, peas, "navy" beans and lentils are highly nitrogenous, but they are not easy to digest when eaten in large quantities, as they must be if substituted for animal products or flesh foods. Moreover, as compared with the latter, only a small part of the albumen of the vegetables is utilized by the human system, the remainder being excreted in much the same condition as when eaten.

From food alone can we obtain the energy required for the discharge of the duties of life. An important question, therefore, arises concerning the differences which varying conditions and amount of work necessarily entail. An adult man during complete idleness should obtain from his food in support of his body about two ounces of nitrogenous material (often called protein) in twenty-four hours, and, in addition, one-



and-a-half ounces of fat, and eight ounces of carbohydrates. This constitutes a very low diet. If the same adult is to work in the ordinary way, the quantity of nitrogenous food should be increased to three ounces, fat to at least two ounces, carbohydrates to not less than ten ounces. These may be regarded as minimum quantities and are below what are consumed by most moderate eaters. Both age and sex have an important bearing upon the daily quantity of food which each individual requires. Men, being as a rule larger than women, generally require about one-tenth more food than their wives and sisters, but there are many exceptions to this rule. As the growing bodies of children must be provided with material for the building-up of new tissue, every healthy child should consume more food in proportion

to work and weight than an adult, and almost every close observer has seen growing boys who eat very great quantities of meat, bread, butter and vegetables with apparent benefit when taking a large amount of exercise every day. Infants under nine months old cannot digest starchy food, consequently none should be given them. The proper food for them is milk. The brain worker's food ought to be provided in smaller bulk, in more easily digested form, and in more concentrated shape, than that of the man who works with his hands in the open air, and whose digestion is usually more active than that of the brain worker. This subject, however, is too technical for discussion here, and enough has been said to show how extensive a field is occupied by the subject of nutrition in relation to general hygiene.

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## Electricity in a Country Kitchen

By Alice E. Whitaker

**T**HE unaccustomed expense always seems more like an extravagance than one which is an every day outgo. Few housekeepers know the actual cost of the fuel that they use; coal for both furnace and kitchen range may be included in one bill and, where gas is used, the expense of lighting, cooking and possibly heating will be combined in one account. Even if the kitchen fuel bill is rendered separately, the cost of laundry work aside from cooking cannot be computed.

Whenever I speak of cooking by electricity, the question is sure to come, "But don't you find it expensive?" It is true that electricity may be a costly fuel through lack of knowing how to use it, but the novice in using coal will run a ton a month through a kitchen range, while an experienced hand will make half a ton do the same work.

Living for six months during the past year in a locality not yet reached by gas and in a house without a kitchen range, I used electricity in cooking for two people and in the ironing which did not include the flat work; this was sent out to be done. Continuous hot water was secured by connection with the furnace. The cooking was planned to meet the special needs and taste of the small family and not with any particular attempt to cut the use of the fuel to the lowest point. With four in the family, all the heat would have been utilized and the expense would not have been much more.

My outfit consists of a flat iron with a small stand on which to reverse it for cooking purposes, a four and a half inch "stove" and an oven that holds two loaves of bread or a four pound roast or a chicken, without crowding. My bill for electricity averaged ninety cents a

week, at a rate of five cents a kilowatt hour, after discount for prompt payment. This is the special price for cooking and heating, not the lighting rate, in that town where coal is eight dollars a ton and gas \$1.25 a thousand cubic feet.

My own experience proves electricity to be a moderate-priced fuel, at five or six cents a kilowatt hour. In addition, it is a fuel without dust, ashes or smoke, hence using it reduces expense and labor of keeping clean and, with the scarcity of domestic workers, this is a money saving that cannot be overlooked. No one should use electricity for cooking and heating without securing the power rate and a separate meter from that which measures the lighting current.

It takes a little longer to boil a given amount of water by electricity than by gas, but the electrical oven heats as quickly as when gas is used. Such an oven is built to conserve heat and, obviously, like all other ovens, it should be kept clean in order to do its best work. In addition to a frequent brushing out, it should be wiped out occasionally with a cloth wrung from soap and water and then it will keep as clean as a new pan. This care should always be given, after roasting or oven broiling fat meats, and is really no more attention than should be given to the oven of an ordinary range.

The only criticism that I make of my electrical oven is the tendency to bake bread and cake a little too hard on the under side, but by using a sheet of asbestos paper under the pan the heat is easily controlled. To make this control more complete, the button that turns the current on marks "full," "medium" or low," thus making it possible to bake very quickly or to secure the low temperature needed for anything like a meringue.

Considerable expense is saved in using electricity as a fuel, if care is taken to

cook one item immediately after another, when convenient to do so, for this prevents the need of re-heating the stove or oven. The greatest source of loss of heat comes from ill-fitting dishes. All utensils should come in close contact with the stove or heating surface, and a dish that rounds up or rocks a little is most extravagant to use, while it might be all right over a gas flame.

It is not necessary to have an expensive outfit and pay five dollars, for instance, for a specially made dish that can be substituted at small cost. I have found at the ten-cent stores a round tin dish that rested closely on the electric stove and, by placing a plate or cover on it, cooking can be done at a very little loss of heat. It is best to select aluminum dishes that fit the stove, and see that they are not allowed to be burned and warped. A coffee percolator fits closely to the surface and is used just as economically as over any other fuel.

My electrical outfit, therefore, gives me less trouble than a chafing dish and has the possibilities of the ordinary kitchen range; it eliminates drudgery and invites me to put more thought into the cooking. After once heating well and then turning back to the low current, the oven gives some of the possibilities of a fireless cooker.

The belief is too common that an electrically heated flatiron must necessarily scorch clothes, and this false notion keeps some women from buying a wonderful convenience. A careless ironer will scorch her clothes even with a wood fire, and a woman of the same temperament will keep the current turned on continuously when using electricity. The proper way is to turn the current off, now and then, as the iron grows too hot. An electrical flat iron heats in less than five minutes; it does not heat the hand and there is no waiting at intervals as with other fuel.



# Dressing the Table Board

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

AT this season of the year the thrifty housewife can scarcely use her time to better advantage than by taking a careful inventory of her linen closet. The mid-summer sales of household and table damasks are certainly worth while events as often very superior linens may be purchased at a great saving in price. And, oh, the tempting beauty and variety of patterns with which the present-day designer inveigles even the unneeding! Here, a delicate tracery of vines and blossoms, there, acorns, autumn leaves, each and all summoned most alluringly to his handicraft. Recently, at one of our large house-furnishing emporiums, I saw the whole pagantry of the seasons outlined in the damask display. There were snowdrops, rushes, windflowers, jonquils, violets, ferns, roses, water-lilies, poppies, autumn leaves, chrysanthemums and holly—a veritable reproduction in white of Mother Nature's twelve months' weaving.

To the uninitiated, it came somewhat as a revelation to learn that, primarily, each thread in these cloths had actually been counted and numbered for weft and woof. This is first taken into consideration by the designers ere they set to work to originate designs on paper, which are made several sizes larger than the finished product. It is then the work of the pattern makers to put the design in perforated cards with hole spaces for each perforation that the loom needle will require to reproduce the pattern. Yet, my lady who revels in the novelty of some unique design of table linen has much to learn of the wearisome intricacies of its production, and is appalled when she ascertains that this self-same pattern may have cost the manufacturers anywhere from five hundred to five thousand dollars before it left the loom.

Nor does she take time to recall that it

is no less a dignitary than the humble "heathen Chinee" to whom we owe the idea of manufacturing damask, for it was he who first thought of ornamenting silken webs with a pattern. Then, gradually, the recorders tell us, India, Persia, Syria and Byzantine Greece followed. About the twelfth century the city of Damascus, long celebrated for its looms, began to turn out fabrics that far outstripped all other places in beauty of design. These silken textiles were everywhere in tremendous demand, and traders very soon fastened upon them the distinguishing name of Damascen or Damask. Eventually evolved the thought of similarly ornamenting linen materials, so ensuing years witnessed the extension of the name "damask" from silken to linen fabric, till today the word generally implies, as the dictionaries inform us, "a twilled linen texture richly figured in the weaving with fruits, flowers and ornamental designs."

Looking at the enticing array of luncheon sets, consisting of centerpiece, doylies and serviettes, some in heavy linen embroidered in the Madeira pattern, others in tinted damasks and exquisite lace-trimmed conceits, one fully realizes how boldly the festive touch of modern times contrasts with the snowy simplicity of the colonial period. It, indeed, seems a far cry to the days when our foremothers spun, wove and bleached their own "board-cloths," for the dining-tables of the colonists were very unlike our present ones. They were long and narrow, many not more than three feet wide, with no legs attached. They were laid on supports or trestles much like the customary sawhorse. So this olden piece of furniture was literally a board, and was always referred to as the table-board.

Yet, the early colonists were doubtlessly more liberally provided with nap-



kings than families of corresponding means are today. There was urgent need of these, when one recollects that, at the time America was first settled, forks were almost unknown to the English people. Hands were employed for the holding of food, which made the colonial napkin an article of constant necessity. The first fork brought to America was for Governor John Winthrop, in Boston, in 1633. There is nothing to show that the Governor regarded it in any other than the light of curiosity, and if by chance he used it at table, he was, without question, the only one in the colony who did. Thirty or forty years later a few two-tined iron and silver forks were brought across the ocean, and used in New York and Virginia, as well as in Massachusetts, and by the end of that century they had found their way into some of the homes of wealth and fashion. An old inventory dated 1677 makes first mention of a fork ever being used in Virginia.

Nevertheless, long before the introduction of the fork, there existed among our forebears a distinct code of good manners which were to be rigidly observed by the elect. Some of the quaint admonitions make highly amusing reading. From Erasmus 1467-1537, we are advised to "seize with three fingers all you want to take from the table", and from the "Book of Conveniency", we are cautioned to "Never touch your nose with the hand in which you hold your meat".

To a certain degree it seems that we are reverting to a few of the old-time customs now that it is considered good form to eat several foods such as lettuce, asparagus, etc., with the fingers. Never before, too, have napkins come in such a varied assortment of sizes and designs. Popular favor, however, still lends its endorsement to the twenty-two inch size napkin for ordinary daily dinner usage.

So many of the attractive square cloths come in the effective circular patterns that the centerpiece is fast becoming superfluous. Striped table linen, not-

withstanding, retains its vogue and the stripes are to be found in all widths from the veriest hair line to the broad bar effect. This season offers a variation in the diagonal stripe to supplement the well-known horizontal.

The much seen Cluny and Filet lace luncheon sets continue to bespeak their hold on present fancy, while some very unusual sets of drawn-work leave nothing to be desired in the way of daintiness. These are to be found in both round and square shapes and often some of the choicest patterns are to be discovered at the Japanese bazaars, curio shops and Women's Exchanges.

A pretty hem-stitched breakfast cloth comes with a bit of old blue in the scroll-like border design; this is, of course, repeated in the accompanying serviettes which are fifteen inches square.

A home-made breakfast cloth that savors some of German thrift, but which seems to help to start the day right, is made of three breadths of common blue-barred tea toweling, sewed together and feather-stitched with the same shade of blue cotton. A hem of one and one-half inches is made about the edge of this square which is also feather-stitched. When used with certain blue patterned or blue bordered china and an appropriate floral decoration it lends a suggestion of novelty and variety that is most refreshing. The red-barred toweling may be likewise treated, and for a porch breakfast on a June morning, with scarlet carnations and asparagus vine for the center, with individual dishes of home-grown luscious strawberries at each place, it indeed seems to sustain the note of "homey" cheeriness as nothing else can.

Another cloth which lends itself most admirably to breakfast, the informal porch luncheon, or even the Sunday evening supper, is the Japanese blue and white cotton square. These come in a wide variety of patterns with hem-stitched napkins to match. Where the laundry work is done at home, this cloth

is a decidedly satisfactory investment as it launders both well and easily and when graced with Japanese narcissus, a few clusters of freshly gathered cherry blossoms, white iris, or any other simple white flower suggestive of the Orient, it furnishes another artistic change for the table at very slight expenditure.

Of course, for dinner service, nothing but white should be used and one must search far and wide to find anything to supersede a fine piece of Irish damask

with generous sized napkins, both of which bear the imprint of the owner's monogram embroidered in pure white. "There is a majesty in simplicity", runs the old truism, and nowhere is it more conclusively proven than in the treatment accorded the dining table appointments.

Dressing the board attractively is, indeed, an act—a twin complement of good cookery. Taken together, they form a joint appeal to taste and sight that rarely fails to spell appetite.

## The Wooing of the Wind-Flower

Come, play with me,  
Anemone,  
Within the woodland shady;  
I will unfold  
A warrior bold,  
And thou shalt be my lady.

Why tremblest thee,  
Anemone?  
As though some fear half-forming?  
Still dost thou hear  
So strong and clear  
Thy father March fierce storming?

Nay, look no doubt  
That Time will flout  
My vows with too harsh trying;  
As true to thee  
Anemone,  
I'll be when snows are flying.

CHARLES ELMER JENNEY.

Why droopest thee,  
Anemone?  
As though some sorrow keeping?  
Dost thy heart kind  
Still bear in mind  
Thy mother April's weeping?

Come, let's be gay  
For this is May:  
I'll gird thy waist so slender;  
None but the thrush  
Will see the blush  
That lights thy face, so tender.

## How Cynthia Spicer Learned to Cook

*A True Story of the Wilderness a Hundred Years Ago*

By Elsie Spicer Eells

IN the year 1810, Minor Spicer, a carpenter of Groton, Conn., journeyed westward on horseback and bought a tract of land on the Western Reserve of Portage County, now Summit County, Ohio, a tract of land which now is the campus of Bucktel College, Akron, Ohio. The family of Minor Spicer consisted of his wife, his little daughter Cynthia, and

two boys younger than Cynthia. In the Spring of 1811 he, with others from the vicinity of Groton, Conn., took his family and moved west. They travelled in ox teams, living in their wagons, cooking by the roadside, picking berries and killing game. It took six months to make the journey. There were members of the party to whom these six months

seemed long, but Cynthia Spicer was not one of them. The journey was none too long for her. She delighted in the gypsy mode of life.

At last, the destination was reached. Minor Spicer built a log cabin in which the family lived for eight years, until it was replaced by a model New England farmhouse. Cynthia preferred to help her father in his work of clearing the wilderness rather than to share her mother's tasks. It was with difficulty that her mother could persuade her to take an interest in those household arts, so important a part of the training of a girl with thrifty New England parentage.

One day in the year 1814 the son of one of the neighbors, some five miles away through the wilderness, came to the Spicer home. There was no highway near the dwelling. A simple bridle path led through the almost unbroken forest. The boy said that his mother had been taken ill and begged that Mrs. Spicer would go to her at once.

"How will you manage without me, Cynthia?" asked her mother. "You know you are not a very good cook. Tomorrow is baking day and I am not leaving you with the house supplied with good things to eat as I would have done, had I known I was going away."

"Never fear, mother," replied Cynthia, "I am sure I shall get along all right. If I do make mistakes, I can laugh at them and try again."

"Perhaps it will be a good experience for Cynthia to be left alone to do the cooking," said Mrs. Spicer to her husband as he assisted her to mount her horse.

After her mother's departure Cynthia busied herself in preparing the evening meal. In spite of an optimistic nature, she was not exactly proud of her completed supper. Fortunately a hard day's work in the open air had given her father and brothers good appetites and they ate uncomplainingly. Just as they were finishing the meal the family were startled by the sound of a

horse stopping at their door. Two callers in the same day were unusual. "Perhaps mother has come home!" cried Cynthia with a sigh of relief.

It was not the welcome figure of his wife, however, that greeted Mr. Spicer's gaze as he unbarred the door. Instead he saw in the dim light a solitary Indian on horseback. The Indian was completely armed and carried upon his horse the carcass of a deer. By sounds and gestures he made it understood that he wished shelter for the night. A self-invited guest like that, however unwelcome, could not be offended. There was nothing to do but to allow the Indian to dismount, fasten his horse for the night, and enter the cabin.

The venison was carried inside and by signs the Indian made Cynthia understand that he was hungry and wished some of the meat prepared for his supper. In much trepidation of spirit Cynthia cooked the venison as best she could. With trembling hands she placed it on the table along with the remnants of the family supper. The Indian ate but little, and, to the anxious girl who watched him, seemed to be displeased. Nothing was said, however, and the silent guest soon rolled himself in his blanket, lay down on the rude hearthstone before the fire, and, to all appearances, immediately fell asleep.

The Spicer family uneasily retired to the sleeping room which adjoined the room where their swarthy guest was reposing. Through a wide aperture in the wall they could readily see the recumbent figure, and, anxious and sleepless, their eyes watched for any movement. A little after midnight they discovered that the figure was alert and moving with exceeding caution. The Indian sat upright and glanced quickly towards the bedroom door. He reached carefully for the long, murderous-looking hunting knife, which he had been thoughtful to place within easy reach ere he lay down by



the fire, ran his fingers lightly along the edge to test its sharpness, softly whetted the weapon, tested it again, gave a low grunt of satisfaction, still keeping a close watch of the bedroom door.

The terrified watchers believed that their lives were in danger. Mr. Spicer grasped firmly his loaded gun and prepared to shoot the treacherous guest the moment he crossed the threshold of the bedroom.

The Indian stealthily arose from the hearth, grasped his long, sharp knife, and glided, swiftly and noiselessly, toward the bedroom door.

It was a supreme moment. Mr. Spicer held his gun with his finger on the trigger. Cynthia and the boys, a little behind their father, watched, with fascinated eyes and wildly beating hearts, the swift approach of the desperate red man.

On he came with, if possible, a more wary tread. He paused an instant to listen at the door. Then he glided past, crossed to the corner where the carcass of the deer had been placed, cut a generous slice of venison and carried

it cautiously back to the fireplace. His next movement was to rake open the bed of coals and broil the meat. He feasted upon it with evident relish, giving low grunts of approval, and, occasionally, glancing apprehensively toward the bedroom door. Then he carefully covered the coals, wrapped his blanket again about him and lay down in peaceful slumber.

Early in the morning, before it was light, he quietly stole away, leaving behind a generous portion of the venison for his pale faced entertainers.

When Cynthia's mother returned home and heard the account of the thrilling night her family had passed through in her absence, she declared that it was quite time that Cynthia learned how to be a better cook. Cynthia herself agreed with her mother. Soon she became one of the best cooks of all the countryside. Great-great aunt Cynthia Spicer's recipes have been handed down in the family through the years, and the most recent domestic science graduate among us cannot suggest any ways in which they can be improved.

## Pan. A. Villanelle

Oh piper of the days ago!  
Far sounding o'er the sun-kissed height  
Still rings the magic of thy son.

Or in some purple vale at dawn  
I watch each dancing fawn and sprite,  
Oh piper of the days ago!

And in the bright-stoled hour of morn  
Upon bloom-incensed breezes light  
Still rings the magic of thy song.

Sometimes amid the city's throng  
And dissonance I hear thy pipe,  
Oh piper of the days ago!

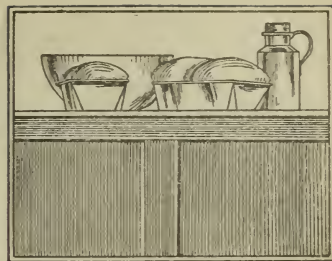
Beside the sounding sea, forlorn,  
By shell-fringed shores, foam-washed and  
white,  
Still rings the magic of thy song.

On silver wings forever borne  
From far Arcadian woodlands, bright,  
Oh piper of the days ago,  
Still rings the magic of thy song.

R. R. GREENWOOD.



## HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### Dixieland Tea Room

**Y**OU will imagine Dixieland Tea Room to be located in the South, among the orange-blossoms and magnolias; not so, for it is a lovely tea-room in a middle west city. Two Southern women have taken quite a large house, on a main residence avenue, in the midst of a northern city, and made it a charming bit of the Southland. They brought a quaint old clock—also candlesticks, brasses and a few pieces of old mahogany, and distributed them through the lower rooms. The floor rugs are real Navajo rugs. On the walls are pictures of southern scenes in colors, a couple of piccaninnies eating watermelon, an old mammy telling fortunes from a quaint old china cup, a cotton field in bloom, etc. Along a plate rail in one room are postal cards of southern scenes. The mantles are banked with beautiful branches of cotton in bloom, and southern moss, and hanging wall pockets of quaint design, in basket work or crockery, are filled with cotton blooms. At holiday seasons, southern foliage and blossoms are sent from the south and used for special decorations. Here they employ colored help, the maids wearing brown uniforms. The dishes served are mostly southern receipts—fried chicken, glazed sweet potatoes, beaten biscuit, Lady Baltimore cake, and many other delicious southern dishes. When the colored maid in brown uniform is taking your order, and you glance around the room, with its riot of

southern moss and cotton blossoms, and note the pieces of old mahogany and brasses, you really feel you are in a quaint old southern mansion, with its quiet dignified service and southern hospitality. To visit it and partake of its delicious southern cooking is a treat to the northern people, and a bit of "home-land" for southern people who are located in the city.

M. B. S.

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### A Luncheon in Vassar Colors

**I**N spring time College girls' thoughts turn lightly towards planning farewell luncheons, and other festivities that attend the closing exercises of the school year; each College has customs quite as time-honored as the making of the daisy chains is at Vassar. This idea for luncheon is worked out in the pink and gray colors of Vassar, but may be readily adapted to those of any other college and the result be quite as pretty. It is also a paper affair, quite easy for the girls to get up and quite as easily disposed of, if the luncheon takes place in one of the sitting rooms or other restricted places. Spring flowers are always attractive for room decoration, but reserve roses for the table.

Proceed in the following manner with the decorations for the table. Cover the top with pale pink paper, and allow an eighteen-inch fall ruffle of pink, covered with thin white, then lay on white paper cloth. Around the edge of the table twine a smilax and pink rose cord or

wreath, and where the four corners of the cloth fall on the flounce let the smilax hang down with a bunch of roses on the end. Use white serviettes. The place cards are dainty butterflies perched on the rim of the water glasses. The center-piece may be a pink rose Jack Horner pie, the favors within it to be tied with gray ribbon. The service plates may be of papier-mache, painted a delicate pink, with a wise gray owl in the center, the handiwork, perhaps, of one of the clever girl guests. The souvenirs are the diplomas concealing a fan in the roll, and are to be autographed by each guest present. A green pepper, at each plate, holds the salted nuts, and a cucumber holds the olives and radishes. If the hostess desires to carry out the paper idea entirely, she will find plates and little fancy cases in variety enough to do so, but if china is used, the gray Japanese carries out the color-scheme perfectly. Pink and white bonbons may be served in dainty rose boxes, but the selection of the menu must, to a certain extent, be governed by the "time, the place and the girl". But with a small amount of gray matter devoted to thinking it out, it can, also, be made to conform to the general color-scheme. Now if more decoration be considered, nothing is prettier than rose screens; four, for instance, quite change the shape and appearance of a room, and give it a look of festivity. On the back of each chair the college sash and hats may be hung, to be donned with appropriate ceremony at the beginning of the luncheon. Above the table a parasol made of the College Pennants may be hung and makes a very attractive canopy. As little silver as possible should be in evidence at a paper luncheon; in fact, many people choose the tiny wooden forks and spoons as more appropriate for the occasion. A strawberry cocktail is quite harmless and very decorative, to start off with, and a fruit salad made of all the fruits of the season; but, instead of the familiar boiled dressing, use that which is served for the various "Newburghs",

having a dash of Sherry as flavoring, to which add a dash of nutmeg; chill this before using it on the fruit. A good idea with a fruit salad is to prepare the fruit in a white strainer fitted over a bowl to catch the juice; this is bound to drain off a little, while the fruit is chilling, but is not good in the salad as it thins the dressing too much. The juice may afterwards be used up with a little sugar and a dash of Vichy, making a most excellent soft drink. English Game pies are quite a luncheon fad just now, and are deservedly popular. The same luncheon plan will be effective in any of the college colors, with flowers to correspond; for instance none are prettier than the daisy table in white, or the yellow with the brown centers. The white grape-and-banana salad for the white daisy luncheon, and the orange and the marrons for the yellow luncheon salad. Here, also, is a very new temperance cocktail, which is made of white grapes and marrons with a dash of spiced Sherry, and capped with chilled whipped cream.

J. Y. N.

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### Cooking For Two

**H**OWEVER strange it may seem to the woman who cooks for four, or six, or ten, there is a real problem for the woman who cooks for two.

Most recipes are too large, and are difficult to divide, and, if one cooks enough to "season the kettle", there is food to throw away, or it appears on the table until it is no longer relished.

Experience and a real desire to solve the problem will bring to light many solutions. Here are some of mine—

1. An equipment of small pans of white and earthenware, in which food may be prepared and served.

2. A fireless cooker, in which to cook a small quantity of such food as dried beans, lentils, etc. If anything jars upon a thrifty woman's soul, it is a whole morning's consumption of fuel to cook half a cup of beans!



3. A small tin pan, made into a colander by driving it full of holes with a small nail from the inside. This little pan will fit the top of the tea-kettle, is ideal for reheating a serving of brown bread or steamed pudding, and it is a grater, the handle of which can not break off.

4. Such plans as reserving a portion of the creamed vegetable for the next day's luncheon salad; making a small pie of the one-crust variety, and baking the surplus filling in custard cups, to be eaten next day with wafers, which far surpasses left-over pie with a soggy crust; cooking the usual one cup of rice, using it the first day as a border around creamed dried beef, the second day baked with a little white sauce, and a sprinkling of grated cheese, and then the third day a rice pudding is made with the spoonful held in reserve.

5. Selecting such meats as may be cooked in small amounts and retain their juices. Pot roasts are most satisfactory. Sirloin and Porter-house are not extravagant for a small family. They require little fuel, and there is always a bone and a scrap to trim away, which may be put over the fire in cold water, brought to the boiling point and simmered with a seasoning of dried celery leaves, or a bit of tomato, onion or parsley, and used for the next day's bouillon.

6. Using the oven to advantage by baking the potatoes in the pan with a small roast, and then filling every inch of space with such things as a pan of corn bread made with the yolk of one egg, and a small cake with the white, two apples stuffed with raisins or prunes, and two cup custards. It can be done!

M. N.

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### Some Dainty Southern Recipes

THE southern man living in the north is always wondering at the amount of white beans eaten here, considering that certain field peas grown extensively in the south are far better

flavored and just as nutritious as white beans, besides cooking much quicker. Black-eyed peas are better flavored than beans, and cost about the same, yet grocers in the north say they sell but few black-eyed peas, in comparison with the amount of white beans sold, and that when sales are made of these peas they are generally to negroes. This is a queer state of things, and shows that the appearance of food has much to do with the extent to which it is consumed. The black eyes of these peas give the whole pea a light yellowish or buff color when cooked, and, also, to whatever meat is cooked with them.

But there is a field pea called the rice pea, grown extensively in southern states, which is white, eye and all, with a slightly creamy tint, and it is even more delicate of flavor than black-eyed peas; these are as delicate as early June peas, and they retain their natural color when cooked, and do not change the color of meat cooked with them. Perhaps the reason rice peas are not grown more generally is that they are not as hardy as black-eyed peas and other field peas.

These delicately flavored rice peas, cooked with tender young pork, are far and away more appetizing than pork and beans, and almost or quite as nutritious. They are good, either cooked after they have become dry in the autumn and winter, or when young and tender in the late spring and early summer. Southern ladies often cook the tender young peas, pods and all, as snap beans are cooked. They are also good, creamed, either fresh in spring and summer, or when dry.

If dry wash them thoroughly and let them soak an hour in just enough pure, fresh water barely to cover them. The soaking softens them, and they cook in half the time required if not soaked. This reduces the expense of cooking, if you cook with gas. Then simmer them slowly for an hour and a quarter in barely enough water (the same water in which they were soaked) to cover them,

adding salt and butter after they have cooked an hour. Then, five minutes before they are to be served, stir in some rich sweet milk, and cook long enough for the milk to scald thoroughly, but not curdle. The water should be cooked down so low that the milk added will not make the peas too soupy. The rice pea or black-eyed pea cooks in one-third the time required for white beans, which is quite an important consideration, where gas is used for cooking.

The south is the natural habitat of the sweet potato, and it is second nature with southern housewives to make delicious, dainty dishes and entrées out of this toothsome edible. A popular dish in the south, one often found on the bills of fare of southern hotels and restaurants, is candied yams. Take plump, smooth sweet potatoes, not too large, and all as near the same size as possible, and wash them thoroughly. Have a large pot of boiling water, and put the potatoes into the water after it is boiling. Boil until the skins rub off easily, but not so much that the potatoes fall apart when handled. Then pour off the water and pour the potatoes out in a large bucket or deep pan of cold water and rub the skins off. Lay the potatoes thickly in a porcelain-lined bake-pan, brush them over with melted butter, applied with a soft brush, sprinkle a teaspoonful of Y. C. sugar on top of each potato, shove the pan into a moderately hot oven and brown the potatoes from eight to twelve minutes, when they are ready to serve.

A delicious, grated, sweet potato pudding is made as follows: Take large, smooth, plump, raw potatoes, wash and peel and grate them on a large, coarse grater. Put the grated potato into a shallow porcelain-lined pudding pan; add about four eggs, first beating the whites and yolks together thoroughly; to each quart of grated potato, add a very little salt and enough melted butter to make the pudding reasonably rich, then stir in

enough good sweet milk to make the mass rather thin but not soupy, flavor with cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice or whatever other flavor you fancy; and stir all together thoroughly. The pudding should be about three inches thick. Sweeten it a little if desired. Bake in a moderate oven forty or fifty minutes. This makes a delicious entrée, or you may add more sugar and serve as a dessert.

If ambitious to make real pumpkin pies, never think of using canned pumpkin. Take pumpkins about the same size, so they will bake uniformly. Cut a square hole in each large enough to put your hand in and get out the seeds and other loose contents, then stop up the hole with the square section cut out; fasten it in so it will not be apt to be forced out by the steam generated inside the cooking pumpkins, and put the pumpkins in the oven of a large stove or range and cook slowly until you know they are done. Then take them out, cut them open and dip out the soft pulp or "meat," put it through a colander or otherwise mash very thoroughly; add eggs, milk, flavoring, etc., the same as if you had used canned pumpkin, and bake in the usual way.

Or the pumpkin may be baked as a pudding, as the grated, sweet potato pudding is baked, except that the pulped pumpkin, being already cooked, will not need to remain in the oven as long as the grated raw potato. Ten or twelve minutes will do. Where the pumpkin is baked whole, so that the steam and flavor cannot escape, your pies or pudding will have the real pumpkin flavor, and will be much more delicious than if you used canned pumpkin.

I. M.

\* \* \*

### Before the Spring Vegetables are Here

AT this season when vegetables grown in hot-houses are disappointing in flavor and very expensive, one is likely to find oneself living upon too restricted a diet.

It takes but a brief study of foods and their fate in the human body for us to realize that the diet plays a great part both in health and disease.

Anaemia is more prevalent in Spring than in any other season of the year. The symptoms are a constant tired feeling, loss of appetite, pallor of the skin, and very often the patient suffers from neuralgia. An anaemic condition is dangerous not so much in itself, but because the body in this weakened state may become a prey to any contagious disease.

Anaemia is a disease of the blood. The blood is in an impoverished condition, due to improper food, or to a failure to assimilate proper food. The element which the blood lacks is iron, a mineral salt found in lean beef, eggs, milk, cereals, vegetables, and many fruits.

During the months when many fresh vegetables and fruits are eaten, sufficient iron is usually furnished the blood. At this time of the year, however, a special selection of food is necessary. By careful planning and the exercise of a little ingenuity, one can include one or more of the iron-containing foods in each meal and at little cost. Chief among these are beans, peas, carrots, spinach, lettuce, whole-wheat flour, prunes, dates, grapes, raisins, apples oranges, beef, eggs, and milk.

Too little thought is given to the selection of the food we eat, due, partly, to the erroneous idea that healthful foods are distasteful and that all our favorite dishes are in danger of being banished

from the table, if we select our food with a view to the needs of the body, as well as because of its palatability.

Following are a few favorite recipes, each including one or more of the iron-containing food-stuffs mentioned. They are also made up of ingredients easily procured at this season.

### Cream of Spinach Soup

Wash two quarts of spinach and place in a sauce-pan over a moderate fire, without adding any water. Turn the leaves now and then with a fork. Spinach cooked in this manner is more attractive in appearance and retains the mineral salts, which would otherwise be poured off in the water. For soup, rub through a sieve and add to six cups of thin white sauce.

### White Sauce

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter	4 cups chicken broth
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour	and
6 cups milk or	2 cups milk

Melt butter; add flour and sufficient liquid to blend. Cook ten minutes; add remaining liquid and finish cooking in a double-boiler.

### Whole Wheat Muffins

1 cup white flour	$3\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls bak-
1 cup entire-wheat	ing powder
flour	1 egg
2 tablespoonfuls sugar	$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt	3 tablespoonfuls
	melted butter

Place all the dry ingredients in a bowl; add the well-beaten egg, milk and melted butter. Beat thoroughly and bake about twenty-five minutes.

J. M. H.

## A Homeward Thought

When shadows, quiet weavers,  
For evening work prepare,  
And day goes on forever  
Down time's dim thoroughfare,

My thought is not how fortune  
Has smiled on me this day,  
Or if the twilight closes  
A day's long, bitter fray,

But rather comes a vision,  
That quickens heart and pace,  
Of homelights softly burning,  
And one sweet, smiling face!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.





## **QUERIES & ANSWERS**



**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2180.—“Can one who is forbidden to eat meat take soup made of meat?”

### Use of Soup Made of Meat

One forbidden to eat meat should most certainly abstain from eating soup made from meat. The extractives withdrawn from the meat in cooking are the very part of the meat that is most harmful. Boiled fowl and fish, in which the tissues are more tender as a rule than beef, are *sometimes* allowed, because the extractives have been withdrawn into the broth.

QUERY 2181.—“We have failed with the recipe for the filling of the Chocolate Cream Roll, given in the Jan., 1913, number of the magazine; the cake is good, but the filling runs out.”

### Chocolate Cream Roll

- |                                |  |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 3 eggs                         | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water                 |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar      | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour                 |
| 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful soda                   |
| 3 ounces melted chocolate      | 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, slightly rounding |

Beat the eggs without separating the whites and yolks; add the other ingredients in the order enumerated. Bake in a dripping pan. When baked the cake should be less than three-fourths an inch thick. Trim off the crisp edges, turn at once upside down on a cloth, spread with a Divinity frosting cooled nearly to the point of “crusting.” At once roll and set aside.

### Divinity Frosting

- |   |                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar                             | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water   |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup glucose or corn syrup | 1 egg white                       |
|   | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla |

Melt the sugar in the glucose and water; wash down the sides of the pan to remove grains of sugar, cover and let boil two or three minutes; uncover and let boil to the soft ball degree (238°F). Pour in a fine stream on the white of egg, beaten very light, beating constantly meanwhile; return the frosting to the saucepan; beat and cook over boiling water until the mixture thickens perceptibly; beat while cooling; add the vanilla just before using.

QUERY 2182.—“Recipe for White Layer Cake, made with cream-of-tartar and soda rather than baking powder.”

### White Layer Cake

- |                                |   |
|--------------------------------|---|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter       | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful cream-of-tartar (scant) |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar      | Grating of lemon rind                             |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk         | 5 egg-whites                                      |
| $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour      |   |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful soda |   |

QUERY 2183.—“Recipe for Raspberry Milk Ice made of fresh raspberries.”

### Raspberry Milk Sherbet

Pack the can of a freezer containing one quart of milk in salt and crushed ice. Use one measure of salt to three of ice. Crush and strain through a cheese cloth enough raspberries to make one pint of juice; mix this with one cup and a half of sugar and pour into the chilled mixture, then freeze as usual.

QUERY 2184.—"Recipe for 'Chicken Jelly Salad,' to be shaped in a mold."

### Chicken Jelly Salad

1 cup consommé or chicken broth	3 or 4 tablespoonfuls cold water
1 cup fine-chopped cooked chicken	Salt and pepper
½ a teaspoonful granulated gelatine	Onion juice, celery salt

Soften the gelatine in the cold water; add the broth, boiling, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved; add the seasonings and let chill a little. Add part of the gelatine mixture to the chicken. Set a mold in ice and water; put in two or three teaspoonfuls of the gelatine mixture, then decorate the mold with capers, slices of olives or figures cut from truffles, cooked egg or carrots; add a few drops of gelatine to hold the decorations in place, then put in more broth; when nearly "set" add a little of the chicken mixture, then add alternate layers of broth and chicken. Let each layer become somewhat firm before another is added. Serve turned from the molds with lettuce and French or mayonnaise dressing. See also Chicken Mousse used as a salad.

QUERY 2185.—"List of Salads, Sandwiches and other dishes that could be quickly prepared for service in a small tea-room run in connection with a hotel. The tea-room is to be open from 2 P. M. until midnight."

### Sandwiches and Salads, Quickly Prepared

A limited quantity of lettuce, cress, endive, and romaine, two or more varieties, might be carefully washed and set aside in closed receptacles in a nearby refrigerator or cold storage apartment. Cooked asparagus, carefully covered, could be in readiness. If a meat or fish salad was desired, chicken or fish might be in readiness for mixing. Then with French and mayonnaise dressing, carefully covered in fruit jars, the final assembling of a salad would be the work of but a few minutes. But a limited number of sandwiches should be made ready in advance; bread may be prepared and, if put into triangular shape, that which is left over will be just right

for use next day in the hotel as toast points for a large variety of entrées. Chicken or ham sandwiches are good with any green salad. So also are egg sandwiches.

### List of Sandwiches

Mayonnaise of hard-cooked eggs, cream cheese-and-pimento, club, bacon, sardine, anchovy, cheese and nuts, cream cheese and chopped olives, peanut butter, cold "rabbit", mayonnaise of chicken, olives and pimentos (all chopped) nut bread and orange or grapefruit marmalade, chopped dates and cream cheese.

### List of Salads

Hard-cooked eggs, with lettuce and mayonnaise; lettuce and asparagus; tomato stuffed with cucumbers or asparagus; lettuce hearts, Roquefort dressing; green pepper (shredded) lettuce; cress-and-egg; grapefruit, orange, pineapple, French dressing with grenadine; choice prunes, grapefruit, French dressing with grenadine; spinach; green peppers, pimento, tomatoes, hard-cooked eggs, endive or romaine, French dressing, with chili sauce.

QUERY 2186.—"Give general menu for use each day in small tea-room, to which special dishes may be added daily."

I
Toasted Bread
Toasted Scones
English Muffins, toasted
Lettuce Hearts, French dressing
Orange Marmalade
Rhubarb Marmalade
Tea

QUERY 2187.—"Recipe for Bran Bread."  
For Recipe see page 789, May, 1914.

QUERY 2188.—"How fry onions brown and crisp and leave the rings in almost the original shape?"

### Fried Onions

Cut mild, peeled onions in thin slices and separate the slices into rings. Let stand in milk for an hour or longer, then drain and toss them in a plate of flour. Shake off superfluous flour and let fry in deep fat until tender, crisp and well

colored. Drain on soft paper. The fat should not be too hot; the rings should be cooked tender before taking on color. Well-colored means a fine amber shade.

QUERY 2189.—"Recipe for Philadelphia Butter Buns."

### Philadelphia Butter Buns

1 cake compressed yeast	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water	2 egg-yolks
1 cup scalded milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread flour	Grated rind 1 lemon
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	Flour for dough

Make a sponge of the first four ingredients; when light add the others; about two cups of flour will be required. Knead until smooth and elastic, cover and set aside to become doubled in bulk. Turn upside down on a board (without cutting down), roll into a rectangular sheet, spread with softened butter, dredge with sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle with currants, and roll as a jelly roll. Cut into pieces about an inch and a quarter long. The dough will make sixteen buns. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter in a baking pan, and sprinkle on half to a full cup of brown sugar; on this set the buns. When light bake in a moderate oven. Do not let the buns burn on the bottom. As soon as baked turn upside down. These are good reheated. When using dry yeast, about four o'clock p. m., make a sponge with the yeast softened in the water and half of the milk. Beat down when light. Use with the rest of the ingredients in making the dough at about nine o'clock p. m. Shape the first thing in the morning.

QUERY 2190.—"Menu and floral decorations for a dinner to be given to a society, numbering 100 men. The colors are to be gold and white. Choice but plain dishes are preferred, the recipes to be found, for the most part, in Practical Cooking and Serving. The dinner will be prepared by pupils in domestic science."

### Choice Menu for 100 Men

#### (1) APPETIZER:

Strawberries, French Fashion, or  
Strawberry-and-Orange Cocktail  
(in orange skins)

#### (2) SOUP:

Consommé à la Royal  
(pages 179 & 194)

#### (3) FISH:

Baked Halibut Steaks (page 83)

or

Turbans of Halibut (page 85)

Hollandaise or Fish Bechamel Sauce

French Potato Balls Maitre d'Hôtel  
(page 266)

Cucumbers, French Dressing

(See illustration facing page 337)

sprinkled with chopped olives, chopped parsley, sifted yolk of egg and minute pearl onions

Parker House Rolls  
(throughout the meal)

#### (4) ROAST:

Loin of Lamb, Roasted

Mint Jelly or Mint Sauce (page 218)

Green Peas and slices or shreds of carrot in Potato Patties (late magazine)

Spinach, Italian Style (late magazine)

Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce

(made yellow with egg-yolks)

or Banana Croquettes, Golden Sauce

#### DESSERT:

Orange Sherbet and Vanilla Ice Cream in molds to cut in slices, half yellow and half white or

Golden Parfait with French Fruit  
or

Ginger Ice Cream

Sponge Cake (made with potato flour)

Roquefort Cheese

Toasted Crackers

Coffee

For Orange Sherbet, see page 568; omit the meringue.

For Vanilla Ice Cream, see page 558, "Cream Ice with Junket."

#### Alternates:

Instead of the Loin of Lamb, serve

Lamb Chops, Breaded and Baked

or Lamb Chops, Mainténon

or Roast Fillets of Beef,

Mushroom Sauce

For the cocktail, divide the oranges in halves and remove the pulp in as whole pieces as possible; cut the strawberries in halves; add sugar as needed—not too much—and put the fruit into the half-skins with juice; set on small plates, covered with *small* paper doilies. The half-skins must be cleared out perfectly, washed and wiped dry before use.

In making the Parker House Rolls, be sure and turn on to the board when light, without cutting down, then with a few strokes of the pin, the dough will be rolled into a sheet.



## Suggestions for Food for Camp of Adults

Chickens, Fresh Fish (Lake or Pond) Bacon, Eggs, Condensed Milk  
and Canned Goods are available

Fowl, steamed and roasted; chickens, fried; chicken pie; chickens fricassée, chicken roasted, chicken croquettes, soufflé, timbales, salad.

Fresh fish broiled, sautéd, fried in deep fat, baked with mashed potato dressing, or bread dressing, or tomato sauce, or milk, or salt pork; boiled with egg sauce, caper sauce and pickle sauce. Creamed, curried, and scalloped fish, fish cakes, sautéd in salt pork fat, fish croquettes, soufflé, salad.

Bacon broiled, rolled, fastened with wooden skewers (toothpicks) and fried in deep fat, boiled with string-beans or cabbage, or boiled alone and served with canned string beans or spinach.

Eggs plain boiled, or fried, poached, scrambled; in omelets and timbales and with mayonnaise.

Eggs sliced with sliced potatoes (cooked) or onions (cooked) baked in cream sauce and buttered crumbs.

Omelets, French or puffy, with chicken, ham, canned peas, tomato sauce, dried mushrooms, also Spanish omelet. Egg timbales with tomato sauce or canned peas in cream sauce.

Okra soup with rice, canned okra and remnants of roasted chicken.

Canned Tomato Jelly with sliced eggs and mayonnaise (soften-gelatin in cold tomato juice and dissolve in hot juice; add the rest of juice and tomato cut in pieces with fine-chopped chili pepper.)

Macaroni cooked with canned tomatoes, bits of canned ham, grated cheese, etc.

Rice Croquettes, Cheese Sauce, Creamed Macaroni au Gratin.

Cheese Custard, Cheese Croquettes, Gnocchi, Mexican Rabbit, Welsh Rabbit, Golden Buck.

Canned Asparagus Salad, Canned Asparagus on Toast, Bernaise or Drawn Butter Sauce, Canned Corned Beef, Creamed, au Gratin, Canned Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash, Salmon Boiled in Can, Boiled Potatoes, Egg or Caper Sauce, Potato Salad with Sardines, Sardines in Brown Sauce on Toast.



BENNETT HALL, BILLERICA, MASS.

# American Cookery

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No. 2

## Bennett Hall

*Colonial Mansion—Automobile Inn*

By Adele Farmer

FACING the elm-shaded main street of Billerica, Massachusetts, stands the century-old Joshua Bennett Holden Estate, Bennett Hall, a sturdy mansion, surrounded by its ancestral acres. Two years ago, Mrs. M. H. Hubbard of Boston leased it for an automobile inn, a purpose for which it is admirably suited. Wide piazzas extending around three sides, generously supplied with hammocks and wicker chairs, broad chimneys, that proclaim numerous fireplaces, many windows, with their small square panes in the upper sash, even more than the swinging sign, "Bennett Hall, Entertainment," invites the passer-by to enter. The long porté-cochère forms a connecting link between the main house and a one-story structure, completely surrounded by piazzas, that is an ideal billiard and pool room.

The lover of things Colonial now finds himself on the threshold of a treasure-house, indeed. Massive white Dutch doors, swinging in two sections, adorned with brass knockers, open on to the piazza from each end of the hall. The white door casings, and set of drawers under the stairs, beautifully carved, attract the attention at once. Portraits of Joshua Bennett and his wife still hang over their old-fashioned sofa, and a very old clock ticks off the time from its place over a cozy built-in seat. A leather fire bucket, with the inscription, "Bennett Hall, 1822," stands ready for use on the bottom stair.

Two broad doorways lead into the immense living room, rich in mahogany pier tables, sewing tables, Colonial mirrors, a Martha Washington chair and footstool, besides many Sadler prints and quaint paintings. At each end of the long room, twin fireplaces of blue and white tiles, fitted with black andirons ornamented by brass sunflower tops, throw a cheery glow along the polished floor. Each carved white mantle boasts a pair of very tall glass candle-sticks, with vase-like glass shades and jingling prisms. Each side of both fireplaces, and each side wall, proudly displays, for well-merited admiration, sconces hung with prisms, now holding an electric light in place of the candle. Cozy wicker and mission chairs harmoniously blend with the stately Martha Washingtons around the blazing logs.

To the left of the hall, a wide doorway hospitably invites the guest into the spacious, old Colonial dining hall. Five windows, with broad sills and snowy, dotted muslin Dutch curtains, let in a flood of sunshine. In the center of one long wall, a red brick chimney of mammoth dimensions extends from floor to ceiling and out into the room, with a shallow red tile mantle set in the brick, above which looks down a fine portrait of Joshua Bennett, imbedded in the chimney by an iron frame. The huge fireplace, fat bellows and heavy, ornate, black andirons have, no doubt been on-lookers at many a merry party around



the festive board. Along the walls five elaborately carved, mahogany cabinets of different kinds are making themselves useful in these modern times. At the far end of the apartment a beautiful, inlaid mahogany Sheraton sideboard, with six slim fluted legs, fills one's heart with envy. A large plain mirror hanging above it enhances the beauty of the piece, and reflects the cut glass punch bowl and copper coffee percolator proudly standing on its polished surface. This room also boasts fifteen mahogany Chippendale chairs, with seats upholstered in different quaint patterns; a highly polished mahogany banquet table, which can be extended to seat twenty-eight people; and a tall carved, china cabinet, filled with rare old china and embossed brass.

The upper hall and chambers each holds its share of valuable family possessions. Two large front bedrooms, connected by a bath, are now occupied en suite. Each has a red brick fireplace, fully equipped for winter weather, modern single white beds daintily covered with white spreads and folded white puffs, tufted with blue, Empire bureaus,

chintz ruffled sofas, and Martha Washington sewing tables. Each door is secured by an enormous brass lock and key. One room has a beautiful three-section, mahogany and gilt Colonial mirror, surmounted by an eagle, over the white mantle. Another room, among other old prints, contains an autographed painting of Jenny Lind.

In the sunny upper hall one comes upon a rare old piano, one of the first manufactured by Chickering, and a much-carved, straight-backed chair, richly upholstered.

All this wealth of long ago is the guest's, to use and enjoy, as well as a multitude of other pleasures, indoors and out. Whoever enters the massive Dutch doors, at once, falls under the spell of the hostess' charming personality. You are welcomed into the "homey" atmosphere of the place with true Southern hospitality, then turned loose to have a good time, as the season permits, until the dinner gong gathers in all the guests around the time-honored board, once presided over by a stately Colonial dame.



ONE CORNER OF THE LONG HALL

# Camp Cooking

By A. E. S.

**T**O the camper who experiences the joys of woodland life for the first time, there is a most delightful surprise in store. The long tramp through forest and meadow, the paddle by canoe through small and picturesque streams—each holds its individual charm—a charm which few can resist. Then, at the close of the day's tramp, there is the pleasure of gathering around the open camp fire and, while cooking the evening meal, swapping yarns and talking over the incidents of the day.

Camp cooking is an art, and to perfect it, a thoughtful investigation of ways and means should be made. There are so many things to be considered on a camping trip that it is well to study camping outfits carefully so as to eliminate unnecessary things and yet include everything absolutely essential, and to find out how the necessary articles can be carried without too much trouble.

A camping outfit should be light and compact, the amount to be carried depending upon whether it is a walking trip, a canoe trip, or a permanent camp that can be reached by team; for the two former kinds of camping less can be taken than for the latter. For either a walking or a canoe trip, a light ax that can be carried in the belt or in a small canvas bag is an absolute necessity, as for the campfire dead wood must be chopped up, small trees or saplings cut down and kindlings prepared. A camp kettle, which can be as expensive or inexpensive as desired and which can range from a tin pail with riveted ears to an aluminum kettle with a detachable handle, is another requisite. A frying pan is also necessary, as it is useful for so many things. The best kind to get for this purpose is a ten-inch, thin iron pan with a socket at one side for a temporary handle. The coffee pot must not



THE SLEEPING TENT

be forgotten, and can be made to do service for tea, coffee, or chocolate.

In addition to the coffee pot a small canteen, which is light and takes up little room, is always a practical adjunct for carrying water. Small cups that can be packed, one inside the other, knives and forks and spoons and a tin plate are indispensable. All these can be packed in a cloth or canvas bag that can be easily carried.

The quantity of food to be taken depends upon the length of the trip and the location of the camp. Pork, ham, bacon and, possibly, corn beef are necessary. Sometimes campers are near enough to a neighboring farmhouse to get vegetables and milk, but a can of condensed milk comes in handy and with it an opener.

The genuine camper takes very little with him, preferring to live on the spoils of his gun and rod. Many who care little for sport, and more for the outdoor life, take a great deal more, to do away with the work of fishing and shooting. It has been carefully computed and found that any person, who wishes to make a trip of this kind economical, can live on a dollar a week.

One of the most important things to insure good food is the camp fire. This may be made in several ways, each of



which is suitable for the purpose desired. A crane is easily made by driving a crotched stick into the ground and resting a long, green pole in the crotch, with one end swung over the fire and the other fastened down by stones or logs. The most common way is to drive two crotched sticks into the ground. They must be of green wood, otherwise they are easily burned. Small forked sticks are hung on the long horizontal pole, and to these the pots and kettles are hung. For frying, this kind of a fire can be used, but it is well to roll green logs in front of it on which to rest the frying pan, to keep it from burning.

Many people prefer a fireplace. This can be made of stone, flat rocks being laid at the bottom, and around them a semicircle of field stones. These should be placed close enough together so that the fire will reach all around the kettles, and a flat stone at the front is always a convenient accessory.

Make the space of the fireplace large

enough for two or more pots, and be sure to have it low at the front, for frying purposes. In making the fireplace, see that the back is a little narrower than the frying pan, and a little wider at the front.

It must be remembered that a small fire is better than a large one, for the latter burns the face and is more liable to spoil the cooking. Hardwood is better than pine, for it is coals that are needed, and the longer they remain hot, the better the cooking. Hemlock and cedar are not advisable because the sparks fly upward, soiling the food, and are apt to set fires outside.

A bake-hole is always useful, even in a temporary camp. It can be dug anywhere, where the ground is soft enough. The side of a bank, however, or possibly a knoll, is better, for the reason that an opening can be left at the front, and that water will drain off in rainy weather. If there are any stones in the vicinity, it is well to line the hole with



OUTDOOR MEAL IN CAMP





PICNIC LUNCH ON THE BEACH

them, making it a little larger than the size of the kettle.

The first thing to be done before baking is to build a hardwood fire, not only in the hole, but above it as well. Keep this burning briskly until the stones and the earth around are piping hot. After this it is well to take out a great deal of the coals and ashes from the hole, and put in the baking pot filled with whatever is to be cooked. This should have on it a tight-fitting cover. For best results, a large flat stone should be placed over the entrance to the hole, and if the food requires long heating, a small fire may be kept going above. Food cooked in this manner has the most delicious flavor, not to be equalled by that cooked in any oven made.

All these suggestions can be put into practice, no matter what kind of camping trip is contemplated.

Should the trip be for a day only, fresh meat and a few vegetables may be carried along. Mutton chops are never so juicy and delicious as when broiled on forked sticks in front of a low camp fire. The stick should be long so that the cook need not stand too near the fire.

There are many ways of cooking potatoes, all of which bring good results. One of these is in an oval hole scooped out under the forestick, from three to four inches deep. Into this lay the potatoes,

which are of even size, and cover them over either with heated sand or ashes. If more heat is desired, glowing coals may be put on top. To test the potatoes, run a small pointed stick into them. This is for two reasons—first, to see if the potato is done, and second, to let the steam escape. Another way to cook potatoes is to roll them in large leaves, holding them in place with small twigs, and placing them under the ashes.

If they are to be boiled, remember the best of the potato lies just under the skin. Wash thoroughly, cut out the eye, and if a bit is cut off the end, it keeps them from bursting open. It is better to put into cold water and let them come to a boil, for the reason that the skin of a potato contains an acid poison which this method extracts. Boil gently, but continuously, and throw a little salt in the water.

If the camping trip is made near the salt water, where fish may be procured, nothing tastes so good as a fish chowder, a very famous recipe for which was given by Daniel Webster: "Cod of ten or twelve pounds, well cleaned, leaving on the skin, cut into slices of one and one-half pounds, each, preserving the head whole. One and a half pounds clear, fat salt pork, cut into thin slices. Slice twelve potatoes, take the largest pot you have, try out the pork first, then

take out the pieces of pork, leaving in the drippings. Add to that three pints of water, a layer of fish, so as to cover the bottom of the pot, next a layer of potatoes, and then two tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, then the pork, another layer of fish, and the remainder of the potatoes. Fill the pot with water enough to cover the ingredients, put it over a good fire, and let the chowder boil twenty-five minutes. When this is done, have a quart of boiling milk ready and ten hard crackers split and dipped in cold water. Add milk and crackers; let the whole boil five minutes. The chowder is then ready, and will be first rate if you will follow these suggestions. An onion is added if you like that flavor."

Possibly the fish will be baked. This can be done in your "hole-in-the-ground" oven. Take the fish, which should be fresh, to the side of the water where there is plenty of mud. Rub it over with the soft clay, particularly against the scales and gills, and let it set for a while. Then roll out a flat surface of clay, putting the fish into the center of it and rolling it over. If there is any trouble in its staying, it can be fastened with fine wire or cord. Dry this before the fire for a few minutes, then bury it in the oven, with plenty of hot coals and ashes, until the clay is very hard. Take this out and crack it open with the hatchet. You will find that the scales and skin of the

fish will come off, and that it will split in two pieces, so the spine may be easily taken out. The inside waste material will have shrunk to a small ball which can be removed easily. The flesh of the fish is then ready for serving, and when eaten off a board or plate with a little salt sifted over it, it is a joy which will never be forgotten.

Planking fish is another method often used. When this is done, hunt up a good-sized piece of wood that is smooth on the inside and wide enough to hold the fish laid out flat. Split the fish as you would for broiling, tack it to the plank, the skin side down, and on top skewer with small twigs and strips of bacon, and stand before the hot fire. Don't forget to put a large piece of bacon on the head of the fish, so that when cooking the drippings will baste the fish. When done, the thickest part of the flesh will be soft, and it can be tested by thrusting a sliver into it. Put salt, pepper, and butter, if you have the latter ingredient, on the fish before eating.

Fish is also very palatable, and is easily cooked by sharpening a small straight stick, stripping it of bark and thrusting it through the fish and bacon, alternately. The stick is then held over the hot coals and care must be taken not to drop it into the fire. This method is often used when there is no frying pan in the camp.

There are so many varieties of ways



BATHING PLACE IN GIRLS' CAMP



for cooking fish that there seems no excuse for not doing so. It can be baked, broiled and roasted, in almost every thinkable way. With some campers a common way for its cooking is to bake it between layers of grass.

A leg of lamb, if it can be carried, has a particularly delicious flavor, if it can be hung to a pole by a long wire and turned constantly, a tiny pan being placed underneath for the drippings. It has to be turned constantly, however, otherwise the outside will be burned and the inside raw. The drippings can be utilized afterwards to pour over the meat when serving.

If bread is desired, a small box of baking powder may be carried and a little flour in a salt bag that can be sewed up or tied securely. With these biscuits can be made of a quart of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt; work in a little butter with the hands or mixing spoon and make it the right consistency with water. Mold with the hands into small round biscuits and bake on the hot stones in front of the fire. Bread can also be cooked in a frying pan by mixing a pint of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt

and two of baking powder. Grease the frying pan and turn in the batter, baking very slowly over the fire. Be sure to loosen from the pan with a thin knife as soon as a crust forms, so that it can be turned over and baked on the opposite side.

Tea and coffee may be made in the usual way, for the best drink for the camper is a good cup of coffee.

The person who wishes to make his vacation a camping trip need not go hungry, for in these enlightened days there are plenty of things that may be taken along, which occupy small space and are of little weight. And there is no more enjoyable vacation in the world than a tramping trip taken through the woods or mountains, or a fishing trip made by canoe, spending the days in the open air, and sleeping either under a tent cover, or under the stars, covered only with a blanket. It gives one fresh nerve and fresh courage for return to work—therefore it is a vacation that more people should try to take. In addition to health and rest from "brain fag," it offers an opportunity for a very careful study of Nature and its belongings, which is invaluable.

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## The Home Port

There may be joy in leaving  
Some gray old Port of Home,  
With hope of high achieving  
On seas where brave hearts roam;

To seek, with eager questing,  
The happy Isles of Dreams  
Where life knows no unresting,  
But with peace perfect teems.

But he who seeks the Islands  
That lie on chartless seas—  
The Isles with sunny highlands,  
Fair meadows, singing trees,

Finds years go swift and never  
The shining hills appear,  
Nor harbor he can enter  
O'er sands of silver clear.

So joy is his far sweeter,  
Who vows no more to roam;  
And bids the winds be fleet  
To waft his worn bark home!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.



# The Capitulation of Aunt Caroline

By W. N. K.

I HAVE never regretted it—not for an instant! Aunt Caroline said I would “rue the day,” and refused to come to the wedding. You see, Philip had nothing except his genius, for he is an artist. For me to marry, and to wed neither money nor family seemed to Aunt Caroline actually wicked. She had brought me up to fill a position in the world. It made me feel very sorry, because she was all the family I had. But I married Philip just the same. Afterwards we moved to Chicago, where we knew absolutely no one. Philip thought there would be a great many artistic openings in this smoky, scrawly city, which was developing so rapidly the aesthetic side of its life.

We lived in a tiny flat, and were absurdly happy for five months. Then funds began to get low. Work did not come in as fast as Philip had expected. He was given one or two magazine stories to illustrate and nothing more, for months and months. He grew so discouraged; he would look at me sometimes as though he begged my pardon for ever having made my acquaintance. It almost broke my heart to see him, but I pretended I was happy as the day is long, and invented a hundred new dishes, all made out of potatoes. One of Phil’s cousins, who is an agricultural faddist, sent us four sacks of choice potatoes for a wedding present.

The awful day came when I took out the last potatoes from the bottom of the last sack. Things were looking pretty black to us that day. We knew no one in the city. Philip had no family to call upon, and I wouldn’t ask Aunt Caroline for help; I had rather starve first. But though I could stand being hungry myself, I thought I couldn’t bear it to see Philip starve.

One thing only consoled us, we had

no rent to pay; for the flat belonged to two friends of Phil’s who had gone to California for the winter, and had asked us to live in it while they were away. So we had shelter and plenty of clothing; our wedding outfits were growing rather rusty, but there are times when a frayed collar or a shiny coat does not seem to matter very much.

I cooked those last potatoes “au Gratin”, because cheese is cheap and nourishing; and we sat down to the table each smiling cheerfully at the other. I couldn’t eat; I simply could not force any of those potatoes down my throat, although I tried. They are a worthy vegetable, but never again shall I be able to look a potato in the eye with any sort of comfort. Philip watched me for a minute, then threw down his fork.

“Oh, damn it all, anyway,” he burst forth.

“Philip!” but I really didn’t mind; though I had never heard him swear before. In fact, that “damn” rather relieved my mind.

“Look here, Janette, your Aunt Caroline——”

“Philip, I shall not ask her for anything,” I said firmly.

“No, of course not, dear, I didn’t mean that. But you might make her a little visit, while I look around for jobs,” he answered.”

“And leave you here alone! How can you suggest such a thing.” I tried to keep my voice steady, but the tears were near the surface.

He came around the table to comfort me. “I feel absolutely criminal when I look at you and see how thin you’re getting,” he explained, kissing me.

After that, I felt much better, almost as though I had eaten a steak and a nice lettuce salad, but not quite. Presently he looked up from the “want ads” in the

evening paper:

"Did you notice the sign in the caterer's window near Forty-seventh Street?" he asked.

I gave a guilty start; for I had noticed that sign. It said, "Wanted Competent Waitresses and Footmen for temporary employment." In the back of my mind a hazy notion was assuming definite shape, that sign marked a turning point in my life. I had already planned to visit the shop on the morrow and to see if I could not get something to do which would bring me in a few dollars. So I just nodded "yes" and began to talk about something else.

The caterer's place was very nice with a large plate-glass window, where the most delicate confections were displayed. I had never been in there, because the things looked so dreadfully expensive. But, next morning, after Philip had gone downtown, I put on an old black cloth suit (just the way the heroine always does in novels, when she wants to disguise herself; only I omitted the heavy veil) and, locking the door of my little domain behind me, went out—not to visit my wounded lover, as the lady in the story would have done—but to interview the caterer. By the time I had reached the shop I was quite filled with a sense of adventure. A stout, grey-haired woman stood behind the counter.

"Can I do something for you, madam?" she asked, as I stood hesitating in the doorway.

"I saw your sign—you want waitresses?" I asked, trying to put an Irish burr in my speech.

She looked somewhat surprised, but went at once to call her husband, the owner of the store. He was a business-like person; with one glance of his sharp little eyes he reviewed me from top to toe. I felt he must have discovered the wedding ring and solitaire under my shabby glove.

"Have you had experience?" he asked abruptly.

I answered "yes," and knew it for the

truth when I remembered the days I had spent planning and serving some luncheon or dinner for Philip, trying to make a little go a long way and sparse fare as attractive as possible.

I was afraid he was going to ask me for references, but he seemed satisfied with my appearance and manner, and turned at once to business.

"We have a big reception over on the Lake Shore this afternoon, and we need helpers. If you will come at two o'clock, I will give you some instructions beforehand. You will have to wear a black dress, white apron and cap. We furnish the caps, so they will be all alike. We pay three dollars for a big affair like this. If you can be there, I will give you the number."

It was rather sudden. I had not thought I would be snapped up so quickly, but I said I would be there at two, and he gave me a well-known name and a number on Lake Shore Drive. I hurried home to concoct some sort of black waitressty looking dress. Three dollars! It was an amount not to be despised, and already I was excitedly planning its expenditure. I drank a glass of milk, and ate a cracker for luncheon, because it was past noon, and I should have a long ride on the elevated before I reached the north shore.

The house, when I found it, was so big and pretentious, it rather took my breath away. Built of gray stone, it was surrounded by lawns and shrubberies. Further back I caught a glimpse of stables and garage. But I squared my shoulders, undaunted by any awe-inspiring signs of affluence, and made my way around to the side door where I rang the bell. A neat, pink-cheeked maid came to the door, *her* cap already perched upon her hair.

"Are you one of Mr. Wintergart's girls?" she asked. "Come this way; he is in here." We went down a passage to the back of the house, but I saw, through an opening, a great hall, lighted and decorated with flowers and palms. I felt so

lost and queer that I almost said aloud, "Janette Pattin, you goose! What in the world are you doing here?" You see, never before in my life had I arrived at a reception by the back door.

We found Mr. Wintergart in a room which I afterwards learned was the butler's pantry. I think I could have set my whole flat down inside of it. There were about ten more girls in the room, all taking caps from Mrs. W. and directions from her husband, who was very cool and quick, issuing orders like some famous general before a battle. They were a nice-looking set of girls; some German, some Scandinavian, and some, just like me, plain American. The girl who brought me in showed me where to hang my coat and hat, then I went up to Mr. Wintergart for orders. He told me that I was to remain upstairs to help the ladies with their wraps; after everyone had arrived, I should come down by a rear staircase to the kitchen. When the refreshments were served, I was to pass sandwiches.

"Remember, sandwiches and nothing else," Mr. Wintergart admonished me, with a stern eye. "When you try something else, you get mixed!"

Then the same little maid led me to my position in the line of battle. I was stationed in a perfectly luscious bedroom (there is no other word to describe it), all done in rose-color and mahogany, with a door leading into a dressing-room and white-tiled bathroom.

Soon the guests began to arrive. Such clothes! The next hour was a dizzy whirl of velvets and satins and gorgeous headgear. I removed wraps and handed out pins and powder, as fast as I could, to ladies of all sizes, weights and complexities.

"Oh, if my sainted Aunt Caroline could only see me now," I said to myself as I knelt to remove a stout woman's carriage shoes.

And she did. For a sort of a choking gasp from the stout lady made me raise my eyes to her face. Those carriage-

shoes belonged to Aunt Caroline! There she sat in all her glory of purple and furs, staring as though she had seen a family ghost. So strange was her expression that several of the women noticed it, and began gathering around her. This brought her to her senses.

"Don't sit there forever, stupid!" she snapped. "I feel faint; kindly find me some smelling salts."

I rose obediently, though my knees were shaking; but when I came back with the bottle of salts, she had gone.

"The lady evidently recovered," one of the other guests volunteered, noticing my confusion.

I must confess that my first impulse was to leave the house at once; to find my things and go, making some excuse of illness. Then what Aunt Caroline calls the "Russell spirit" asserted itself, and I determined to carry the situation through with a vim, for I am an independent woman in spite of, or, perhaps, because of my aunt. Then we, Philip and I, needed three dollars so much. This last thought swept away all doubts and hesitations. I remembered Mr. Wintergart and the sandwiches and hastened to descend to regions below stairs.

Here all was activity and life, but not confusion; confusion was impossible where Mr. Wintergart marshalled his forces. He placed me at a large table where two girls were removing oiled paper from packages of sandwiches. They looked delicious—the sandwiches—not the girls—white bread, brown bread, nut, and salad, cut in dainty shapes.

"Aunt Caroline will like the salad," I thought. I found myself feeling very sorry for her, as I remembered how she sat there, up in that room, rigid with wrath and surprise.

Besides, I like salad sandwiches myself, and I was hungry; milk and a cracker do not last when one has had a meagre breakfast.

"Don't those look good," the girl next me whispered.

We were arranging them in pretty bas-



kets. The aroma of coffee filled the air.

Just then Mr. Wintergart's voice sounded out, quick and sharp, "All ready now! We are going to begin to serve."

"The Charge of the Light Brigade" kept running through my head. I learned it when I was in school. I grasped my basket and followed the other girls through the doors into the dining-room. I knew I should in all probability be obliged to serve Aunt Caroline, but I was fully prepared to carry out my part of deferential maid, since she had assumed toward me that of a haughty dame of fashion. In the center of the great room stood a table massed with flowers and lights; the guests were not at tables, but seated in groups about the room. I walked toward the first group and offered them my wares. Aunt Caroline was not among them, nor in any of the other groups. I was just leaving the last when a footman, holding a large silver urn, entered and walked toward the table. Something in his pose made my heart give a quick jerk; then it seemed to stop beating entirely.

The footman was Philip!

This second shock was too much, and the room seemed to grow dark and turn around me. But he caught sight of me, at the same instant, and stood stock-still, staring, while that urn began to waver. I recovered then, because I knew he would drop it in another second. I went up to him as though to give some instructions.

"Put it down," I whispered fiercely, and gave him a little shove toward the table. After that I left the room as steadily as I could; he followed me out.

The funny thing about it was, that each of us was angry with the other for being there, and I think, if there had been time, our first quarrel would have happened right there.

"Janette, what in the world are you doing here?" Philip said, as sternly as was possible in a stage whisper.

"Earning three dollars. But I thought you were interviewing some men down-

town? You told me you were going to," I said accusingly. Then I suddenly remembered how complicated the plot was, and grasping him, whispered desperately, "Have you seen Aunt Caroline?"

"Aunt Car——Great Scott! No! She isn't here?"

"Yes she is—unless she's gone. Hush, here comes some one," and I slipped away, leaving him in a state of utter bewilderment and stupefaction.

I went out into the kitchen as though to refill my basket with sandwiches. The fine flavor of this adventure had departed and my heart was sore. To think of Philip, with all his wonderful talent, being obliged to assume a footman's dress and serve coffee at an afternoon reception, all for a few paltry dollars! But there was nothing now to do, except to pray for the end of the day, and—go on passing sandwiches.

The room filled and was emptied again twice, and my knees were beginning to shake with hunger and excitement, when one of the maids, my little pink-cheeked friend, came up to me and said, Mr. Wintergart is looking for you."

I went to him immediately.

"A lady wishes to speak to you in the little reception room at the right of the hall, Miss Smith." (I had given that as my name). "She may wish to ask you about employment. Often my waitresses find good places in this way," he said, patronizingly. "Come back as soon as possible."

Philip was watching us from across the room. I nodded at him, reassuringly; he looked so hot and worried, poor fellow. Then I went to find my relative.

"Their's not to reason why,

Their's but to do or die."

I murmured as I hastened down the hall. I turned the handle of the door to the little reception room and entered without knocking.

There sat Aunt Caroline with her lorgnette on her eyes.

"Did you wish to speak to me, madam?" I asked in a small deferential

voice, hesitating just inside the door.

At first she could scarcely speak, she was so angry. At last, she snapped, "Yes, I do! Kindly close the door. Now, will you be good enough to explain this ridiculous masquerade and account for your appearance in so humiliating a position."

She glared at me through her glasses, but I saw how her hands trembled.

"It's quite simple, Aunt, I had to have money, and I'm earning it honestly." I was determined not to weaken before her.

"And where is your—husband? Has he already deserted you?"

I felt myself grow white with anger, and, opening the door, I called loudly, "Philip!"

He was just outside, pretending to arrange some wraps, and came in at once. I have neglected to state that he was dressed in short satin things like knickerbockers, and wore a powdered wig. He grew very red as Aunt Caroline stared at him through those hateful lorgnettes. I hadn't noticed how funny he looked; he is so dignified and reserved—in real life.

Well—suddenly Aunt Caroline began to laugh, and she kept it up; she rocked back and forth and wiped the tears from her face. I thought the afternoon had been too much for her, and Philip ran to get a little glass of cordial. He spilt most of it down his ornamental vest and his wig got over one side, which gave him a queer, wild look.

At last she gasped out, "Not—ill! So funny—his legs!"

Philip is very thin and tall. Then she went off again.

She quieted down after a while, and begged Philip's pardon, sweet as pie, for laughing at him. She came to see us next day, and said she admired our pluck.

"You are like me, my dear Janette. You have a good stiff back-bone."

I was very thankful for this family trait, when she insisted upon helping us out. Philip, through her influence, made those illustrations for a child's Shakespeare, which gave him his name. Now Aunt Caroline is fonder of him than she is of me, but I don't mind.

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## Down Hemlock Lane

When my heart wearies, then I go  
Where hemlocks their dark shadows throw;  
A guarding line of strength they stand,  
To hedge the plot of wooded land.

Beyond them all is cool and green,  
And no intruding face is seen.  
This side, a field of mulleins gray  
Shuts toil and toiler far away;  
No hurried step, no busy hand,  
Is needed in the mulleined land.

Dear hemlock lane! Dear solitude!  
May no despoiler here intrude  
To rob you of these towers whose grace  
And strength seem Nature's own embrace;  
But still when earth enfolds my sleep,  
May they their tireless vigils keep!

CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.

# His Wife's Party

By Clio Mamer

JOHN TURNER mopped his brow as he climbed the three flights of stairs which led to his apartment. Outside the door he paused before inserting the key in the lock. "I do hope Helen hasn't gone to work and cooked a big dinner," he murmured to himself. "The flat will be suffocating if she has. Why didn't I have sense enough to telephone her, and we could have had a nice cold little supper at one of the gardens. This is no weather for a woman to be standing over a hot cook stove, nor for a man to be eating a heavy meal."

He turned the key and let himself into the flat with a sigh. The place was stifling. "Say, Helen," he called in a penitent tone, "I'm a brute to let you stand over a stove a day like this. Let's eat and get out of here as fast as we can. How about a little trip on the lake to cool off?"

There was no answer to his question, and John began vaguely to feel that there was something wrong. Then he noticed that the table in the dining room had not been laid for dinner, and that the usual odor of cooking food was absent. With a puzzled look upon his face, he pushed open the kitchen door. Still no Helen. Then he tiptoed into the bedroom. Perhaps she had taken a nap and had overslept. If so, he would not waken her. His search was unsuccessful, and John's face had a rather worried look when he reappeared in the dining room. It was so unlike Helen not to be at home when he returned from town that he did not quite know what to make of it. He glanced about hoping to find some explanation for this odd state of affairs. There it was, right before his very eyes, in the very center of the table—a letter addressed to Mr. John Turner in his wife's best handwriting. How stupid of him not to have noticed it sooner. "I

hope it's not bad news," he ejaculated, as he broke the seal. Then a smile illumined his face as he read the note within:

Dear John,—Will you please come to my party? You'll find me at the boat pavillion in Garfield Park. It was so warm that I took my fancy work and went over to the park for a breath of air. I have a nice little lunch for just the two of us, and I hope you'll not miss your warm dinner very much.

Lovingly,

HELEN.

"I hope you'll not miss your warm dinner very much," repeated John, as he hurried down the stairs. "Haven't I the original little wife, though? Always surprising me in some way or other. Funny, I never thought of asking her to put up a lunch for us to eat in the park, and the park's only a block away. I wonder what she has in that picnic basket. We haven't been married long enough for me to know her party menus by heart."

"I've come to your party, wifey mine," called out John, as his wife came down the path to meet him. "What's in the lunch box?" as he took it from her.

"No, no, you mustn't peek," as John, boylike, tried to shove up the lid. "You must wait until we reach that clump of shady bushes over there, for we're going to have a real picnic and eat on the grass."

John made a dash for the spot indicated, and by the time Helen caught up to him, he had their supper spread out upon the grass. John thought it was the best meal he had ever tasted. There were sandwiches of cold veal, which John declared he couldn't tell from chicken sandwiches, deviled eggs, a jar of potato salad, and cake and fruit.

"Where's the ice-cream," he laughed,



after he had eaten everything in sight.

"Ice-cream?" questioned Helen.

"Sure, it wouldn't be a real picnic without ice-cream," he badgered, and in a moment he was off in the direction of the pavillion. When Helen saw him next, he had an immense ice-cream cone in each hand. They ate their dessert like two happy school children out for a lark.

When they had finished eating, John put his arm about his wife. "Let's do this every night, Helen," he pleaded. It makes me feel just like a kid again, only happier, because I didn't have you along then."

A cool, refreshing breeze was blowing in from the lake, and as Helen thought of the hot, stuffy dining room in which they had eaten so many hot dinners, she was tempted to accede to his demand, but she was a wise little woman, and so she answered: "Not every night, John, dear. Don't forget the old saying: 'Variety is the spice of life.' We'd soon grow tired of our picnics if we had them every day. Let's keep them for the very hottest evenings, and let's have them come as surprises, too."

Of course, John agreed to what Helen said, and as a result of her wisdom in limiting the number of their outdoor suppers, her husband looked forward to them all during the long, hot summer. He never could tell exactly when he

would be invited to dine in the park, for he never could feel certain of his wife's intention until he returned at night to find her invitation waiting for him upon the dining room table. Those were, indeed, restful and enjoyable evenings which the young married couple spent together in the park, and, best of all, they did not constitute a drain upon John's slender income, as most other outings would have done. Helen always had the daintiest and, at the same time, the most substantial lunches possible, for she realized that John's appetite had not outgrown its boyhood capacity. After they had eaten their supper, they would stroll about the park or row upon the lagoon.

Perhaps it was because they were newly-weds that the plan worked so successfully, but I doubt if there is any man, no matter how long he has been married, who would not enjoy an occasional outing of the kind described above. Most men are glad of a chance, once in a while, to live over their childhood or boyhood days, if their wives will only give them a chance. And even if romance has departed from their lives, the love of comfort has not, and it is certainly more conducive to comfort to eat a cold meal in a breezy spot, upon a scorching day, than to eat a warm meal in a dining room, in which the thermometer registers anything from 90 to a 100 degrees or more.

## The Borrowed Dinner

By Gertrude Clark Hanson

**T**OM HARTON came upstairs two steps at a time just as his wife, with a guilty glance at the clock, was taking off her hat.

"Dinner ready, dear?"

"N-no, not quite," Kit answered rather shamefacedly, "I truly didn't mean to be late again tonight, Tommy, but after the matinee Nell proposed going to Jensen's

for an ice, and we met the Blake girls there and sat and visited and I had no idea it was getting so late."

At this juncture a boy in uniform rang the door-bell and Tom went down; a moment later he came racing back with a wild whoop of joy. "A telegram from Aunt Maria! Listen!" and he read excitedly:

Thomas Barton,

834 Platt Terrace, Cleveland;

Stopping between trains: dinner with you: don't meet me.

MARIA FINNEY.

"Gee! It will do me no end of good to see somebody from home!" Then he stopped short and looked anxiously at Kit. "What have we for dinner, Girlie?" "I'm awfully sorry," she began contritely, "but you see, Tom, it was so late when I got home and the grocery was closed and I can't seem to remember about ordering in the morning. I thought we'd have to do with a pick-up meal this time. It's one of my 'off-evenings.'"

"I see," said Tom, gallantly ignoring the fact that most of his pleasure-loving bride's evenings were of that variety, "but just exactly what is there on hand?"

"Well, there's a little cold meat from the Sunday roast—I thought I'd make some hash. And we can open some sardines—no, we can't either, there aren't any. But there's a can of soup."

"Shades of my grandmother! Hash and canned soup for Aunt Maria Finney! She looks on canned stuff as the last resort of the shiftless and, as for hash, well, Aunt Maria's an expert on hash, and yours, my dear—"

"Very well," came in muffled tones from the depths of Kit's handkerchief, "you'll have to try the delicatessen shop."

"Closed half an hour ago," Tom answered, snapping his watch; "what on earth can we do, short of hiding from her, I don't see." Then suddenly his face cleared. "I'll tell you, Kit," he said coaxingly, "let's ask the Wilders to help us out. Anne's a good cook and I don't think they're at dinner yet; Fred came out with me."

"Thomas Barton!" Kit cried, turning on him with flaming cheeks, "I will *not* borrow my dinner from Anne Wilder. That's settled."

"And I," Tom retorted with the vigor of a turning worm, "will not have Aunt Maria go back to Kingsport feeling sorry for me. *That's* settled. It's not

my fault that we're in such a mess. Will you go ask Anne, or shall I? You won't? Then you can set the table while I go."

Generous Mrs. Wilder and her husband entered heartily into the difficulty and Tom was soon speeding homeward across the back lot with Anne's dinner and some roses from her garden. Kit took the tray, ungraciously enough, while Tom hurried to welcome Aunt Maria who arrived thus opportuntely. The table was beautifully arranged and the dinner all that even Aunt Maria could ask. Kit presided with grace and dignity, albeit her cheeks were pinker than usual and her eyes ominously bright.

"What lovely rolls!" was Aunt Maria's first remark as they sat down to dinner. "After all, there's nothing can take the place of home-made bread, is there, Tom?" Then, turning to Kit, "Do you make them with milk or water, Katherine?"

"I use half and half," Kit answered, flashing a defiant look at Tom.

"And the meat is excellent," continued the kindly old lady, after a pause, "so few cooks know how to make a small roast tender and juicy. The salad is delicious, too. You must tell me how you make it."

"Certainly, Aunt Maria; I'll write off the recipe and send it to you," Kit parried skilfully and Tom chuckled inwardly, in spite of some misgivings as to the outcome of his rash expedient.

Aunt Maria praised everything, down to the coffee which arrived with the dessert via the back gate. When the evening was over and she was ready to go, she took Kit's soft round face in her hands and kissed it tenderly. "My dear," she said, "I'm going home very happy about Tom. He deserves a good home, and when we knew that he was to marry a business woman, we couldn't help worrying a little for fear she wouldn't know how to take care of him. But I shall tell his mother that no girl could have done better."

Left to herself, while Tom escorted

Aunt Maria to the train, Kit plunged savagely into the dish-washing, her hot tears falling recklessly on Anne's best china platter. She hated Aunt Maria, who had innocently precipitated the storm; she hated Tom for humiliating her; most of all she hated Anne, the capable, whose housekeeping experience was only a trifle longer than her own.

"I almost wish I had never left the office," she wailed. "Nobody ever criticized me there. Mr. Carter often said that I was the most capable stenographer he ever had. Of course, I could keep house as well as Anne does, if I chose to be as 'kitchen-minded' as she is." Here she paused and shook her head, for Kit, though frivolous, was honest.

"No," she said thoughtfully, as she hung up the dishpan, "it's not that. Anne isn't kitchen-minded; she keeps up all of her old outside interests and her papers were the best in the club this winter. She doesn't spend much more time at her housework than I do, and she often comes home late, but her meals don't seem to suffer as mine do and her

house always looks nice. I wonder if it isn't that she uses her brains about her housekeeping just as she used to about her teaching. I certainly don't; I've gone on the theory that it could be done any old way, and a pretty mess I've made of it. I'm going to bed and think things over, for I don't feel like talking tonight and I'm pretty sure Tom won't either." And so it was that when Tom came in, fifteen minutes later, she was, to all intents and purposes, wrapped in childlike slumber.

Breakfast was a silent meal; Kit was preoccupied and failed to notice Tom's wistful glances, but the warmth of her goodbye kiss was reassuring. When he had gone, she went straightway to see Anne Wilder.

"Anne," she said whimsically, "I'd like to hate you for being so superior, but I can't afford to. I've simply got to have your recipe for pineapple salad. And I'd like the name of that cooking-magazine you're always quoting. And, if it isn't too much trouble, I'd be glad to look at your fireless cooker."

---

## Crystal-Gazing in the Kitchen

By Frances E. Gale

**B**EFORE we settled down for a cosy hour in the parlor, the Housekeeper Who Likes Her Work led the way to her kitchen and pointed to a table on which were ranged jars of freshly put up fruit, cooling before transference to pantry shelves. The lines of her face showed physical fatigue, but her eyes shone, and her expression was of one satisfied that work well done had earned the right to rest and self-congratulation.

"Isn't that a fine sight?" she asked proudly. "Canning fruit is the favorite of all my 'big' jobs, but the peaches are the most important. When they are

done I feel that we are safe for the winter, even if the grapes and crab-apples should fail. I was up at five this morning peeling the fruit, and I asked Tom to take his lunch down town so I would not have to stop, and now it's all done, and doesn't it look good?"

It certainly did, those that were done whole lying in syrup as clear as the glass through which the still rosy-cheeked fruit beckoned the hungry beholder, and those that were quartered showing here and there through their yellow richness a kernel, the delicious, nutty flavor of which one could almost taste.

"The boys love the kernels," she said,



"so I always put a few in, and I don't believe they are a bit unwholesome."

"There's nothing unwholesome in those jars," I said emphatically, and then we went back to the big chair and the cosy corner and I began to dig down under the surface for the real reason of my friend's habitual cheery outlook

"You say that this fruit business is your favorite job, yet most housekeepers regard it as only second to spring housecleaning, in its demand upon strength and patience. What makes your view so different?"

"Spring housecleaning isn't so bad," laughed the Housekeeper Who Likes Her Work. "There's a deal of satisfaction in it after it's done, but it doesn't talk to me while I'm doing it as my jars of fruit do. Peaches, especially, have a great deal to say, because everybody likes them. There are twenty jars out there. That means at least forty dishes, and I know that every dish represents pleasure to several people. Healthy pleasure, too, because I know there isn't one unwholesome thing inside that glass—no inferior fruit, no chemical coloring, no glucose—nothing but fresh, firm peaches, pure sugar and absolute cleanliness. I can look into those jars and see things that no crystal-gazer can show me in her magic globe, because the things I see there are sure to come true.

"First I can see Tom, tasting critically the first saucer of the new batch, saying: 'I believe, Emily, this lot is even better than last year's. Don't you think so?' Dear old Tom! He always thinks it's better. Then, I can see Gerald, polishing off the last spoonful of juice from his plate and saying: 'Gee, Mother, your peaches are great! Can't I have some more?' And in another jar I can see Tom's partner. He's dyspeptic, and comically fussy about his food, but he always takes 'just a single peach', because my whole ones look so tempting, and ends by eating three and not being the least damaged thereby. And in another

jar I can see all the members of our sewing club. I always have them for a sort of high-tea the day they meet here, and a big dish of those peaches is sure to make a part of the meal. And did you notice one little bottle with just three very large, handsome peaches? Probably you thought it was silly to go to the trouble of sealing up so small a quantity. But in that small jar I can see a little crippled boy sitting in his wheel-chair smiling over the fruit that he knows was put up specially for him. He is my charwoman's child, and any little thing like that delights him, and her.

"Then there is, at least, one big jar that later on will be divided into small glasses, and in that jar I can see perhaps a dozen old faces that for a short time have lost the sad, hopeless expression that always goes to my heart, and look pleased and expectant of a little treat. The contents of that jar will go to the Free Home for the Aged in the next block.

"Why I can't think of a single teaspoonful of all that twenty jars that won't convey innocent pleasure to someone, and wholesome nourishment as well. Is it any wonder I enjoy putting it up?

"It's the same way, more or less, with most things I do here in our home. Sometimes I feel a little sorry for Tom. He doesn't get so close to the real meaning of our work as I do. Of course, we are equal partners in the big business of our lives—making a home, a center from which all the influences of a home radiate out, but his share is just to earn the money and to bring his own big, comfortable personality into it in leisure hours, while mine is to work out the details, both as regards our own lives and the lives of others whom we reach. Of course Tom has his interests, too, apart from mine, and I'm not jealous of them, but sometimes I try to tell him of the things I see in the kitchen or the boys' room, and then he says I am a dreamer—but I know he understands."

# Two Old Poems of Devon

By Louisa Robert

"Three sailors went sailing out into the West,  
Out into the West as the sun went down;  
Each thought on the woman who lov'd him the  
best,  
And the children stood watching them out of  
the town:  
For men must work and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning."

WE had long known these verses of Charles Kingsley's, but not until we stood in the little churchyard at Clovelly Court, among the tombstones marked, "Lost at Sea", "Drowned", did we have much realization of what the lines meant. We had just seen the tablet to the memory of Charles Kingsley in the church—his father had been the rector at Clovelly Court when Charles was a boy, and later when his health broke at Eversley, Charles Kingsley, the dean of Westminster, came back to Clovelly to rest. It was for the fishermen of Clovelly and all along the coast to Bideford, that he wrote "The Three Fishers".

Our most delightful acquaintance in Clovelly was a sailor. We called him "Us", because he always spoke of himself as "Us" instead of "I".

"Us" told us that one night the sailing craft, on which he was returning from Spain, attempted to land off the coast of Cornwall in a terrible storm. The captain threw out a life line which the coast guard caught and the captain tried to cross; but he could not climb over the wall of the breakwater.

There was only one coast-guard on duty, and "Us" said, "'E was a nippin' the rope and 'e couldn't do nothing." "Us" was doing all "Us" could, but "Us" couldn't do nothing. They sent out a life preserver, but it was blown against the breakwater where it stuck just like a piece of paper. After awhile, the cap-

tain, beaten by the winds and the waves, dropped into the sea.

The captain's wife was aboard. She did not know what had happened in the darkness; but missing a man, she thought that her husband stood beside her and that the first mate was gone. "Oh, dear Tom, where is poor Jack?" she said. "Us" said the mate thought he might as well tell her first as last: so he said, "My good woman, it's Jack that's here beside you; and it is poor Tom who is in the sea"; 'ithout a word, she fell at his feet in a dead faint.

"But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden and waters deep;  
And the harbor bar be moaning."

Another story "Us" told us was of seeing the hulk of a ship ablaze far out at sea one night as he was returning from South America. The next day they picked up four men in an open boat—three Germans and a negro. After awhile the negro "peached" on the others. He said they had mutinied, had killed the captain and the crew, and with a fifth man, an Irishman, had put to sea in an open boat. The Germans were afraid the Irishman would "peach on them," so they killed him and threw him overboard. The captain at once put them in irons. When they landed they were tried and hanged—all but the negro, who turned state's evidence. "Us" always thought that the blazing hulk had been set afire by the German mutineers. But "Us" went on to say that when men mutinied at sea it was usually because the captain and the officers were brutal men who swore at the sailors and abused them until they could endure it no longer.

Clovelly is the prettiest little town in Devon. It is a paradise for artists. It lies in a richly wooded comb that leads to the sea, with lovely, old-fashioned

houses along the one narrow street, which is terraced, and paved with cobble stones. Roses and fuschias climb to the very roofs of the white-washed houses.

Mrs. Christine Hamelyn, who owns every house in the village and all the land for miles around, will have nothing changed from the way things were hundreds of years ago—even so long ago as when Sir Walter Raleigh was gathering up a company of Devonshire men to colonize Virginia. There are no vehicles, except donkeys, to carry the burdens from the boat landing up the hill; no street light, and we went to bed by candle light, but our casement windows framed views of cliffs and sea just like Turner's paintings—the same mist-enveloped cliffs and opalescent sea.

At one side of the comb is Hobby Drive, one of the most charming woodland drives in England. At the other side is Clovelly Court; the home of the ancient Cary family now represented by Mrs. Christine Hamelyn, a real lady of the manor. Near by are the church and the vicarage.

As we climbed the hill to church on the Sabbath day we heard the bells ringing out a kind of rude chime; and when we entered we saw six men who had laid aside their coats, and, in their decent white shirts, were pulling the six bell ropes and counting the time. The doctor, the village artist, and some of the villagers were in attendance, but most of the fisher-folk we had seen flocking into the chapel half way up the hill. These Devonshire people have a sort of refined beauty with slender faces and dark intelligent eyes.

In the days of good Queen Bess, Devonshire was the foremost county in England. Elizabeth called Devon her right hand. One of Raleigh's passports to her favor was the fact that he spoke the broadest dialect of the shire, and never abandoned it for the speech at court. And well might the Queen call Devon her right hand, for Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Humphry Gilbert, Sir Francis Drake,

Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir Richard Grenville were all Devonshire men.

Another poem of Devon is Tennyson's ballad, "The Revenge", in which he celebrates Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Richard Grenville, who in

"The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck and her ninety sick below,  
Men of Bideford in Devon."

Grenville was vice-admiral of a small fleet of English ships, sent to intercept the Spanish treasure ships, returning from the West Indies in 1591; off the Azores, the Spaniards with a fleet of fifty-three ships came upon the English. Five of the six of the Queen's ships escaped, but Grenville delayed to bring his sick on board. He was attacked by fifteen of the Spanish ships. Then followed the famous fight. It lasted fifteen hours. Grenville surrendered only when he was mortally wounded. Tennyson tells the story with stirring words:

"And the sun went down, and the stars came out, far over the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high built galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder and flame;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame,  
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight no more:  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?"

"And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard, caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:  
I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.  
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville die!  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died."



# AMERICAN COOKERY

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OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

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### A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

THE vacation season is on once more. The residential streets of the cities are abandoned; people have gone on their summer outings. Let everybody have the enjoyment and benefit of the annual vacation season.

The respite from continuous effort the editor of this magazine receives at this season is of inestimable value to her. It makes for renewed interest and usefulness for the whole year. Change of air, food and occupation, in fact, all changes are beneficial; health

is of far greater consequence than money saved.

For children vacations are usually provided, and yet they need them far less than housekeepers and homemakers. For the most part, life for the young is one prolonged vacation. In the training of youth "sport" is the most conspicuous feature.

By far the most imperative need of a season of rest and recuperation is on the part of the homemaker, in both town and country. The yearly outing not only renews strength and courage but it prolongs life. No other prescription in the calendar of restoratives can take the place of that of seasonable rest and recreation. Those who are engaged during the hot months of the year in entertaining strangers should plan for their own outings before or after the migration of the summer visitors. But, in no case, should the yearly vacation of the housewife be disregarded.

May every reader of American Cookery enjoy a long, wholesome and invigorating vacation. The coming year should be full of promise and prosperity.

### THE LIVING GARMENT

KIPLING is quite right when he declares that "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skin." But even though they be sisters to their very marrow bones, that is no reason why they should dress alike. The oak is sister to the elm, and the maple and the evergreen are distant cousins, but each has its distinctive garment. Imagine looking out the window to find that every tree in the landscape was imitating the cypress, because it was the current style to be tall and slender, or the spreading sweep of the beech, if hoop-skirts should return! The willows in the valley dip slender fingers in the water below them, but the pine upon the hilltop stands upright, reaching

heavenward, and each fits his place to our complete satisfaction. And by the grace of God and the sanity of nature the cedars do not lay their green beauty aside simply because "deciduous garments will be much in evidence this Fall!"

Now if I am to spend nine-tenths of my time in my kitchen, I shall have a wisely corresponding proportion of my garments made in a style suitable for kitchen purposes, and in the remaining one-tenth I shall imitate the lilies of the field rather than Solomon. Everybody can afford to dress like a flower, but the glory of Solomon comes high. If the trained nurse and the soldier lad take pride in their uniforms, and Uncle Sam's policemen and mail-carriers are, at least, not ashamed of theirs, let me endure with serenity the kitchen badge, the large and capable apron. If Judy O'Grady should wear in the kitchen an ancient silk waist with soiled lace dribbling from the sleeves and a skirt that has parted company with itself in gaping seams, and if the Colonel's lady wear in the parlor a never-so-splendid negligee and curl-papers, they would look at each other askance, and would not feel in the least like the sisters they are. But Judy in a clean gingham dress and apron has a friendly feeling and a sincere respect for her mistress in a dainty and appropriate gown, and *vice versa*. Their hearts, if normal, will even warm towards each other, for they know in the bottom of those same hearts that suitable raiment is gracious, purposeful, living and restful beyond measure to the eye wearied by looking at the dowdy and the freakish.

H. C. C.

THE following excerpts are from a recent editorial in The Philistine, which advocates temperance in all things and the keeping of the great commandment:

To be lovable, one has to have cer-

tain qualities—physical, mental and moral.

And our moral and mental qualities, psychologists now tell us, turn largely on our physical condition.

The body is the instrument of Deity. It should be servant to the soul. Through the body do we reflect the Supreme Intelligence of which we are a part.

Those rare moments when we are in tune with the Infinite are only possible when the body does its perfect work.

"The sick man is a rascal," said old Doctor Johnson. And the world now knows it is true. To be well is not only a privilege, but a duty. The days of the flagellants are gone.

The chief cause of illness among Americans is overeating. In India, it may be famine, but here, as a people, we eat to repletion, and our energies are taxed getting rid of the waste.

Over ninety per cent of our maladies are caused by malnutrition. The ambulance is at the door, and the ether-cone and scalpel are ours. That fashionable complaint, appendicitis, is always preceded by impaction, and before this comes a dull, sluggish condition where the peristaltic action of the digestive tract grows tired and falters.

Relief is sought in medication, and the "dope habit" is upon us. Sluggishness follows stimulation, as does night the day. And there shuffles in a desire for a pick-me-up, and the man becomes a "fiend." And I hope I do not have to explain that a fiend is not lovable.

All of his energies are being consumed in running his boiler, and there is no power left for the pulleys. Bad breath, watery eyes, pain in the side, dancing spots on the vision, flatulence, dizziness, headache, all mean food-poisoning. What is called heart-disease is usually a form of indigestion.

Many people eat four meals a day—

breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper after the theater. Such folks are bound to suffer, and much of the time are, consequently, unloving and unlovable.

When you are aware you have a stomach, you are given to introspection, and introspection means misery.

And misery is contagious.

Also, I might add, happiness is not only contagious but infectious.

Joy runs over and inundates everything. It bubbles, effervesces, overflows its banks, and makes the waste places green. We keep joy by giving it away. A thought is not our own until we impart it to another. And in order to have sweet and joyous thoughts, you must have a body that can mirror your mood.

Cut down your food quantity, and increase your breathing capacity, and note how your thinking improves.

Also, select your food with greater care. Taste is the test. Cultivate taste. Enjoy eating.

Fifty per cent of people eat like Indians. They gobble, guzzle and bolt. They eat anything and everything that is brought on. This is the true farm-hand habit.

A second class, say thirty per cent, want variety—endless variety—a dozen dishes at a meal. These are the people who like the old-time American-plan hotel, where an army of dishes surrounded your plate, and you ate vigorously into each.

The third class diner selects with care. He has a discriminating palate. He cultivates the sense of taste. He wants one dish at a time, delicately served. He practises art in eating, for "art is selection," says Whistler. The musician selects notes; the artist colors; the writer words and ideas.

Be an artist and you will be both loving and lovable.

Cut out quantity and insist on quality.

No person is lovable who eats the historic three square meals a day.

One square meal a day is one too many if it makes you dull and drowsy. That tokens food-poisoning. Sleep when you sleep, but do not mix wakefulness and sleep. Both are beautiful, but one at a time, please, one at a time!

Yes, lovableness, that is what I said. A good breath, rosy lips, white teeth, a clear tongue, clear eyes! These things mean bodily well-being, then the ability to think clearly, and act wisely, to be patient, gentle, sympathetic, helpful—LOVABLE!

### FOR LITERARY MEN

Sir Charles Garvice says that "not one literary man in fifty can eat porridge." Thomas Carlyle has been quoted as a shocking example of the effect of porridge, which he ate regularly for breakfast, on health and temper, but his physician, Sir Richard Quain, stated in 1895, that the "dyspepsia to which Mr. Carlyle was subject was fully accounted for by the fact that he was particularly fond of very nasty gingerbread. Many times I have seen him sitting in the corner smoking a clay pipe and eating this gingerbread."

---

### "This Same Myself"

I built a woman for you, day by day;

I built her out of gladness and of pain;

No least material did I disdain

Of joy and hope and daring and dismay;

Of sadness did I build her, and delay;

And sympathy and love I used again

To shape her sweetly, softly, for your gain;

I made her, for your using, of my clay.

Of longing is she shaped, and mystery;

Of holiness, and toil, and sacrifice;

Of torture is she built, not otherwise;

And dreams of ages that all women knew..

Now, crowned and all fulfilled, she stands  
here, see,

This woman that I built, for you, for you.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.





COUPE ST. JACQUES

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Mayonnaise of Fish

**S**EPARATE about one pound and a half of any fresh, cooked fish into flakes; do this while the fish is hot; when the fish is cold pour over it four tablespoonfuls of oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and half a teaspoonful of grated onion, thoroughly blended; mix with two forks very lightly, that the flakes be not broken. Dispose in a mound on a serving dish; over the top spread about three-fourths a cup of mayonnaise dressing; set rings of pickled beet at the top and surround with lettuce-hearts holding chopped pickled beet. Sliced or dried cucumbers and rings of cucumber may replace the beets.

### Fillets of Fish, Marcele Style

Separate large fillets of fresh fish into twelve long but small fillets of same size

and shape, each fillet being sufficient for one service. Spread each fillet with d'uxelles preparation (use either fresh or dried mushrooms); do not have the mixture come quite to the edge of the fish; fold each fillet in the center to enclose the preparation, and fasten with a buttered toothpick, if needed. Set into a buttered dish, pour in a little rich fish stock and let cook, very gently, in the oven, about fifteen minutes, basting three times with a little melted butter or the broth in the pan. Remove to a serving dish, pour over a pint of Périgueux sauce and serve at once.

### D'Uxelles Preparation

Boil a peeled onion five minutes, drain and dry on a cloth; slice the onion and let simmer in a cup of white broth until tender, and the broth evaporates, then press through a sieve. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook half a cup of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each,

of salt and paprika; stir in the purée with cream and broth added to it to make in all one cup and a fourth of liquid; continue to stir until boiling. Chop fine one-fourth a pound of fresh mushrooms or half a cup of dried mushrooms, soaked in cold water; cook in a tablespoonful of butter until dried off a little, then stir into the sauce; add the well beaten yolk of an egg and use as directed.

### Périgueux Sauce

Melt one-fourth a cup of clarified butter; in it cook two slices, each, of onion and carrot until slightly yellowed; add one-third a cup of flour and cook until browned a little, then add two cups of consommé, one-third a cup of thick to-

knife thrust into the center can be removed without uncooked egg adhering to it. Score the top of the omelet, entirely across, at right angles to the handle of the pan; have ready a generous cup of cooked green peas in a cup of cream sauce; spread a little of this mixture on one half of the omelet; fold at the scoring; turn on to a hot platter and pour the rest of the peas and sauce around the omelet. Serve at once. The peas, seasoned with salt and black pepper, may be used without the sauce.

### Fried Chickens with Currant Sauce

Take cleaned chickens a little larger than for broiling; separate them into pieces at the joints, and dip in beaten



MAYONNAISE OF FISH

mato purée, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and stir until boiling, then strain.

### Puffy Omelet with Green Peas

Beat the whites of four eggs dry and the yolks until light-colored and thick; to the yolks add a scant half teaspoonful, each, of salt and black pepper and four tablespoonfuls of water, mix and turn over the whites; cut and fold the whole together evenly; have ready an omelet pan (about nine inches in diameter), gradually heated; put a tablespoonful of clarified butter into the pan and turn the pan to oil the surface uniformly; pour in the omelet mixture, spread evenly, and set the pan into a moderate oven. Let the omelet be undisturbed until a

egg and then in sifted, soft, bread crumbs. Try out fat from salt pork, (there should be half an inch in the pan); put in the pieces of chicken and let cook rather slowly until light brown on one side, then turn to brown the other side. The chicken should cook from twenty minutes to half an hour in all. Take three tablespoonfuls of the fat from the pan; add three tablespoonfuls of flour, a scant half-teaspoonful of salt and pepper and cook until the flour is absorbed, then add one cup and a half of rich, brown, well-flavored stock and stir until boiling; finish with a slightly rounding tablespoonful of currant jelly. Stir until the jelly is melted, then strain. Serve with a dish of green peas, or fresh string beans.





PUFFY OMELET WITH PEAS, READY TO FOLD

### Bread Dressing for Chicken and Veal

Have two cups of soft, fine (stale) bread crumbs; add one-half a cup of melted butter, half a teaspoonful, (scant) each, of salt, pepper and powdered thyme, and mix thoroughly. For fish, use the same recipe except if convenient use powdered sweet basil in place of thyme. For a higher flavored dressing, especially for fish, add two tablespoonfuls, each, of fine-chopped green or red pepper and onion. Fresh or dried mushrooms (the latter soaked in cold water) chopped fine are always a savory addition to a dressing of this kind.

about four by two and one-half inches. Press the trimmings and four thin slices of bacon through a food chopper; chop (by hand) four or five fresh mushrooms, or the equivalent of dried mushrooms (soaked in cold water) and let cook with a scraping of onion in a tablespoonful of butter; add to the meat with half a cup of soft, sifted bread crumbs, salt, pepper to season, and cream to make soft enough to handle nicely. Spread this mixture on the pieces of prepared meat, roll and tie securely with string or tape, dredge or roll with flour, then sauté until browned a little, on all sides, in fat from salt pork. Remove to an earthen dish, cover



PUFFY OMELET, READY TO SERVE

### Rolled Fillets of Veal with Tomatoes

Have slices of veal from the round (veal steak) cut about one-fourth an inch thick; pound with a pestle to one-half the thickness, and cut into strips

with broth and let cook in the oven about one hour. Select a tomato for each two fillets, and have all of the same size. Cut the tomatoes in halves, remove a little of the flesh, chop this, add any forcemeat left over from the fillets, two or three tablespoonfuls, each, of chopped



mushrooms and parsley, salt, pepper and white sauce or broth to hold the mixture together; fill the spaces in the half-tomatoes with this mixture, set in a buttered pan and let cook about ten minutes; dispose the half-tomatoes on a serving dish with one of the rolled fillets in each. Strain the liquid from the dish and use with half the measure of cream and butter and flour as needed in making a sauce. Serve this, poured around the tomatoes or in a separate dish.

### Potato Soufflé

Have ready a cup of mashed potato, hot or cold; beat in half a cup of rich milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Beat the whites of three eggs dry, then beat in three yolks of eggs and beat the whole into the potato. In a gradually heated omelette pan, melt

then drain again; melt a tablespoonful of butter in a sauce pan; add the blanched vegetables and shake the pan until the butter is absorbed (do not let either butter or vegetable take color); add white stock (veal or chicken) to cover and let cook until tender; melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper, then add the broth from the vegetables (of which there should be a cup or more) and half a cup of cream or rich milk; stir until boiling; add the hot vegetables and serve at once.

### Potato-and-Green Corn Croquettes

To a pint of hot, well-mashed (use ricer) potato, add one cup of green corn pulp, about half a teaspoonful, each, of



ROLLED FILLETS OF VEAL, ROLLED AND TIED, OTHERS SAUTED, READY FOR CASSEROLE

a tablespoonful of butter; in it spread the potato mixture; let cook in a moderate oven until the whole is well-puffed and the egg set; score the center of the top at right angles to the handle of the pan; fold at the scoring and turn on to a hot platter. Serve with any dish of fish or meat, preferably when the supply of either dish is small.

### Kohl-Rabi, Bechamel Style

Pare about eight tender kohl-rabi, and cut into quarters or into six pieces, each; set to cook in boiling water; after boiling five minutes, drain, rinse in cold water,

salt and pepper, and the yolks of two eggs; if dry add a tablespoonful of butter or one or two tablespoonfuls of cream. Mix all together thoroughly, then shape, roll in soft, sifted bread crumbs, cover with beaten egg, again roll in crumbs and fry in deep fat. To get the corn pulp, score the kernels lengthwise the rows, and press out the pulp with the back of the knife.

### Hot Slaw (Cabbage)

Select a firm head of cabbage; if not crisp let stand in cold or ice water an hour, then shake and wipe dry; slice the

cabbage very fine, discarding the hard center. For about a pint of cabbage, beat the yolk of one egg; add half a cup

chilled two-quart melon or bombe mold with the ice-cream mixture, then fill the center with the sherbet. Pack



ROLLED FILLETS OF VEAL WITH TOMATOES AND GREEN PEAS

of cream, a tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and a scant teaspoonful of mustard. Mix and cook these over hot water, then add gradually a scant half-cup of vinegar and, lastly, two tablespoonfuls, of butter; set the cabbage in a saucepan over boiling water, pour on the dressing, stir until hot throughout, then serve at once.

### Bombe Glacé, Sicilienne

Scald one pint of milk; beat the yolks of four eggs; add one cup of sugar and beat again, then cook in the

in salt and crushed ice and let stand an hour or longer.

### Peach Sherbet, Royal

Boil one quart of water and two cups of sugar twenty minutes; add one teaspoonful of granulated gelatine, softened in three tablespoonfuls of cold water, and when cold, add one cup and a half of peach pulp and juice, half a cup of orange juice and pulp and the juice of one lemon. Use a lemon squeezer to extract the lemon and orange juice; pare the peaches, remove the stones, then press the pulp through



POTATO AND GREEN CORN CROQUETTES

hot milk until the mixture coats the spoon; strain, and when cold add one pint of cream and set to freeze; when about half frozen add a dozen macaroons, dried in the warming oven crushed and sifted, and a tablespoonful of vanilla extract, and finish freezing. Have ready some strawberry, raspberry or peach sherbet. Line a

a potato ricer; mix at once with the lemon and orange juice to preserve the color. For plain peach sherbet, use a pint of peach juice with the juice of one or two lemons.

### Coupe St. Jacques

Prepare a lemon sherbet and about a pint of fruit (raw or cooked or both),

sugared and flavored with kirsch. Retain all the fruit juice. Put a tablespoonful, each, of fruit and juice into a stem-glass or sherbet cup; above dispose lemon sherbet and serve at once. At this season peaches (raw, soft) are the choice in fruit; add pineapple (fresh or canned), a few cooked strawberries, two oranges and a few maraschino cherries cut in halves.

### Lemon Sherbet

Boil one quart of water and two cups of sugar twenty minutes; add one teaspoonful of granulated gelatine, softened in cold water, and when cold add one cup of lemon juice and freeze.

Cut into diamonds and rounds or other shapes. Spread the tops with confectioner's frosting; above pipe figures of butter frosting; have part of this frosting tinted a delicate green, a part a delicate pink and leave some plain. Flavor the plain with mocha or vanilla, the pink with rose, and the green with almond and vanilla. Pour confectioner's frosting over the butter frosting to cover completely the sides of the cakes; the frosting should be of such consistency that it will cover perfectly and yet the colors and lines of the butter frosting will be perfectly shown. The confectioner's frosting that runs off may be lifted to a bowl with a spatula



APPLE COMPOTE WITH CREAM

### Apple Compote with Cream

Chop fine half a cup of raisins and one-third a cup of nut meats; add three or four tablespoonfuls, each, of sugar and water and let cook to a smooth paste, adding more water if needed. Make a syrup of one cup, each, of sugar and water; in this cook about eight cored-and-pared apples, turning often that the shape may be retained. Set them on a baking dish, fill the centers with the fruit-and-nut mixture and dredge the whole with sugar. Set into the oven to melt the sugar and glaze the apples. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream.

and used again. The frosting will need to be stiffer than one would, at first, think — but is easily — by adding either water or sugar — made just right.

### Butter Frosting

Beat three-fourths a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups of sifted confectioner's sugar and flavoring as desired.

### Confectioner's Frosting

To one-fourth a cup of cold water, add sifted confectioner's sugar to make a frosting of the consistency desired. Flavor to taste.

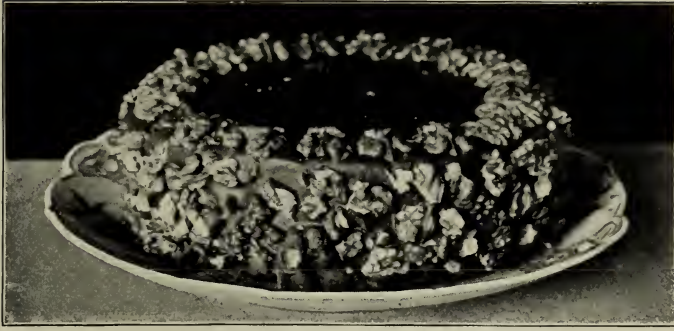
### Cup Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, half a cup of milk, one cup and a half of sifted flour,

### Glacé Mocha Cakes

Bake sponge cake mixture in a shallow pan; when baked the cake should be a scant half-inch thick.





CUP CAKE. CHOCOLATE FROSTING

sifted again with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth a teaspoonful of mace. Lastly, beat in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a round pan, nearly forty minutes. The pan should be seven inches in diameter. Cover with chocolate frosting; at once press broken pieces of English walnut meats against the sides of the cake and outline the top, at the edge, with a row of whole half-meats.

### Chocolate Frosting

Boil one cup of sugar, one-fourth a cup of corn syrup and one-fourth a cup of water, in the usual manner, to 238° F. Add one ounce of chocolate, let stand to melt, then pour in a fine stream on the white of one egg, beaten very light; return to the fire, over boiling water, and cook and beat until the mixture thickens perceptibly; remove from the fire and beat until thick enough to spread. Flavor with vanilla.

### Ornamental Frosting

Melt one cup of sugar in half a cup of boiling water; wash down the sides of the saucepan to remove grains of sugar; cover and let boil three minutes to dissolve the grains of the sugar; uncover and let boil, undisturbed, to 238° F. Pour in a very fine stream on the white of an egg, half beaten, beating constantly meanwhile. Continue the beating until the frosting is cool, then beat in a scant teaspoonful of lemon juice. Keep the frosting covered with a damp cloth (this must not touch the frosting) while using it. The frosting for the leaves and stems, shown in the illustration, was tinted green and the flowers pink with color paste.

### Mother's Lemon Pie

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in one cup of boiling water, and pour it over one cup of soft, fine bread crumbs.



GLACÉD MOCHA CAKES



CAKE COVERED WITH CONFECTIONERS' FROSTING, READY TO DECORATE

Beat the yolks of two eggs and gradually beat in one cup of sugar; add this to the bread mixture with half a teaspoonful of salt and the grated rind and juice of one lemon (omit the grated rind and the pie is less liable to cause digestive disturbance). Bake in a plate lined with pastry; let cool a little, then spread on a meringue made of the whites of two eggs, beaten dry and mixed with one-fourth a cup of granulated sugar; dredge sugar over the top; let bake about eight minutes in a very moderate oven, then increase the heat to color the meringue very delicately.

### Gooseberry Jelly

Heat the berries *without water* in a double boiler, surrounded with boiling water; press to extract the juice or let drain in a bag. Allow a cup of sugar to each cup of juice. Heat the juice to the boiling point, add the sugar, heated

in the oven, and let cook from five to ten minutes.

### Plum-and-Crab Apple Jelly

Cook the plums with a little water until tender, then drain in a bag. Add water to the crabapples and cook until tender throughout, then drain; do not stir either fruit while cooking. Take one-third plum to two-thirds crabapple juice. Take three-fourths a cup of sugar to each cup of juice; boil the juice twenty minutes, add the sugar, heated in the oven, and let boil all over. Sometimes a little longer boiling is needed, but not often. Wild plums give good results.

### Apple Marmalade

Select apples of tart flavor; pare, quarter and core the fruit; weigh the prepared apples and allow three-fourths a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Add water to the parings and cores,



CAKE DECORATED WITH ORNAMENTAL FROSTING

Tubes used for this cake: leaf, star, small cord, shank to which any tube may be attached, paper folded for use as tube, point cut like leaf-tube.

cover and let boil about half an hour, then drain the liquid over the apples; let cook until the apples are soft, then strain through a fine-meshed colander; add the sugar and let cook until thick and clear. The juice and grated rind of two or three lemons or oranges, or the addition of two or three quinces, to a half-peck of apples, may be used to give changes in flavor, and, in the case of the quinces, texture. If scales for weighing be not at hand, measure the cooked pulp and allow three-quarters a cup of sugar to a cup of pulp.

### Muskmelon Sweet Pickle

Select hard melons sufficiently ripe to be well-flavored. Cut in slices and remove the rind and the seed portion. To each quart of cold water add one-fourth a cup of salt; pour this over the prepared melon to cover well and let stand over night. Drain and set to cook in boiling water. Cook only a few pieces at a time, and remove each the instant it is tender. If cooked too long the shape will be spoiled. For seven pounds of melon, make a syrup of four pounds of sugar, three cups of vinegar, half a cup of cloves and a full cup of cinnamon bark in small pieces. Pour the syrup over the melon and let stand over night, then drain off the syrup and pack the melon in jars; reduce the syrup by boiling, then use to fill the jars.

### Pear Chips

Pare firm pears, then slice thin in bits. To each pound of the prepared pears allow three-fourths a pound of sugar, half an ounce of green, ginger root, scraped or grated, and half a large lemon. - Sprinkle the sugar over the pears in layers, squeezing over the lemon juice. The grated rind of the lemon may be added, if desired. Let stand over night, then heat slowly to the boiling point. Cook until clear and thick like marmalade. If preferred, the ginger-

root may be crushed, and cooked, with the fruit, in a little bag, which can be removed before the fruit is stored in the glasses.

### Raisin 

Take equal weights of grapes and pears. Wash and stem the grapes, then let simmer till soft, in just enough water to keep them from burning; press through a sieve; add the pears, pared, cored and cut in thin slices; let simmer, stirring often until the pear is tender, then add three-fourths a cup of sugar for each cup of material and let cook as for marmalade.

### Peach Marmalade

Pare and stone the peaches, cutting the pulp in small pieces. Add a few of the kernels from the stones and let cook until soft; add an equal weight of sugar and stir, occasionally, while cooking, about fifteen minutes. Marmalade is often made of imperfect shapes of halved fruit, left over, when putting up canned or preserved peaches.

### Gooseberries, Preserved Whole

Make a syrup of two pounds (four cups) of sugar and two cups of water, washing down as in making fondant. Prick each gooseberry in three or more places (after removing the stem and ends of calyx) and add two pounds of the berries to the syrup; let heat to 160° F; (212° is boiling point). Remove from the fire and let stand over night. Repeat this heating to 160°, twice. The fourth day reheat to just below the boiling point and then let stand again overnight. Fill jars with the cold fruit and syrup; set the jars in a steam cooker and let the water around them heat gradually to the boiling point; should the berries show signs of bursting, remove at once and seal; otherwise do not seal until the water boils.



# Menus for One Week in August

*"Work done because the worker likes to do it is always done well."*

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Melons  
Green Corn Oysters  
New Rye Bread and Butter  
Apple Marmalade Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Fried Chickens, Green Corn Fritters  
Candied Sweet Potatoes  
Sweet Pickled Peaches  
Romaine, French Dressing  
Peach Sherbet Sponge Drops  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Chicken Salad in Green Peppers  
Bread and Garden Cress Sandwiches  
Sliced Peaches Orange Cookies  
Tea, with Candied Pineapple

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Sliced Peaches  
Fresh Fish Cakes Late Radishes  
Cornmeal Muffins  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Hot Veal Loaf, Tomato Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes Fresh Lima Beans  
Corn on the Cob Pickled Beets  
Apple Tapioca Pudding,  
Cream and Sugar  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Cold Veal Loaf, Sliced Thin  
Lima Bean Salad,  
French Dressing with Chili Sauce  
Chocolate Cake Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Broiled Bacon  
Grilled Sweet Potatoes  
Rice Griddle Cakes New Clover Honey  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Chicken-and-Tomato Soup  
Breaded Veal Cutlets, Brown Sauce  
French Fried Potatoes  
Scalloped Egg Plant Celery  
Peach Pie, Cheese Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Creamed Corn au Gratin  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Baked August Sweets  
Drop Cookies Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Grapes  
Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash  
Grilled Tomatoes  
Yeast Rolls (reheated)  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Slices of Veal Loaf, reheated  
(no simmering) in Macaroni, Tomatoes,  
Cheese, Green Peppers  
Lettuce or Endive, French Dressing  
Apple Pie Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Hot Green Corn Custard  
Scones  
Berries or Apple Sauce  
Oatmeal Macaroons Tea

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Cold Pressed Corned Beef, Mustard  
Creamed Potatoes  
Fried Mash  
Melons  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Broiled Fresh Fish,  
Mashed Potato Border  
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing  
Fried Egg Plant  
Coffee Jelly

## Supper

Blackberry Shortcake  
(biscuit crust)  
Crackers Milk  
Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Melons  
Salt Codfish, Creamed (with beaten egg)  
Toasted Scones Coffee Cocoa  
Small Baked Potatoes

## Dinner

Slices of Swordfish Baked  
with Bread Dressing,  
Caper or Egg Sauce Mashed Potatoes  
Swiss Chard (as Asparagus or Spinach)  
Stewed or Sliced Tomatoes  
Peach Sherbet Lemon Queens  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Stuffed Cucumbers, Bechamel Sauce  
Sliced Tomatoes Bread and Butter  
Cream Puffs, Sliced Peaches  
Tea

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Coffee Cocoa  
New Honey  
Cereal Griddle Cakes  
Dry Toast  
Broiled or Sliced Tomatoes  
Creamed Potatoes  
Creamed Potatoes Tapioca  
Calf's Liver and Bacon

## Dinner

Boned Forequarter of Lamb, Steamed  
and Browned Mint Sauce  
Mashed Potato-and-Green Corn  
Croquettes  
Cauliflower, Cream Sauce  
New Cucumber Pickles  
Custard Pudding, Vanilla Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Cream of Corn Soup,  
St. Germain  
Browned Crackers  
Baked Pears  
New Rye Bread and  
Butter  
Tea

# Menus for a Week in September

*"It is just as interesting and as great a test of cleverness to "dispatch" a six-course dinner as it is to make hammered brass or teach a graded school."*—FREDERICK.

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Grapes  
Broiled Ham French Omelet  
French Fried Potatoes  
Waffles Bee's Honey  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Young Chickens, Roasted,  
Bread Dressing  
Potato-and-Green Corn Croquettes  
Creamed Onions Melon Sweet Pickle  
Peach Ice Cream  
Sponge Cake (potato flour)  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

German Coffee Cake (reheated)  
Sliced Peaches, Thin Cream  
Tea or Cocoa

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Sliced Pineapple  
Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk  
Stewed Potatoes  
German Coffee Cake Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Chicken Gumbo Soup with Rice  
(okra and left over chicken)  
Cauliflower, Cheese Sauce  
Lettuce, Tomatoes and Onions, French  
Dressing  
Queen of Puddings Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Stewed Shelled Beans Bread and Butter  
Apples Baked in Bean Pot  
Cream Cheese  
Hard Gingerbread Tea

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Broiled Bacon  
Eggs Cooked in Shell  
German Apple Cake  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Broiled Steak Stuffed Tomatoes  
Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Lettuce and Garden Cress  
Apples Cooked with Almonds  
Cookies Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Oyster Stew  
Cabbage Salad  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Stewed Crabapples Tea

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Grapes  
Broiled Tripe  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Pickled Beets  
Yeast Biscuit (reheated)  
Apple Marmalade  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Floating Island  
Apple-and-Raspberry Jelly  
Celery  
Scalloped Tomatoes and Onions  
Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Brown Fricassée of Veal Steak

## Supper

Succotash, with Salt Pork  
Bread and Butter  
Blackberry Shortcake  
Tea

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Poached Eggs on Broiled Tomatoes  
Cream Toast  
Doughnuts  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Boiled Fresh Haddock,  
Egg Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes  
Kohl-Rabi, Buttered  
Pickled Beets  
Baked Cornmeal Suet Pudding,  
Hard Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Cheese Pudding  
Baked Sweet Apples, Thin Cream  
Chocolate Cake Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Grapes  
Creamed Haddock au Gratin in Ramekins  
Small Baked Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes  
Philadelphia Butter Beans Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Veal Steak en Casserole  
(carrots, onions, potatoes)  
Tomatoes Stuffed with Celery,  
Mayonnaise Dressing  
Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce  
Toasted Crackers  
Half Cups Coffee Cheese

## Supper

French Hash  
Lettuce, Sliced Peaches, French Dressing  
French Bread Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Spanish Omelet Buttered Toast  
Yeast Doughnuts  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Fresh Mackerel, Baked  
Buttered Beets  
Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes  
Baked Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Mayonnaise of Eggs and Lettuce  
Yeast Biscuit Stewed Plums  
Almond Cake Tea

# Suggestion for Tea-Room Menus

## I

Tomato Cocktail  
Toast Points or small yeast Rolls  
(reheated in paper bag)

## II

Lobster Cocktail  
(at seashore)  
Toasted or Browned Crackers

## III

Tomatoes Stuffed with  
Mayonnaise of celery, or celery and chicken  
on Lettuce Hearts  
Home-made yeast Rolls, reheated

## IV

Lobster Salad, or  
Bluefish Salad  
Yeast Rolls

## V

Chicken Salad Sandwiches  
Chopped Chicken, olives, pimentos with  
mayonnaise and lettuce  
(materials chopped, but not combined until  
serving)  
Pot of Tea or  
Cup Coffee

## VI

Veal Loaf, Sliced Thin  
Lettuce-and-Tomato Salad  
Hot Yeast Rolls  
Pot of Tea or  
Cup Coffee

## VII

Cinnamon Toast  
(fresh bread made with egg and raisins  
sliced, toasted, buttered, dredged gener-  
ously with sugar and cinnamon)  
Pot of Tea  
(choice of sliced lemon, orange, pineapple or  
sugar and cream) or  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream

## VIII

Individual Strawberry, Raspberry, Black-  
berry or Peach Shortcakes, Whipped or  
plain Cream or Hot Marshmallow  
Sauce  
(biscuit crust baked, reheated on call in  
paper cooking bags)  
Pot of Tea

## IX

Caramel or Maple Nut Sundae  
(vanilla ice cream, caramel or maple syrup,  
chopped nuts above)  
Choice of  
Home-made  
Sponge or Almond Cake

## X

Ice Cream, crushed berry sauce  
Choice of home-made  
Sponge or Chocolate Cake

## XI

Peach Sherbet, Garnish Whipped Cream  
Lady Fingers  
Salted Nuts

## XII

Grape Juice Frappé or  
Lemon Sherbet or  
Cup St. Jacques  
(mixture of sugared fruit and juice in glass  
cup lemon sherbet above)

## XIII

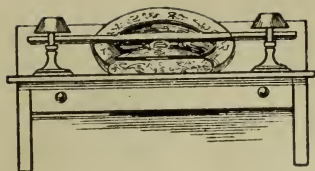
Mexican Rabbit  
Sugared Pineapple  
Half Cups of Coffee

## XIV

Gurcchi à la Romaine  
Toasted Crackers  
Lettuce, French Dressing, with Chili Sauce







# Our Daily Bread, or Preparation in Detail of the Meals of One Day

*Family of Two Adults and Two Children*

By Janet M. Hill

## SUNDAY (September)

### Breakfast

Muskmelons  
Lady Finger Rolls (reheated)  
Coffee Cocoa

### Dinner

Roasted Chicken, Giblet Sauce  
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style  
Green Corn on the Cob  
Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing  
(with onion juice or sliced onions)  
Rye and Oatmeal Bread  
Peach Sherbet, Royal  
Almond Cake (left over)  
Half Cups Coffee

### Supper

Creamed Sweet Corn au Gratin  
Bread and Butter  
Sliced Peaches  
Tea

THE dinner today is a substantial one and, as breakfast on Sunday is often an hour later than usual, a light breakfast is all that is required. Let the muskmelons stand in the refrigerator overnight; cut in halves and remove seed portions, then return to the refrigerator till the moment of serving or eating. Do not fill the open centers with bits of ice, as the ice seems to draw out the flavor. Pass with them a bowl of sugar, a shaker filled with paprika, and one filled with cinnamon, or, sugar and cinnamon mixed.

The Lady Finger Rolls, reheated in a

paper bag of the sort used for cooking purposes, are left over from Saturday. More variety in the food can be secured by shaping and finishing one-half the mixture as Philadelphia Butter Buns; directions for doing this will be found on page 65 of the preceding magazine.

To lessen the work on Sunday, clean the chicken, truss and set aside on Saturday. If bread dressing is to be used, this should not be put in place on Saturday, as it is liable to sour. A recipe will be found among the Seasonable Recipes for this month. Use no liquid other than the melted butter; fat alone gives a light dressing, the addition of water, egg or milk, a solid and rather soggy dressing. Do not cook the chicken at too high a temperature; baste with clear fat and keep the heat at such a temperature that the fat in the pan be not overheated; baste often and dredge with flour after each basting. Do not use butter for basting; nothing is more objectionable for this purpose. The chicken will cook in about one hour and a half; allow ten minutes extra, then when the chicken is cooked, set it into the warming oven, drain off the fat in the pan, and add to the pan the liquid from the giblets, preferably cooked on Saturday, and let cook five or six min-

utes to dissolve the glaze in the pan. Heat three tablespoonfuls of the fat; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, then add a cup and a half of the liquid from the pan and stir until boiling; finish with the chopped giblets.

The recipe for the sherbet will be found among the Seasonable Recipes; the syrup may be boiled on Saturday; after the peaches are pared and stoned, the potato ricer will reduce them quickly to a liquid state. After the mixture is frozen, repack without much additional salt. If the ice is to stand sometime, it may be removed to a mold and packed in a fireless cooker; use little or no salt in the cooker, but be sure that the sherbet is well frozen before packing.

If the syrup was not prepared on Saturday, be sure and wait until it is cold before adding the fruit juice. Heating detracts from the flavor of fruit juice, and this is peculiarly true of peach flavor. Sherbets are often made by simply freezing the fruit juice, sugar and water mixed together, but a smoother product, and one that will remain firmer after freezing, is secured when syrup is used.

Boiled corn is eaten in perfection only when taken from the garden to the saucepan of boiling water; unless this procedure be possible, cook the corn in some other fashion. Golden Bantam corn is a revelation in corn sweetness and flavor. Have the water boiling; lay in the corn and cook from ten to twenty minutes, according to your own ideas. Add salt when nearly cooked. Send to the table, lying on a napkin, the ends of which are brought up over the corn. Salt, black pepper and the best butter are the accompaniments.

Prepare the corn for supper while getting dinner, then at supper time reheat in a hot oven. Recipes abound for corn soups, custards, rabbits and puddings; the recipe that follows, though very sim-

ple, is perhaps less common. To secure the corn pulp needed for the dish, score the rows of kernels lengthwise of the cob, then with the back of the knife press out the pulp and leave the hull on the cob.

### Recipe for Creamed Corn au Gratin

Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and black pepper, or a slice of green or red pepper, chopped fine, and three-fourths a cup of milk; when boiling add one cup and a half of corn pulp, stir and cook until again boiling throughout; turn into a shallow baking dish suitable for the table, well-buttered, and spread over the top one-third a cup of fine cracker crumbs, mixed with two or three tablespoonfuls of melted butter.

Scrub the sweet potatoes thoroughly; set to cook in salted, boiling water, and when nearly tender, drain, peel and cut in lengthwise slices; set these in an earthen baking dish, in layers, with maple or brown sugar or maple syrup, and bits of butter between; let cook half an hour or longer.

Dress the salad at the table. Have ready in a bowl, lined with heart-leaves of lettuce, four or five slices of peeled-and-chilled tomato and three or four thin slices of mild onion. Mix a generous fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, in the salad spoon, with a tablespoonful of oil; pour this over the tomatoes, principally; pour on three more tablespoonfuls of oil; then with spoon and fork turn the vegetables over and over, pressing upon the slices of onion to release the juice; sprinkle over two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and again turn the vegetables over and over and press upon the onion. Serve onion with the lettuce and tomato to those who desire it.



# Each According to His Like

By Stella Burke May

## FLORIDA HOUSEWIFE'S CALENDAR

January	.....Grapefruit, Oranges, Kumquats
February	.....Mulberries
March	.....Loquats
April	.....Pineapples, Surinam Cherries
May	.....Peaches, Watermelons
June	..Blackberries, Huckleberries, Blueberries, Plums
July	.....Scuppernong Grapes
August	.....Guavas, Figs, Pomegranates
September	.....Persimmons, Mangoes, Dates, Bananas
October	.....Avocado Pears
November	..Jamaica Sorrel (Florida's Cran- berry
December	.....Strawberries

**H**OW many housewives in America can boast of supplying their tables with a different variety of fresh, home-grown fruit for every month in the year?

This is what the Florida housekeeper enjoys, with as many variations in serving as she has fruits.

From New Year's day, which finds an abundance of the orthodox citrus fruits,—grapefruit, oranges, tangerines, kumquats, limes and lemons,—on throughout the year until the big, luscious Florida strawberry is ripe for the Christmas dinner, there is a never-ending stream of tropical and semi-tropical fruits ripening in an order of sequence which makes catering a joy and a succession of surprises. Moreover, it is a demonstrated fact that each month has a fruit all its own, and some months have a lavish variety.

Many of these, such as loquats, kumquats, Surinam cherries, Avocado pears, mangoes, Scuppernong grapes, guavas, etc., are unknown to the majority of housewives north of the Ohio river, but are staple products on the Florida market.

The length of the Florida peninsula, some 660 odd miles, and the considerable variation in altitude of the different sections of the state so affect the ripening period of the divers localities as to make generalization impossible, but the fruit calendar here given is the one followed by residents in the highland lake region of Florida, the name given to that section of the state known as the "backbone" or ridge of the peninsula, a strip of land running north and south, with a general elevation of about 200 feet, and lying midway between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf, and equi-distant from the Georgia border and the toe of the Florida boot.

It has been said, and gustatorially substantiated by those who spend the entire twelve months of the year in this section, that this "highland lake region" produces practically every variety of fruit known to the tropics. On the crest of this ridge, and on the Jacksonville-to-Tampa route of the Atlantic Coast Line, nestles a little village called Auburndale, which we will choose for the setting of this horticultural table, because the complete fruit calendar is observed here.

Being largely Northern in its population, the "Yankee" farmers are full of enthusiasm and the joy of experimenting, and the combination of Northern experiment with the more conservative Southern experience, gathered from the "crackers," as the native farmers are called, produces interesting results, and it is no unusual sight to find one of these Yankee tenderfeet demonstrating on a small acreage the fruit-for-every-month theory.

"But I thought Florida people lived out of cans in the summer time", said a recent Northern invader. To whom the Southern farmer replied: "They used to when the alligators carried nigger babies



around in their mouths."

And it is true that not even on the menus of the most exclusive New York cafés can be found a greater variety of fruits throughout the year than is enjoyed by the poorest "cracker" in Polk county.

Because of the fact that there are 10,000 acres of grapefruit and orange groves in the section surrounding Auburndale, which takes in the Winter Haven and Florence Villa district, and because Florida is synonymous with grapefruit and oranges, we will start the January bill of fare with grapefruit and close it with orange, sprinkling in a generous quantity of kumquats for good measure. This latter is a tiny fruit about the size of the small yellow tomato used in the North for making tomato preserve. It has the appearance of a diminutive, elongated orange, but reverses the characteristics of the orange in that it has a sweet skin and bitter pulp. If you tire of kumquats and "round" oranges, you may be served with tangerines or "kid-glove oranges", so-called from the thin, easily peeled skin.

Orange marmalade for breakfast and preserved kumquat for supper furnish a little added spice to Florida living, for nowhere in the world, not even in "Merrie Englande" where the orange marmalade is queen, nor in Japan where the preserved kumquat or "Kin Kan" is empress, have these two dishes reached the state of perfection attained through the ingenuity of the Florida cook. As the kumquat has taken to traveling northward more generally, the following recipe, given to me by a native Florida cook, may be interesting:

### Preserved Kumquat

Wash a quart box of fruit and make a small slit in the ends of each kumquat, and soak in cold water over night. This slit lets the water through and softens the otherwise tough skin. In the morning pour off the water. Cover with fresh cold water and bring to boiling point,

gradually adding sugar to make a thick syrup. Boil until syrup is clear. This preserve may be served at once or kept for future use in sealed jars.

Also for breakfast, the following:

### Orange Marmalade

Slice a dozen oranges and six lemons, crosswise, with a sharp knife, as thin as possible. Then quarter slices and remove all seeds. Cover with cold water and let stand 24 hours. Boil two hours, add same weight of sugar and boil one hour longer.

Before one has tired of the various citrus fruits, with the advent of February comes the mulberry, a little larger and sweeter than the mulberry of the North. These berries are delicious, served either cooked or uncooked, if a little lime or lemon juice is added. If cooked alone the fruit is too sweet, but makes delicious pies by adding lime juice, and a very appetizing uncooked dessert, if a little lemon juice is squeezed over the berries after sugar is added.

March brings the loquat, or Japanese plum, which resembles a yellow plum in appearance, but has a most delicate flavor unlike any other fruit, and unlike most tropical fruits, which demand an acquired taste, wins its friends on first acquaintance. The loquat tree is ever-green, with handsome rough leaves, and is worthy of being grown purely as an ornamental.

While the pineapple bears almost any time throughout the year, the Smooth Cayenne, so-called from the absence of spines on the leaves, is regarded as the April fruit in the highland lake section of the state, and while this fruit is not grown commercially in Polk County to compete with the Fort Pierce region on the East Coast or the Punta Gorda section on the West Coast, it is grown largely for home consumption. April also brings a substitute for the red cherry, in the shape of the Surinam cherry, which can be used in all the ways

a Northern cook uses the common red or the black cherry. This fruit is about the size and color of its Northern sister, but grows on a shrub and is distinctive in bearing two enormous crops yearly. Like the Florida orange it never rests, for no sooner is the April fruit well colored than the tree blossoms for the new crop.

While the pineapple is still in market, Mother Nature, who knows how to tickle the palate, gives us, with the advent of May, the pretty little Florida peach, which, while more diminutive than her Georgia or Michigan relation, is nevertheless a thing of beauty and a joy for the month of May and the greater part of June. The Florida peach has one white and one pink cheek and the daintiest flesh-colored meat. If you have never tasted ambrosia, slice pineapples and peaches together, and you will partake of the most delicious combination of fruits imaginable. That feature of sliced peaches so disheartening to cooks in general, that the fruit turns dark if allowed to stand, is in some manner offset by the acid in the pineapple, and these fruits can be sliced together, sprinkled with sugar and allowed to stand on ice a half day, and they come to the dinner or supper table the most tempting pink and yellow dessert.

Now, when you say "South," you think "watermelon," of course, so when considering Florida fruits let us not overlook this staple, for if you were to visit the hill section of Polk county during May you would find the land fairly carpeted with watermelons, which are shipped north in carload lots during May and June.

June is profligate. From the crest of the ridge down into the flatwoods country, blackberries, huckleberries and blueberries are found growing along the highways in reckless abundance during this month, and pie is the order of the day. Of the cultivated fruits, the plum is harbinger of June. The Kelsey plum, a variety similar in color, and a little

larger and sweeter than the green gage, is the one best known in this section. Many orchardists believe that the plum produces better through cross-pollination and, therefore, intersperse their cultivated trees with wild plums.

When the daily afternoon shower comes with unceasing regularity and the Scuppernong arbors creak with their burden of darkening grapes, the Florida housewife's calendar says it is July. This grape grows singly or in small clusters of two or three, not in bunches as does the Concord grape, and when thoroughly ripe resembles a big, green cherry with a slightly reddish tinge. The skin is tougher than the Concord or Tokay, but the meat is sweet and tender, with just enough acid to give it tang, and is a most palatable dessert either fresh or in sauce. But it is when converted into wine that the Scuppernong comes into its own. This wine is a clear, orange-red, sweet wine, flavored slightly like Muscatel, of beautiful color and delicate flavor, and though Polk County is "dry," Scuppernong wine occupies a prominent place on its table.

In August the guava makes its appearance. This is known as the Florida apple, as it is indigenous to the soil here and all through the pine forests and along the shores of the Auburndale lakes the guava is found growing wild. This is a strictly tropical fruit, and is never found growing wild above the frost line. The guava is like olives or roquefort cheese or cold baths. You have to learn to like it. If the guava had been the apple of Eden, Adam would not have been tempted, for there is on record no woman and but one man who liked his first guava. It is about the size and shape of a lemon, with a tender, creamy skin and pink meat. The distinctive feature of the guava is its odor. This is indescribable, and it is a matter of record that a carload of perfectly good guavas consigned to Cincinnati about a year ago was condemned and buried by order of the Board of Health, whose



members had no speaking acquaintance with the Florida "apple." But whatever objection is made to the fresh guava, there is none to the jelly into which this fruit is converted, and the Florida guava jelly is preferred by many to the expensive delicacy imported from Cuba and served at many high-priced Northern hotels. While the guava is practically ever-bearing, it produces its biggest crop in August, and it is during this month that the fruit is eagerly sought by the thrifty housewife who, during that month, puts up her annual supply of jelly.

Figs and pomegranates are also August fruits, and, while not extensively grown, are nevertheless common in this section of the state.

A strictly tropical month is October, pouring from her plenteous lap the fruits that made Pomona famous as goddess of the orchard. Dates, bananas, mangoes and the luscious Japanese persimmon all are ripened during this which is admittedly Florida's hottest month. The Florida date, like the Florida fig, is smaller than the imported fruit, but equally sweet and palatable. The favorite banana in this section is the little Lady Finger, one of the daintiest of table fruits, while the "common or garden" banana abounds in profusion, and not only because of its delectable fruit, but because of the beauty of its foliage is this lazy-leaved ornamental found in almost every dooryard on the peninsula.

The physician who first made the rule: "Never bathe immediately after eating" had never eaten a mango. When you eat a mango you take two baths; one in the mango and the other immediately afterward. There is no halfway opinion in regard to this fruit; you either love it or you loathe it. One mango will furnish meat and drink for a whole meal, but if you detect a turpentine flavor in it, you would rather go hungry than eat it. If you do not notice the turpentine taste, you rave over the fruit. There is no stopover, you either take a through

ticket or none.

But the persimmon—the Japanese persimmon—ah! that's the fruit they ate on high Olympus. Take a perfectly ripe Japanese persimmon, slice it and serve it either with sugar and cream or with lime juice squeezed over it, and you have a dish that makes the Yankee leave home. A ripe Japanese persimmon resembles a ripe tomato in appearance, slightly elongated and pointed at the bud end. The seeds are edible and few in number, and the meat is of an exquisite flavor.

But it is in October that the top-liner in fruits comes on the program—the Avocado or "alligator" pear. What the terrapin is to the animal kingdom and the truffle, to the vegetable, the Avocado pear is in the realm of horticulture. Order it on Broadway, and you will pay probably two dollars for an "alligator"-pear salad. Even on the local market they command as high as fifty cents apiece. The Avocado is strictly a salad pear, served with various dressings, and is claimed by orchardists to be the most valuable fruit on the American market. Whether it is called "alligator" because of its Florida birth, or because of its leathery skin, is a mystery not yet disclosed.

When the turkey's gobble heralds the approach of Thanksgiving, and the first of the Northern tourists and robin red-breasts arrive for the winter season in Florida, a small red berry is seen to ripen on a little garden shrub. It is then that the Southern housewife instructs her Flossie May or Daisy Belle or Wilhelmina Jane (who hold the positions once occupied by the Aunt Janes, Aunt Dinahs and Aunt Marthas of other days) to prepare the sorrel for the turkey dinner. This Jamaica sorrel is the Florida cranberry, and the work of preparation consists of separating the red, fleshy calyx from the seed pod, and cooking the calyx after discarding the pod. It is cooked and sugar added in the same way the Northern cook prepares her cranberry sauce, and the result



is a dish that even an expert cannot identify from the cranberry combination that flanks the "up North" Thanksgiving turkey. There is a tradition among the native cooks that the Jamaica sorrel never ripens at any time but Thanksgiving, and that no matter what time of year the seed is planted and the little shrub transplanted from the seedbed, it never fails to be ready for the Thanksgiving table.

About this time the luscious Florida strawberry begins to color, and by Christmas time the odor of this little fruit greets the olfactory nerves of the incoming tourist, as thousands of quarts of berries are loaded in refrigerators and shipped to Northern markets. When it is realized that, from December to March, a half million quarts of strawberries are shipped annually from the Lakeland platform ten miles west of Auburndale, it will be seen how plentiful this popular fruit is at the Christmas season, and the further fact that Polk county berries have commanded as high as a dollar and a quarter per quart, on the New York holiday market, will explain why December is symbolized by a strawberry on the Florida calendar.

And now the pomological circle completes itself by swinging again into the

citrus fruit zone, which gives the caterer opportunity to serve one more fruit combination, and that is the combination of grapefruit and strawberries. Not simply serving a strawberry in the center of a grapefruit, but peeling the fruit as you would an apple, leaving the cells exposed, then dexterously slipping a knife between the sections and removing each segment whole, minus fiber and seeds. Then add a box of selected and washed strawberries, sprinkling generously with sugar and allowing the fruit to stand a short time before serving so that the strawberry juice may color the grapefruit-pulp. Use about three grapefruits to a box of strawberries and serve either as a fruit cocktail before the meal or as a dessert.

In order to be fair to Florida fruits, it should be known that we of this portion of Florida have oranges on our tables from the time the Parson Brown ripens in October until the last Tardiff is taken from the tree in June; that grapefruit is in prime condition for eating, without the addition of sugar, from December 1st until July, and that limes, lemons and citrons "bear with us" constantly. Truly, the Florida housewife is not lacking for fresh fruit for her table.

## Errands

When Mother says, "Come Lizbeth Jane,  
Please take this note to Mrs. Brown,"  
My feet just poke along the lane,  
And, oh, it seems so far to town!  
'Cause Mrs. Brown is sure to say,  
"Good gracious child, what muddy feet!  
It isn't wet at all today,  
And you should learn to be more neat."  
She puts me in the stiffest chair, !  
I sit as still as any mouse,—  
But, oh, I'm lonesome while I'm there;  
It isn't *like* a playtime house.

But when my mother says to me,  
"Please take this note to Mrs. White,"  
I'm just as tickled as can be,  
And hurry off with all my might,—  
Because she'll say, "Why bless my heart,  
It's Lizbeth Jane! How are you dear?  
How would you like a jelly tart?  
I keep them in the cupboard here.  
Just help yourself, my dear; That's right!  
Now can't you stay and play a while?"  
I *like* to visit Mrs. White,  
Because *her* house is like a *smile*!

HELEN COWLES LECRON

# Furnishing a Home

By Salena Sheets Martin

WE will suppose it is a flat or an apartment to be furnished—a moderate-sized flat of five or six rooms—by people of moderate means and a moderate income. But “moderate” is so vague that we will specify as to the income and say it is fifteen hundred a year, with something to be laid up.

This is not a case of a bride and groom just going to housekeeping, but any family of some education and some culture, who are going to move into such a flat as the above mentioned. They have probably worn off the new of more than one set of furniture and when they move this time—as people in cities especially have a habit of moving occasionally—they will probably sell off the oldest pieces to the second-hand furniture dealer and replace them with new ones, using the left overs where they best fit in.

First of all, the flat or apartment itself will largely determine to the discriminating housewife how it would best be furnished. This it does by its arrangement of rooms, its woodwork, floors, windows, windowseats, fireplace, console, built-in sideboard, china closet and like features.

Hardwood polished floors make the question of rugs a fairly easy one. A large rug in the center of the living room, parlor, drawing room, or whatever it may be called, is usually satisfactory as it saves the floor and is pleasing to look at and to walk on. The kind of rug may be determined by price, amount of wear and other considerations. If the moderate plan is adhered to, probably a good Wilton will be chosen, of either a solid color or varied according to the color scheme of the room, for there must be a color scheme at the start, else all will be haphazard at the end.

When the general tone of the room is decided on, then the walls are the first thought and all the furnishings should fit into this color scheme—rug, upholstered furniture—if in fabrics—curtains, if other than white, portières, and so on, to the last smallest feature. In this the idea is to avoid violent contrasts that glare at and startle one on entering a room, just as inharmonious combinations of color in dress shock the beholder possessing taste.

The pictures on the walls of the parlor should be of broad interest or chosen for their special beauty or appeal of some sort, such as landscapes or marine views. Pictures of the family do not appeal to outsiders generally; so should be placed on more intimate walls—the bedrooms.

The pieces of furniture necessary in the parlor or living room are few. A Davenport, perhaps, a few reception chairs, a rocker or two, a piano, piano-bench and music cabinet, and if the parlor must serve as library, also, it must contain the bookcases and a library table with a good reading lamp. Surely this is enough in one room and the less bric-a-brac the better, nothing of this sort finding place unless it has a definite use or exceptional beauty.

The dining room calls for a treatment and consideration all its own. We hope it has the beamed ceiling with a beautiful dome or light arrangement over the table, and that there is no plate rack, where things of no special beauty are put to catch and hold dust, calling for frequent cleaning. These walls, too, we want in solid color with top border of foliage, forest or landscape of some sort. Mahogany furniture goes well with dull blue, but since this dining room is to be furnished in a moderate way, the furniture will probably be of quarter-sawed oak and the built-in sideboard and woodwork are of the same material.

Again the large rug is chosen and the dining table stands in its center with the leather-bottomed chairs arranged orderly about the room. A 'low-boy' stands against one wall with the silver and glass needed at each meal on it, while all other dishes and glassware are arranged neatly in the china closet or built-in sideboard. When not in use the table is cleared of the linen and silence cloth and a pretty center-piece is placed on it to hold the fern dish.

As to dining-room curtains there is great scope, for many varieties offer, but the essential thing is that they be just window-sill length of a material that can be kept fresh. They look better hanging straight and pushed well to the side rather than draped.

For the bedrooms it is difficult to give more than a very general plan, for here is where each person should have the opportunity to express his or her individuality. However, a few general arrangements are necessary to the comfort and sanitation of all sleeping rooms. In flats, particularly, the sleeping rooms are apt to be rather small and offer little choice as to the arrangement of the furniture. To avoid the draft from the one window, the bed must stand there, the bureau here, the dressing table and chair in whatever place is left, and so there we are.

But even so, we can have the walls in a delicate color, either tinted or papered and never, never fill them with dust-catching calendars and useless bric-a-brac. "But," you say, "where are we to put these things, since they can't be in the parlor or dining room?" Don't have them and then you won't have to find places to put them; or if you have them give them away, or put them in the discard. Have washable curtains at the windows and such rugs on the floor as will bear the sunlight, for it should come in, in floods, with the shade run to the top much of each day. By the arrangement of one's "belongments" the individual touch comes, and so each has his room to his liking.

This article has lengthened until little space is left in which to speak of hall, kitchen and bathroom. It is not to be taken that the kitchen is regarded by the writer as unimportant—quite the reverse—for I believe that out of it come the "issues of life" in a much larger way than has been dreamed of in the past. To a great extent, 'as a man eateth so is he.'

First of all, the kitchen must be clean and sanitary. To this end it must have in it just the things necessary for the work needed and no more. These are a good range, gas or coal, with ample facilities in the kitchen for plenty of hot water, a work table, refrigerator, a sink and perhaps a kitchen cabinet. I prefer a well-arranged, well-lighted pantry. The kitchen, above all rooms, should be well lighted and ventilated for the escape of steam and odors. A good, even, hardwood floor is hard to improve on, though some use the linoleum even over this. A painted wall is best for the kitchen, and this should be made fresh each year.

The bath-room can be made a model for sanitation and cleanliness. Tiled walls and floor are easy to clean, while a porcelain tub and bowl, likewise, are easily cleaned. The just pride of a particular housewife shows itself in all bath-room accessories, together with plenty of towels and wash clothes. If the bath-room contains the shower bath too, all the better, but this can scarcely be expected in the average flat.

The hall, which is the first place to be entered, comes in for consideration last, as it happens. It does not need a great deal of furnishing. A runner of good carpet, body Brussels, Wilton, or any other preferred, the length of the hall, and the floor question is settled. The hall rack and hall seat are often built in where space permits. In addition a small table and chair may prove needful.

Always it must be borne in mind that circumstances alter cases, and that every flat or house must have its individual treatment.



# New Stews for the Fireless Cooker

By Josephine Page Wright

**E**XTREMELY hot weather always brings its perplexities to the housewife who is conscientious about planning wisely the meals for each day. To keep the house or, at least, the kitchen like a furnace all day, while an exhausted cook bakes and brews, is of course out of the question. But neither is it desirable to yield to the temptation to serve cold meals hap-hazard from ice-box and store-room to table. As a matter of fact warm and carefully cooked food is more important during the periods of trying heat than at some other seasons of the year.

Many have solved the problem by having the cooking for the entire day done early in the morning. Dinner is prepared at breakfast time and a cold luncheon served in the middle of the day. This is an excellent plan for those who do not object to having their food reheated. For those who do there is always the fireless cooker.

A good stew, properly cooked and daintily served, is a dinner in itself and, with a light dessert added, should satisfy all demands in hot weather. It may be prepared before the heat of the day, stored in the fireless cooker, and brought steaming to the table at the evening dinner hour. We may safely borrow from the peasantry of other countries the recipes of food which they prepared in their "hay-boxes" years before we had ever heard of a fireless cooker.

## Irish Stew

2 lbs. mutton	1 turnip
1 carrot	2 cups sliced potatoes (raw)
1 onion	Salt and pepper
1 stick celery	

Cut mutton into small cubes and sauté in a frying pan. Slice carrot, onion, celery and turnip. Put meat, vegetables and seasoning into kettle and fill with

water. Boil for twenty minutes and remove at once to cooker. At dinner-time add thickening and serve.

## Chili Con Carne

2 lbs. beef	2 tomatoes
2 tablespoonfuls suet	Salt and garlic
1 tablespoonful chili powder	1 pint Mexican bayo beans

Cut the beef into inch cubes. Chop suet and toss into frying pan. Season the beef and brown it in the suet. Remove it to kettle and add water, tomatoes and chili powder. Boil for thirty minutes and cook all day in the cooker. Serve with beans. Soak the beans over night. Put them into the kettle in the morning and boil for twenty minutes before placing in the cooker. The double compartment kettle should be used in preparing the chili con carne. Too much water should be avoided in the stew, and the beans are more tempting if cooked by themselves.

The recipe given is the dish as the Mexican makes and enjoys it. There are, however, many variations. Rice may be substituted for the beans. When this is done, the single compartment kettle may be used and the rice cooked with the meat. Macaroni is sometimes used by those who prefer it to the frijoles.

## Okra Stew

1 lb. beef	2 large tomatoes
1 onion	1 quart tender okra
1 sweet pepper	1 cup rice
	Butter and salt

Put butter into the kettle and in it fry beef and onions, cut into small pieces. Cut up the okra very fine and add to the meat with the pepper and tomatoes. Fill the kettle with water and bring to a boil. Add the cup of rice and boil fifteen minutes before removing to cooker.

## English Boiled Dinner

3 lbs lean beef	6 large potatoes
1 small head cauliflower	2 carrots
5 onions	2 turnips

The boiled dinner is not new, but is growing in favor as it appears or rather re-appears in new form. The largest cooker-kettle must be used for this dish and much depends upon how it is put together and served. Choose lean solid meat and, after washing it carefully, put it into the kettle with a little suet and brown. Tie the cauliflower in a thin white cloth, to preserve its shape and color. Wash and peel the vegetables, add water to the meat and let it boil twenty minutes before the vegetables are added. Then boil ten minutes longer and remove to cooker. At dinner-time serve meat on a large platter garnished with fresh parsley. The carrots, onions and turnips may be arranged on the same platter and the gravy, thickened, poured around them. The potatoes and cauliflower may be served in vegetable dishes. In this way the "messy" appearance of the boiled dinner, which has done much to bring it into disfavor, may be avoided. If the cooker-vessel is large enough, all the vegetables may be cooked whole.

## Vegetarian Dinner

2 tablespoonfuls butter	2 cups turnip cubes (raw)
2 cups potato cubes (raw)	1½ cups hot water
1 onion	2 cups sweet corn
	Pepper and salt

Sauté potato and turnip in butter. Add the onion (chopped fine), water, corn and seasoning. Bring to a boil and remove to cooker.

## Chicken with Peppers

1 chicken	2 tomatoes
¼ cup butter	½ cup rice
1 onion	Salt and bay leaf
2 sweet peppers	

Cut the chicken as you would to fry it. Brown it in the butter. Add the onion, chopped fine, the peppers and tomatoes. Put into the kettle and cover with water. Boil for ten minutes and

add the rice. Boil ten minutes longer, add the seasoning and remove to the cooker. Whole potatoes, washed and pared, may be added if desired.

An excellent dinner may be made from a bone-end of a ham and split peas.

## Ham and Peas

1 pint split peas	1 bone-end of a ham
6 small new potatoes	Paprika

Clean peas, cover with water and allow to soak over night. In the morning drain and cover with fresh water. Wash and trim the meat. Wash and peel the potatoes. Put ham, peas and water into the kettle and boil for twenty minutes. Add potatoes and cook for ten minutes before removing to cooker.

## Sheep's Heart Stew

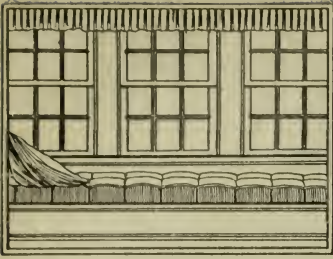
2 sheep's hearts	2 cups sliced potatoes
2 slices bacon	1 cup sliced carrot
1 onion	Pepper and salt

Split and wash the hearts. Chop the onion and cook it with the bacon for ten minutes. Brown the hearts in the bacon fat. Remove to the kettle, cover with water and add vegetables and seasoning. Boil very gently for fifteen minutes and remove to cooker. Thicken the gravy with flour before serving.

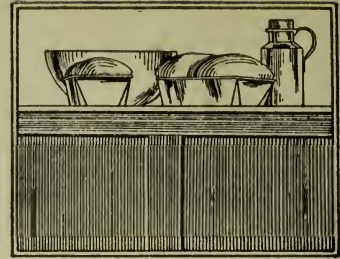
## Fish Chowder

2 lbs. fish	1 small onion
2 ounces fat pork	1 cup potato cubes
½ cup thick cream	1 tablespoonful flour
1 pint water	Salt and pepper

Clean and skin the fish. Tear the flesh from the bones and cut it into small pieces. Pour the water over the fish bones and cook for ten minutes. Put the pork into a frying pan and cook out the fat. Cut the cooked pork into small pieces and put into the kettle. Brown the minced onions in the pork fat. Strain the boiling water from the fish bones and pour it into the frying pan. Stir until the sediment is mixed with the water, then pour it into the kettle. Add the fish and potato to the mixture in the kettle and bring to a boil. Boil for fifteen minutes and remove to the cooker. Add the cream (heated).



## HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### A Cuban Dessert

**I**F you want something out of the ordinary in the way of a dessert, try *leche condensada* (condensed milk).

Take any brand of condensed milk (not evaporated) and place the cans unopened in a kettle of boiling water. Boil seven hours continuously, turning the cans over once at least during that time. As this will keep indefinitely in the cans when boiled, you can boil as many cans as you want at one time and keep it on hand for an emergency dessert. It can be served with orange juice or plain.

A. M. G.

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### A Refreshing Beverage

**T**EA, in itself, is not injurious to the health, it is in the making or the brewing of it that the mischief lies. As a remedy for a tired headache, tea has no equal, as it washes out and prepares the stomach for the next meal. On the arrival of visitors to country houses, there is a genial custom of sending up a cup of tea with a plate of thin bread and butter to their room to refresh and prepare them for the coming meal. To eat a hearty meal when fatigued is a sure cause of indigestion.

A cup of tea taken in the early morning, for one in failing health, will sometimes enable him to get a little more sleep and perhaps to eat a better breakfast. Dr. Andrew Clarke, a celebrated doctor in his time, advised a lady, whose mother was in declining health and in-

variably had sleepless nights, to give her at five o'clock in the morning, a cup of tea with a slice of bread and butter. She did so with the result that the invalid would fall asleep and lose all feeling of exhaustion when she again awoke.

The quality of the tea is a matter of importance, also of taste, for there are those who like nothing but green tea. Black tea is considered the most wholesome, but where green is liked it may be used in the proportion of two ounces of green to one pound of black. China teas are the best, as they contain less tannin.

Oolong, coming from the island of Formosa, is a tea of mild flavor and moderate price, but Orange Pekoe is the ideal tea. The Chinese call this by a name meaning superior perfume. The word Pekoe means white hair and is applied to the young leaves, owing to the fact that they are covered with a fine, white down. So distinguished a personage as one of the Chinese Emperors has laid down instructions for the proper infusion of this excellent tea. You are to take, he says, clear spring water and heat to the point that would turn a cray fish red. You pour this on the leaves and forthwith drink it. Stewing and the use of the cosy are unknown in those regions.

"How long do you boil your tea"? This question was once put to me by a lady from New England. To boil tea is to bring out the tannin, which has a hardening effect on the liver. Let the water be fresh-boiled, not that that has



been boiling a long time. It is a good plan to keep a small tea-kettle especially for this purpose. The water should boil hard for two minutes and then be poured on the tea, which should stand for five minutes.

John Wesley was a strong opponent of the habit of tea-drinking, yet his followers were famous for their tea-meetings. I have many pleasant recollections of a Wesleyan tea-meeting and the amusement it afforded me to see one of the members who would drink tea as long as he could get a lady to pour it. Dr. Samuel Johnson called himself a shameless and hardened tea-drinker, who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning.

I. A. G.

\* \* \*

### Cream Potato Salad

2 eggs beaten very light	2 teaspoonfuls salt,
4 tablespoonfuls vinegar	mustard and paprika mixture
Butter, size of a walnut	$\frac{1}{2}$ jar cream, whipped

**T**O make a mixture, that can be kept on hand, mix three teaspoonfuls of salt, one of mustard and one of paprika.

For potato salad use parsley and onion.

To make dressing, heat vinegar in double boiler and pour slowly on beaten eggs, stirring all the time. Put back in double boiler and cook until thick, stirring all the time. When done add butter and two teaspoonfuls of the seasoning. When cold beat in one-half jar of cream, whipped. Add dressing in a large bowl and add potato cubes until well covered with dressing.

This is enough to serve eight persons.

R.

\* \* \*

May 6th,

Editor Cooking-School Magazine

**O**N page 792, May number, I request for Rhubarb Jelly.

I, too, have not made Rhubarb

but once I was given some that was excellent. The lady who made it told me that the secret of making Rhubarb Jelly was to gather the plant late in the summer. She said that in the spring the mixture would not "jell," but that late in the season it could be made successfully in the same manner as apple or thin jelly.

F. J. W.

\* \* \*

**A** Very attractive accompaniment for the salad course was seen at a formal dinner. A small ring mould had been filled with cream cheese; when this was hard enough to hold, it had been turned out and the centre had been filled with Bar-le-Duc, the whole being set on white lettuce leaves. It was pretty and extraordinarily good.

Every one has seen a round cake on a big piece of paper, but the novelty to have it on a round cake.

the cities, it is a pity to throw away even a spoonful. Sweet milk that has turned sour is much richer in butter fat than the buttermilk bought from dairies. Keep a jar in the refrigerator, and pour into it all left-over milk or cream. It will keep a week or longer in a cool place. When you have a cupful, try one of these recipes. Either sour milk or buttermilk can be used.

### Muffins

2 eggs	2 tablespoonfuls
1 cup sour milk	melted shortening
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
Flour to make batter	1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder

Beat the eggs until light; add butter and salt, stir soda into the milk until it foams, then add to eggs. Mix baking powder with flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in well-greased pans for about twenty minutes.

Try these on

orning  
of

hot oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

### Doughnuts

2 eggs	Flour
2 tablespoonfuls	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
melted butter	1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoonful baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda
Pinch of salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful ground cinnamon

Beat the eggs until light; add sugar and beat again; add butter, salt and cinnamon, and pour into flour that has been mixed with the baking powder. Stir soda into the sour milk. Work slowly into the other mixture with a fork or fingers until it is a soft dough. Roll about half an inch thick, cut into rings and fry in deep boiling fat; drain on napkin or soft cloth that will absorb the grease, and while still hot, roll in granulated sugar. This will make from fifty to sixty doughnuts.

### Corn Bread

2 eggs	2 heaping cups corn meal
1 tablespoonful	2 cups sour milk
melted butter	1 teaspoonful baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt	
1 tablespoonful sugar	

Beat the eggs with sugar; add butter and salt; sift baking powder with corn meal, stir soda into milk, and stir all together. It should be a thin batter. Bake in a well-greased pan in a moderately hot oven about thirty minutes. This corn bread is especially good with cabbage, green beans, spinach, or other green vegetables.

### Cookies

2 eggs	1 cup sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	1 cup sour milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda
Pinch of salt	Flour to make a soft dough

Beat the butter to a cream; add sugar and beat again. Beat the eggs and add butter and sugar; sift baking powder into flour, pour butter-mixture into flour, stir soda into sour milk, and work it evenly with the fingers into a soft dough. Roll out, cut with small cutter and bake in a moderately hot oven until brown. These cookies will keep soft longer than those made with sweet milk.



## QUERIES & ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Beylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2196.—"Recipe for Chicken Mousse to serve hot."

### Hot Chicken Mousse

- |   |                                  |
|---|----------------------------------|
| 1 cup chicken breast<br>(scraped to a pulp) | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful pepper |
| 2 egg-whites                                | 2 egg-whites, beaten<br>firm     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold sauce                | 1 cup cream, beaten<br>firm      |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt              |                                  |

FOR the sauce, use one level tablespoonful, each, of butter and flour, a few grains of salt and pepper, and half a cup of either chicken broth or milk; let cool before using. Pound the chicken-pulp in a wooden bowl with a pestle; add the first two whites of eggs, unbeaten, one at a time, and pound smooth; add the cold sauce and again pound until smooth; set a gravy strainer into part of a double boiler and through it press the chicken mixture; add the seasoning and fold in the whites and cream gently, but thoroughly; there must be no patches of beaten egg or cream, but all must be blended together thoroughly. Turn into one large mold or eight or more individual molds. Set on several folds of cloth or paper in a baking dish; surround with boiling water and let cook until firm in the center. It will take from twenty minutes to one hour. The water must not boil during the cooking. Let the molds stand a few minutes after baking, that the mixture may shrink a little from the molds. Unmold on a hot dish. Serve with Bechamel sauce poured over or around.

### Bechamel Sauce

- |                            |                                  |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 3 tablespoonfuls<br>butter | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful salt   |
| 3 tablespoonfuls<br>flour  | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper |
|                            | 1 cup chicken broth              |
|                            | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream          |

QUERY 2197.—"How may a Crown Roast of Lamb be garnished and what should be served with it?"

### Garnish for Crown Roast of Lamb

The center of a Crown Roast of Lamb may be filled with green peas, Saratoga potatoes, braised and browned potato balls, braised chestnuts, very small braised onions or well-seasoned flageolet (green, French beans). Paper frills are drawn over the ends of the rib bones. Around the roast on the platter may be set green peppers stuffed with chestnut purée, or with rice and creamed onions, or with creamed mushrooms or any of the other mixtures used for stuffing vegetables. Mint sauce or jelly on baked bananas, with currant jelly or sultana sauce, are often served with roast lamb. A new mint sauce is made by beating about one-fourth a cup of chopped mint into a tumbler of currant jelly.

QUERY 2198.—"When I fry 'Birds' Nests' (in the 'double wire fryer') I cut potatoes about like matches and lay them crosswise in the large one, press the smaller wire fryer down and fry in deep fat or oil; but when I take them out the pieces drop apart, and no 'nest' is formed, why? And what shall I do to prevent it?"

### Potato Nests

In making "potato nests" the shreds



of potato must be pressed very closely together, and there must be a considerable body of shreds throughout the whole space intended for shreds. The basket of shreds must be cooked quite a long time, until all are thoroughly cooked and browned. Usually one is more successful with nests large enough to serve three people than with the individual nests.

QUERY 2199.—"Recipe for Squabs en Casserole."

### Squabs en Casserole

Truss four cleaned squabs in the same manner as a chicken is trussed for roasting. Roll in flour and sauté in hot fat, turning as needed until well-browned on all sides. Dispose in a casserole; add a cup of rich chicken or veal broth, salt and pepper as needed and let cook about twenty minutes, or until nearly done. Parboil one cup of potato balls—cut with French cutter—and let brown in the fat where the squabs were browned; parboil, also, four mild onions, and let brown with the potatoes; cook the onions at least an hour before browning, the potatoes only ten minutes; peel eight mushroom caps; brown these in the fat, then add all to the squabs and let cook about twenty minutes or until tender. Have ready a bunch of hot asparagus tips (tender portion only); add this to the casserole with four tablespoonfuls of sherry or Madeira. Serve in the casserole.

QUERY 2200.—"Menu for 'Bride-Elect Luncheon,' in pink, white and green or yellow."

### Luncheon for Bride and Friends

#### I. (Pink)

Strawberries, French Fashion  
Fish Mousse, Radish-and-Parsley Border  
Drawn Butter Sauce  
Cucumber-and-Radish Salad  
French Dressing (tinted with Chili Sauce)  
Salad Rolls  
Breaded Sweetbreads, Fried, Green Peas  
Lettuce with Pink Cherries, French Dressing  
Raspberry Mousse  
Baby Baltimore Cakes  
Coffee

#### II. (White and Green)

Chicken Soup, beaten egg-whites with  
chopped pistachio nuts above  
Lobster or Fresh Fish Cutlets,  
Sauce Tartare  
Potato Diamonds with Peas  
Cucumbers, French Dressing, sprinkled with  
chopped Parsley or Olives  
Squabs en Casserole with Flageolet and  
slices of Artichoke Bottoms  
Parker House Rolls  
Pistachio Ice Cream in Cups  
Whipped Cream above  
Mints or Candied Mint Leaves  
Coffee

#### III. (Yellow)

Consommé Royal or  
with slices of Egg  
Fish Timbales, yellow Bechamel Sauce  
Peas with carrot straws  
Broiled Medallions of Beef Tenderloin,  
Bernaise Sauce  
Garden Cress, and Mustard, French Dressing  
Orange Sherbet  
Lady Fingers  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream

QUERY 2201.—"Recipe for Blueberry Pie made of canned blueberries with one crust and a meringue."

### Blueberry Pie with Meringue

2 egg-yolks	1 cup sugar, scant
1 tablespoonful lemon juice	2 tablespoonfuls flour
2 cups canned berries (scant)	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt

Beat the yolks; stir in the lemon juice and berries. Sift together the sugar, flour and salt and stir into the blueberry mixture. Turn into a plate lined with pastry as for a custard pie. Bake about twenty-five minutes or until the mixture is "set." When cooled a little, spread a meringue over the top and return to the oven to cook the meringue. The time of cooking will depend on the thickness of the meringue. With two whites of eggs, cook about ten minutes. To make the meringue, beat the whites dry, then beat in as many rounding tablespoonfuls of sugar as there were whites of eggs.

QUERY 2202.—"Russian Salad Dressing made with Roquefort cheese."

### Russian Salad Dressing with Roquefort Cheese

Beat about one-fourth a cup of Roquefort cheese to a smooth creamy mass; beat in one-fourth a teaspoonful,



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Then *try* it. First fry potatoes, and note the wholesome potato flavor. You may never have known the *potato* flavor before because the taste of the fat you have been using has predominated. Crisco allows the true flavor of the food to assert itself.

Next make some biscuits. See how light they are. Break one open and you will be delighted with its appetizing odor. This is a severe test for a shortening.

Next make a white cake and learn how delicate and rich your cake will be without butter and with few eggs. Below is an excellent and very economical recipe taken from the Crisco cook book.

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### Hurry Up Cake

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful sugar               | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful lemon extract |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls flour             | 2 whites of eggs                        |
| 4 tablespoonfuls Crisco                  | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt          |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful almond extract | 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder            |
| Milk                                     |   |

(Use level measurements)

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar into bowl. Put whites of eggs into measuring cup, add Crisco, and fill cup with milk. Add to dry mixture with extracts and beat vigorously six minutes. Pour into small Criscoed and floured cake tin and bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes. Cake may be frosted if liked. Sufficient for one small cake.

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each, of salt and paprika, one-fourth a cup of chili sauce, one teaspoonful, each, of chopped pimentos and green peppers, then gradually beat the mixture into a cup of mayonnaise or French dressing.

QUERY 2203.—“Kindly give information concerning cooking in high altitudes, also recipes.”

## Suggestions for Cooking at High Altitudes

By a Colorado Housekeeper

1. Longer boiling is necessary on account of the lower degree at which water boils; the time varies according to the altitude, the higher the altitude the lower the degree of boiling.

2. Less shortening is required. Any of the recipes for cakes, cookies, baba, etc., given in *American Cookery*, can be used successfully by simply cutting down the quantity of butter and sugar one-fourth.

3. The quantity of baking powder and the number of eggs I do not change, and the finished products are invariably commended.

4. Syrups for sherberts, candies, etc., require longer boiling; and in candy-making, when the mixture is boiled enough, the thermometer does not register as high as at sea level. Syrup for icing and fondant is at the soft ball stage, when the thermometer registers from 218° F. to 222° F.

5. In making “Choice Caramels” (as in *Cooking for Two*) I boil to 230° F. upward, according to stiffness desired in the caramels and the season of the year.

6. Distilled water boils at 204° F. Hydrant water at 205° F.

7. The syrup for fruit punch, as given on page 58 in *Practical Cooking and Serving*, which reaches, at sea level, a density of 35° after twenty minutes' boiling, requires thirty-three minutes' boiling. The time is varied somewhat according to the depth of the syrup in the pan, as the evaporation depends on the amount of surface exposed as well as the pressure of the atmosphere.

8. Syrup for sherberts, page 614 *Practical Cooking and Serving*, which calls for twenty minutes' boiling in this altitude; or

9. One pint of sugar and one quart of water, boiled gently thirty-three minutes, produces a generous cup and a half of syrup of a density of 35°.

## High Altitude Sponge Cake

5 eggs	1 teaspoonful
1½ cups pastry flour	(slightly round-
1 cup sugar	ing) baking pow-
4 tablespoonfuls	der
water	½ lemon, juice and
	grated rind

Beat the yolks; add the sugar, water, three-fourths of the flour, the lemon juice and rind. Beat thoroughly; add the baking powder and the rest of the flour and fold in lightly; fold in the whites, beaten dry, and pour into an unbuttered cake-pan with tube. Bake from an hour to an hour and a half.

## High Altitude Sunshine Cake

1 whole egg	1 cup flour
10 egg yolks	1 level teaspoonful
1 cup granulated	baking powder
sugar	Lemon and vanilla
3 tablespoonfuls	extract
boiling water	

Beat the eggs all together very light; beat the sugar into the eggs, gradually, using the egg beater; add the boiling water, then add the flour and baking powder. Pour into a dry, cold pan, long and narrow in shape.

## Angel Cakelets

½ cup flour	5 egg whites
½ cup sugar	½ teaspoonful vanilla
½ teaspoonful cream	extract
of tartar	

Sift the flour and sugar five times before measuring, then sift again together with the cream-of-tartar; fold in the whites, beaten dry, and the extract; drop from a spoon on buttered paper and bake from ten to twelve minutes in a slow oven.

## Sponge Drops

3 eggs	¼ teaspoonful vanilla
½ teaspoonful salt	½ cup cake flour
½ cup sugar	

Beat yolks until thick and creamy; add sugar and continue beating; add the



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salt to the whites and beat until dry; fold in the whites and the flour; drop the mixture gently from the tip of a spoon on an unbuttered tin sheet; sprinkle with pulverized sugar and bake in a cool oven about eight minutes. Put together in pairs with jelly or preserves between.

### Cooking Meat in Liquid

Before cooking meats in liquid (boiling, en casserole, etc.), sear over the outside either in a hot oven or in the frying pan; the time required for this will depend upon the degree of heat applied, but it takes longer than at sea level and it also seems to be more necessary than at sea level, when the final cooking is to be conducted with moisture.

QUERY 2204.—“What may be substituted for molasses in recipes calling for molasses, as Boston Brown Bread?” “Recipe for Beaten Biscuit.”

### Substitute for Molasses

Dark brown sugar is the nearest substitute for molasses with which we are acquainted.

### Southern Beaten Biscuit

With the tips of the fingers work a teaspoonful of butter into a pint of flour, then mix with milk or water to a very firm dough. Beat the dough with a mallet about twenty minutes or run it through a biscuit brake until it is beautifully smooth and velvety. Cut into rounds, prick with a fork (some cutters prick the dough as it is cut into rounds); bake about half an hour in a moderate oven. These biscuit will sometimes split evenly and the texture is similar to that of crackers. Some cooks prefer to mix the biscuit with buttermilk into which one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda has been stirred.

QUERY 2205.—“Recipe for Sour Cream Salad Dressing.”

### Sour Cream Salad Dressing

To one cup of thickened and slightly sour cream add one-fourth a teaspoon-

ful, each, of salt, paprika and mustard, and, if not sufficiently acid, one tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, then, using an egg-beater, beat until thick and light.

QUERY 2206.—“Recipe for Sour-Cream Biscuits.”

### Sour Cream Biscuits

Sift together two cups of pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Work in two tablespoonfuls of shortening; stir a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda into three-fourths a cup of thick sour cream and continue to stir until the mixture foams, then use in mixing the dry ingredients to a dough. All of the milk may not be needed. Turn the dough upon a floured board then knead slightly, pat and roll into a sheet, cut into rounds and bake in a quick oven.

QUERY 2207.—“Recipe for a broiled-and-stuffed Porter-house Steak.”

### Broiled and Stuffed Porter House Steak

Have a porter-house steak an inch and a half in thickness; shorten or entirely remove the flank end, wipe the steak carefully with a damp cloth, and broil in a hot, well-oiled broiler, six minutes, turning each ten seconds for the first minute. Set the steak on a dish suitable for the oven; have ready about one pint of carefully washed-and-cleaned oysters or the equivalent of fresh mushroom caps, nicely peeled; spread the steak with butter, then cover completely with the oysters, or the mushrooms; sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and add a bit of butter to each mushroom cap or oyster. Set on the upper grate of a hot oven and let cook until the oysters look plump, with the edges ruffled, or the mushrooms are cooked through. The same result can be secured by broiling the oysters and steak, separately, and serving the oysters above the steak; the mushroom caps may be broiled or cooked in the oven and transferred to the steak. Onions, sliced and





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sautéd in hot fat, are also used above a broiled steak.

QUERY 2208.—“How is Thousand Island Salad Dressing mixed, and with what kinds of salad is it used?”

### Mixing of Thousand Island Salad Dressing

As we understand the matter, the recipe to which you refer is Russian salad dressing. The following is, we suppose, the formula for the dressing called Thousand Island: Put into a small glass fruit jar half a cup of olive oil, the juice of half a lemon, and half an orange, a teaspoonful of grated onion pulp, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, one teaspoonful, of Worcestershire sauce, one-fourth a teaspoonful of mustard and three sprigs of parsley, chopped fine; put on a rubber and the cover and shake vigorously until well-mixed and creamy, then pour at once over the salad ingredients. This is suitable for tomatoes, asparagus, peas, beans, spinach, lettuce, endive, &c.

### Russian Salad Dressing

1 cup of mayonnaise dressing	1 teaspoonful of taragon vinegar
1 teaspoonful of pimientos, chopped fine	$\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of paprika
1 teaspoonful of green peppers, chopped fine	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of salt
	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of olive oil
	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of chili sauce

Prepare the mayonnaise in the usual manner, then to a cup of the dressing, gradually beat in an extra half-cup of oil, then the chili sauce, seasonings, vinegar and fine-chopped vegetables.

QUERY 2209.—“Recipe for a Lemon Cake that is like down to the tongue.”

### Lemon Queens

$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of butter	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour
1 cup of sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ a teaspoonful of soda
4 egg-yolks	4 egg-whites
Grated rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon	Boiled Frosting

Mix the cake in the usual manner. The ingredients are enumerated in order of use. Bake in small tins. When cold cover with boiled frosting flavored with lemon.

QUERY 2210.—“How may ham fat be utilized in cooking?”

### Use of Ham Fat

Set the fat over the fire with a little milk or cold water, about half a cup to a quart of fat, and let cook, slowly, until the liquid has evaporated, then strain. This may be used in frying or sautéing potatoes, fish, calf's liver, in making brown sauce, basting roast meat or in the preparation of any dish in which a slight flavor of ham is not objectionable.

QUERY 2211.—“When is the best time to can Rhubarb and what is the best method?”

### Canning Rhubarb

Probably rhubarb is at its best just before the plant flowers. If the stalks are young and tender, do not remove the peel; fill sterilized jars with long stalks, they should come up to the narrowing of the jar, adjust rubbers, fill the jars to overflow with cold water from the faucet, make the covers tight and store in a dark place.

QUERY 2212.—“Recipes for Rhubarb Conserve.”

### Rhubarb Conserve

3 pints of rhubarb in bits	2 oranges, grated, rind and juice
8 cups of sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of water
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. raisins, seeded	1 cup blanched almonds, sliced

Cook all the ingredients save the nuts twenty minutes; add the almonds, let boil five minutes, then store as canned fruit.

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Squash Muffins  
(Baking powder)  
Peach Sherbet  
Almond Cake  
Coffee

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(24 Guests)

Scalloped Oysters  
French Pickle in Lemon Cups  
Parker House Rolls  
Mayonnaise of Tomatoes, Sliced Eggs and Shredded Peppers  
Lemon (sherbet) and Banana (parfait) Bombe Glacé  
Macaroons  
Coffee

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(8 Covers)

Oyster Soup, New Pickles  
Veal Cutlets, Pojarski, Tomato Sauce  
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style  
Corn Custard  
Lettuce and Celery, French Dressing  
Sliced Peaches, Sugar Cream  
Coffee

## Refreshments for Evening Card Party

(24 Guests)

Creamed Chicken and Celery in Swedish Timbale Cases  
Lettuce with Ham Mousseline, French Dressing  
Rye Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
Pineapple and Pear Sherbet  
(Canned fruit pressed through sieve)  
Little Pound Cakes  
Fruit Punch



YE OLDE FERNCROFT INN



# American Cookery

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No. 3

## The Inn of the Olden Time

By Mary Harrod Northend

WE had always been city people—so much so that everyone used to laugh at our “pavement love,” as they called it. They would ask us out to see their new homes in the country, show us over the house and garden, and then insinuatingly remark that there was “a nice little plot of land down the road for sale.” We knew! They were lonely and wanted neighbors! We always looked around and spied the reason why.

Town was good enough for us—trolleys and theatres and drug-stores and restaurants. All of these made up the sum of the good things that our souls craved.

Then, one day, I wandered into an auction room and got interested in a sale of old pepper pots and porringers and flip-glasses and Tobys. From that day I can trace the utter change that came over our lives. First we, Jim and I, got tremendously keen on adding to a rapidly increasing collection of these quaint little relics of a by-gone century. And with our collection our hunger for more specimens and more knowledge grew apace. When we felt that we had scoured every old shop in town and had bought all we could afford, we still hungered for the things we read about as being found by adventuring collectors in out of the way places. Thus were our naturally home-staying thoughts turned into new roads.

On Saturdays we used to go off on trolley trips into the deepest country



ROAD TO THE INN

we could find and then branch off from the end of the line into the wilds to discover some old farmhouse, perhaps where one or two odd pieces of china or glass or old pewter were to be found. But the territory that was to be reached in this way was soon exhausted, and our “finds” had been so few that we had been saving money. Then came the great inspiration—we bought a cheap little two-passenger car and discovered America—the parts of it we hadn’t known before. Oh, the joy of getting out into the open—of finding new roads of which we had never heard, of spending long happy holidays exploring the country and ending up by chance somewhere for supper and a welcome bed in some charmingly quaint old inn! Thus we formed the Inn-habit, and much we learned of the history of the old inns that used to be everywhere through the eastern part of the country and which the rise of the automobile has revived to a new life.



THE SIGN

For the city-bound family there can be no better possession than the small automobile—that is, in case they cannot afford a big one. As the years passed and Jim's salary was increased most pleasantly, we graduated from our two-passenger to a five and then a seven. And this enlargement of our resources opened up the chance to take friends with us. Many a delightful inn we discovered; many a good night's rest we enjoyed under low ceilings, in old-fashioned surroundings; and many—oh, very many, lessons we learned about the old-time furnishings of these inns.

But many of the inns are new, and on one trip we had found only such; our search for the antique had been unrewarded.

We were on our way to the White Mountains. There were six of us in the car, and much heterogeneous luggage. As we left Boston we were determined to get as far as Portsmouth, to sleep in the good hotel there as we had on other trips. But the gasoline gave out and we stopped for more, and there—at the first aid depot—we heard of an old inn out on the Box-

ford Road. It was not on the turnpike, we were told, but a little to one side, situated up on a high hill. We left the main road, as our local guide had directed, and whizzed up a long hill. Sure enough, there was the inn, a long rambling, low building, picturesque and interesting even at a distance. A swinging sign hung from a rustic post was the first intimation, for the low roof of the building was hidden away behind the shoulder of the hill and the stone wall. The architecture was quite out of the ordinary and defied description. Its low roof, its open cross-beams, which caused the two six-foot members of the party to duck their heads, were amusing, as was the whole air of the room. The stable at the rear was big and roomy, with ample space for our car. At the back was a kitchen, like a long ell, which joined house and stable.

As we sat on the veranda before an open air log fire, for the September late afternoon was crisp and cool, looking out across to the hills on the horizon, we could well imagine the days when this inn was a busy stopping-place for the farm teams laden with produce and later for the old stage-coach, which passed near enough on its way from Boston to Portsmouth to stop over here for dinner or for the night.

Inside we found the tap-room as of old, but no longer used for the serving of liquor. The wide entry, with its quaint surroundings, was hung with a wall-paper quite Shakespearean in effect. The big fire-place in the dining-room showed a blazing log as we came in to try to entice the old inn-keeper into conversation. It didn't take much enticing, for, like most of his ilk, he was disposed to be quite chatty about the old times of which he cherished memories and traditions.

"This house isn't the original inn," he said; "the house was first built, my father used to tell me, exactly like Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford-on-

Avon. It burned down one sad day and when the new house was built it was made somewhat like the old one, but additions have changed it. The main road used to pass near here then, and lots of custom came to the house. I cannot remember those days when the stage coach used to come here with its loads of passengers, many of them distinguished men; but father and mother used to tell me of the great people who had slept here in the old times.

"In those days Salem was a great place, lots of wealth and property there; and the teams would come through and stop here carrying loads of handsome furniture, foreign fruits and other things that the big ships brought to Salem from other countries. Night after night there would be a merry party of travelers night-bound, and many a dance in the old tap-room, with the darkey fiddler, Old Black Joe, playing jigs for the company. People really danced in those days—jigs and Virginia reels—and many a pretty pigeon-wing did the merchants and even the

smocked farmers cut in their jolly moods.

"Do you see that glass in the door? Well, that was to watch through, for it wasn't safe in those days to let people in, sometimes, unless you knew something about them. There were pirates then! Oh, yes, there were!

"Father cut that motto on the fireplace and we've always left it just as he did it. This old fire-frame shows the age of the building, for, you know, fire-frames came in just after the fireplace and were for the Franklin stoves. This is hardly a frame, really, but it answers the purpose just as well. That chair is a Martha Washington Sheraton that Grandmother always sat in, for she was an innkeeper herself— You've heard, I suppose, that women sometimes were the innkeepers in those days, and they say they sometimes did the job better than the men. My grandmother was one of those.

"'Chippendale,' ma said, was the name of these other chairs—'Chippendale slat-back'—she called them. I see



LOUNGING ROOM



you looking at that china closet. I had those doors made with glass and those crossed slats, so I could see that things were all right in there and be sure to know if anything was stolen. You see, we like to keep our old mugs and glasses and pitchers—there's none too many left in the country nowadays."

"Supper's about ready—maybe you'd like to go upstairs and prink a bit," he suggested, and we accepted the sensible advice.

In the chambers above, the sloping roof made it necessary to place the four-post bedsteads in the center of each room. Electric bells and some few things in the way of modern conveniences had been added as a concession to the motorist's ideas of comfort, but the air of quaintness could not be killed even by the buzz of a bell or the nice little maid who answered its call.

In the old dining-room with its simple wooden chairs we ate one of the best chicken dinners I ever tasted, and then sauntered out to engage the old man in conversation again, for we could see that he was a character we would rarely find.

He told us that when his grandmother had kept the inn there was an old-

fashioned tap-room where the entrance now is, but that temperance laws changed all that.

"In those days, say about 1720," he added, "you could get two kinds of flip. One was the West India kind that was sold at twenty pence the glass, and the other was made of New England rum and was only twelve pence. Ginger, nutmeg, and dried lemon peel were grated and mixed and rubbed fine in a mortar. The ale was put on the fire to warm and three or four eggs were beaten up with four ounces of sugar, a teaspoonful of the grated spices and a quarter gill of rum or brandy. When the ale was near boiling it was put in one pitcher and the other things in another, then it was all mixed and turned from one pitcher to the other till it was smooth as cream. The flip stick by this time was red-hot in the coals and when the flip was ready it was plunged in to heat it.

"In those days," went on our loquacious host, "dinner was only twenty cents and you could eat all you wanted. Supper and breakfast were only fifteen cents for the best there was to be had, and twelve cents for lodging. They used to charge fourpence extra for a



LIVING ROOM

feather-bed so high that you had to climb up steps to get in. Nowadays," he added, with a sly chuckle, "the raise in prices makes us charge a bit more."

"Do you see those worn places in the boards? Those came from the dancing," and we seemed to hear the dancing, shuffling feet of the travelers of long ago. The old inn seemed peopled with the dim shadows of those stage-coach comers.

"Ordination Day was a grand time with the people of those days," the inn-keeper said. "The inn was as popular as the meetinghouse then, perhaps more so. Ma used to mull what she called 'Ordination Beer' and ginger-beer, too. In the evenings, she said, the walls and rafters would ring and the floor shake with the merriment of Virginia Reel and Fisher's Hornpipe, while the minister sat and looked on and enjoyed it all as much as any of them.

"But what really brought the crowd was when a merchant man brought a turtle and had a feast here. Ever tasted turtle?" he asked, and when we allowed we had, he said, "But not as they cooked it in those days — no, sir, that was a feast you can't get to-day."

Out in the stable loft we found the remains of an old stage-coach — the last one used between Boston and Portsmouth, and this discovery opened up more reminiscences for us.

"Yes, the stage-coach was a grand thing for the inns, even more so than these automobiles. You see, in those days there wasn't any newspapers of any account and all the country people used to come in to the inn to hear the news that the passing of the coach brought. We had a stable full of changes of horses, then.

In some of these old inns we found beautiful old furniture — pieces that had

been handed down from many generations of inn-keepers; and we found that the early tavern keepers were often of the gentry. The old tables, settles, chairs and low-boys were well worth studying. Even more interesting to us, however, were flip glasses, the queer old Tobys, the Liverpool pitchers, pewter mugs and jugs for ale. On one we found the inscription:

"Dear Tom, this brown jug,  
Which now foams with brown ale,  
Out of which I drink to sweet Nora of the  
Vale."

"Customers came and I did trust them,  
So I lost my money and my custom;  
And to lose both it grieves me sore,  
So I am resolved to trust no more."

Some inns have the old lustre ware mugs and some have jugs of Bristol glass with their pretty colored pictures. The tables at which the guests sat to drink were usually of oak, with turned legs. They were big enough for four guests to sit at comfortably, and drawn up near the fire they were very cozy for a little chat over the affairs of the country. Where the farmers used to sit and gossip and the stage drivers would snap their whips before the fire as they told tales of the road over their flip glasses; now there are trim entry-halls and quiet offices where one registers.

But few of the old inns remain now, though many charming new ones are coming up to take their places. In the modern ones along the well-traveled roads one finds all the comforts — but not the old-time atmosphere that is so delightful. It is only once in a while we discover that, in our excursions afield. But we always keep on hoping and searching and in the search lies almost as much pleasure as in the few great "finds" like the one I have described.



# Cupid in Venison Stew

*A True Little Tale with Only the Name of the Heroine Changed*

By Ladd Plumley

SHE is an ancient *grande dame* now. And last year and the year before, and for many years, she has made the European trip that she made on her honeymoon, stopping at the same hotels and ending with Egypt and the pyramids.

Let us change her silvered hair to lustrous brown, and the spectacled eyes to the brightest and merriest of orbs, and let us try to imagine how Kathlyne looked in a long ago.

Irish girls are about the sweetest of girls. And the Emerald Isle can show beauty of a kind that is hardly to be found anywhere. Kathlyne had a figure as trim as a young larch, eyes the hue of the gentian, and cheeks that were of a pink not known to color boxes. Her mother died when she was a little girl, and her father, a north of Ireland clergyman, came to his sudden death by a fall from a horse. After his death, the furniture and books were sold and the proceeds represented all of the young girl's patrimony.

Everybody in Ireland was talking of the ease with which gold could be picked up in the new world. So the adventurous girl, quite alone, sailed to the city of New York.

The only gold poor Kathlyne saw in the city of her Eldorado was in the Broadway jewelry stores of the fashionable shopping districts below Union Square. The square itself of that time was an open meadow where children picked their posies.

The young Irish girl found a boarding place in the Greenwich Village section of the city and began a search for work. She had received only a meagre education, but she had expected to obtain a position as a teacher. When, however, she came before the school

board of the time, her dear Irish brogue counted against her and she gave up that hope. Then, there were no great stores in those days, the employment of girl clerks was unknown, and she soon found that there was nothing open for her.

The bills and "shin-plasters" in her knitted purse dwindled and dwindled. The landlady, with the intuition of most landladies, began to show her stiffest manner and a frowning face. The girl's clothing was getting shabby and her shoes down at the heel. But her brave Irish spirit did not fail her. Before the ebb of the purse had reached the danger limit she had made her decision. She would go west. Everybody was talking of the wonderful opportunities across the Alleghanys.

The "west" then meant Pittsburgh and a strange beyond. Chicago was a bustling young town, and from St. Louis the adventurer stepped westward among buffaloes and Indians.

Kathlyne found the journey arduous and primitive, alternating on strips of railroad, on stage coaches, and in river boats. But she was befriended by a little woman who was going with her children to join her husband in some distant uncertainty beyond Cincinnati. And in a little river hotel in that town, then a shipping place of low houses, the Irish girl was taken ill. No wonder. The steamboat trip on the Ohio had been made at a time when the floods were subsiding and malarial fogs hung thick in the valley.

At Cincinnati the companion of the journey found a letter from her husband asking her to hasten. So the sick girl was left behind in a small room in the little hostelry. But the hotel-keeper's wife was a kind woman and Kathlyne



was better off than if she had been taken sick in the New York boarding-house. For weeks "none-break fever," as it was called, almost made her wish that she could die. The ancient dame of the present day throws out her hands, her diamonds flashing, as she tells of her illness.

"My dearie, such torments! Shake? I made my poor cot so rickety that I was afraid it would collapse in the night. Oh, that diabolical illness!"

Then, when she was well enough to leave her room, the roses of her cheeks had faded, and the knitted purse was empty. But the Irish spirit was unconquerable. And the merry eyes were as merry as ever. And, if she could have known, something else was unchanged. And in that something lay the road to fortune and of a measure that few know. For Kathlyne was a born cook; that strange artist who will tell you with a condescending smile, "How many spoonfuls of flour? Really I don't know—I follow my instinct. Cooking is that way with me. I can never manage a printed receipt."

Exclaimed the hotel-keeper's wife one day: "The last kitchen help has gone and done it! Girls out here marry as easily as an Ohio boat hits snags. What in Jehoshaphat I'm to do worries me to the very innards!"

The Irish girl scorned to live on charity, and the purse was very empty. So she became the cook of the hotel. And before many weeks had passed the word went forth, up and down the river, that lips smacked in the dingy dining-room of the "Ocean House." Why "ocean" is hard at this late date to comprehend, but that was the name of the house of Kathlyne's culinary triumphs.

In time the fame of the hotel's cookery reached even the jumping-off plank, St. Louis; and many a traveler hastened his pony-racked muscles to linger on his way eastward amid the meat dumplings, stews, and apple tarts of the Ocean House.

The returning pilgrims from the "diggings" of California brought with them heavy pockets, and spent their gold as easily as some of them had gained it. One of these was a man of fifty, prematurely grey and wrinkled of face, yet of a rugged and almost giant frame, and humorous dancing black eyes. The other guests of the Ocean House gossiped that the gods of chance had been over-generous to Hiram Farway. He was talked about and envied as today a Carnegie or a Rockefeller is talked about and envied.

On his second evening at the long table in the dining-room of the hotel, Farway laid down his fork with a sigh.

"Ambrosia of the gods!" he exclaimed to the table in general. Yet he had partaken only of a generous portion of venison stew. "A man who can cook like that ought to be the chef of Louis Bonaparte himself!"

He rattled the money in his pocket and stretched his great body upward.

"You, nigger, take me to the kitchen. The cook is going to have his hand yellowed!"

The darkey grinned.

"Massa, she ain't no man. She ain't even no woman. She's jes' a gal!"

"Stop your palavering and take me to the kitchen," commanded Farway. "They said in St. Louis that the Ocean House had a man cook."

"You done heard of Massa O'Brien," replied the negro. "Miss Kathlyne kin cook lik' 'er angel—what she shorely is. She done teachd Massa O'Brien!"

Kathlyne had finished her labors for the day. When Farway entered, she was standing at the door of the kitchen looking out over the river.

"This 'ere gentl'man, Miss Kathlyne, says as how he shorely must mak' th' acquaintance of th' man cook," giggled the darkey.

Farway faced the young Irish girl. The roses had come back to her face by this time and her eyes held the witchery that they hold even to the present day.

The hand that had intended to bestow largesses was hastily pulled from the pocket, and with the most courteous of old-fashioned obeisances the lover of vension stew made his compliments. He added, "Will you please let me make my appearance more presentable and allow me to call on you in the ladies' parlor to-morrow at three?"

Farway had been educated at a college in the state of Maine, and at the second interview with Kathlyne he learned of her history and of the ambition of her heart. This ambition was that she desired, what so many girls always desire, to obtain as good an education as can be had.

Before very long Farway made a proposal to the cook of the Ocean House.

The ancient grand lady delights in giving this proposal in his words:

"I'm not a young fellow. And very likely by the time that you decide to marry you will have found one more suitable in age and in other respects than myself. However, the Ocean House must lose its wonderful cook. And you, young woman, will go back to New York and at once. There, I am acquainted with a lady who will take you in charge. You will enter the Spingler Institute—our finest school. If you are so minded, you will continue in the school for the next four or five years. I shall frequently write to you and sometimes shall come to see you. If you should happen to find the fortunate young man, I only humbly ask that I may be allowed to act the part of a god-father at your wedding. But if no such youth has turned up, when you graduate I shall make a formal proposal for your hand. If you decide to refuse me, well and good. I expect you to follow the promptings of your heart. And if you refuse there will be little difficulty in obtaining for you a position as a teacher, suited to one who has had the advantages of the best school in America."

"I would have done a very foolish

thing, dearie, if I had refused so generous an offer," says the old lady. "I entered the fine old school that fall and lived there for the full of the time necessary for my graduation.

"Every month's end brought a great box of sweets, or a splendid bunch of roses; and, sometimes, I used to find a pretty bit of jewelry entangled in the flowers. And letters, in a great bear's paw of a hand, came with every week. It would have been a strange girl, dearie, who could have resisted that sort of courting."

It is a simple little love tale of the early sixties of the last century, and it is mingled with the business history of the middle west. For Farway settled in the city of Chicago and opened a banking concern, which developed into one of the great institutions of that date.

Two or three times a year the banker came on to New York, and the former cook of the Ocean House took dinners with him and the lady who acted as the girl's chaperon. There were boxes at the grand opera in the old opera-house on Fourteenth Street, and many other gala proceedings dear to the heart of youth and beauty.

The evening after Kathlyne graduated, there followed a wedding at Grace Church and a reception in the hotel.

All the girls of the Spingler Institute were invited to the reception, and all of the graduating class had great bunches of flowers, with a string of gold beads around the stems, and special coaches were sent for them to their houses or to the school building.

And so this little tale gets back in its roundabout manner to the ancient *grande dame* who annually takes the tour of Europe in memory of her husband. And little do those who meet her in London, Paris, or at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, know that the stately old lady, who travels with a retinue of attendants, once cooked in an Ohio river hotel for steamboat pilots and a riffraff of frontier guests.

# A Wedgwood Teapot

By Mary W. Eccles

A MIDDLE-AGED gentleman, of pleasing countenance and gentle mien, astride a chestnut mare, came riding through the streets of a Staffordshire town, in the year of our Lord 1760.

It was a day in the month of perfect days; but the landscape did not match the weather in this extremely dingy, work-a-day village of Burslem. Past door-yards, unkempt, and back-yards strewn with debris, the stranger rode, until turning a corner he spied a flower-garden, all abloom, and hastened toward it as to an oasis in this veritable desert of ugliness.

Clumps of bachelor-buttons, poppies and marigolds grew just inside the hedge, while beds of pansies, sweet-williams, forget-me-nots and lovely, old-fashioned, fragrant pinks, added their touch to the riot of color through which one must walk to reach the little ivy-draped cottage in the rear.

Coming close to the garden he sees a young man, somewhat lame, busily weeding the flower-beds.

"My friend, I perceive that you alone are the patron of beauty in Burslem."

The young man straightened his bent shoulders and smiling replied, "The soil is poorly adapted to flower culture, unless you are willing to help it along quite a little. Most of the Burslemites think the 'game not worth the candle'."

"But you?" queried the stranger.

"Oh! I call it my Inspiration Garden," laughed the weeder. "You see, I need it. My posies give me ideas and are often my models in my real business which, as you may guess, is at the potteries. Some day, whimsically, these posies may bring me to honor."

But noting his questioner's prepossessing appearance, "Pardon these personalities, and may I inquire whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"John Wesley, at your service. I am one of the Lord's itinerating servants and am sent hither and yon with the message. This is my first visit to Burslem, and I should like to hold some meetings here."

"Ah, sir, I have heard of you and it greatly delights me to offer you the hospitality of Ivy House."

So began the life-long friendship of the Reverend John Wesley and Josiah Wedgwood, the potter.

During Wesley's stay in Burslem, the two were often seen walking about the potteries, talking often, no doubt, of higher things than the vessels of clay that the young genius was fashioning; for is it not recorded that John Wesley said of his young friend: "His soul is very near to God."

But Wedgwood's art was a source of great interest to the then unlaureled divine.

"Of all your beautiful designs and graceful models," said he, "this little tea-pot pleases me most."

"Ah!" replied Josiah, "you like that?"

It was of blue and white ware in a checked design.

"That design," said Wedgwood, with a gleam in his eye, "I copied from the blue gown of the sweetest little girl in the world."

"Ah, ha! We have a little romance here, so?"

Josiah would commit himself no further at that time; but four years later, after meeting the heavy financial requirements of a stern father-in-law, he brought to a new home, known as Brick House, his beautiful, clever, and amiable bride, and here they frequently entertained the Reverend John Wesley.

"Sarah," the young husband said one day, "I want to give Mr. Wesley a gift the next time he comes. What would you suggest?"



"He seems very fond of tea, Josiah, and very few people have teapots as yet, that beverage being a luxury with us, you know. Why not give him a pot for his cup of cheer?"

"Just the thing, Sallie! And I have the picture of that teapot in my mind's eye this minute."

Before long, John Wesley was the recipient of a specially designed blue and white checked teapot.\*

On one side, surrounded by a wreath of flowers, a reminder of Josiah's garden, was printed this blessing—

'Be present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere ador'd,  
These creatures bless and grant that we  
May Feast in Paradise with Thee.'

On the other side was the "return thanks", which Wesley had borrowed from the Moravians —

'We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But more because of Jesus's blood.  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of Life sent down from Heaven.'

Above the spout was painted a rose, for England, a thistle, to represent Scotland, and the Irish shamrock. On the spout the three were grouped together to represent the United Kingdom.

We like to think that the great father of Methodism often, thereafter, on his journeyings up and down the land, was revived in spirit and body by the friendly gift and its cheering contents.

Shortly before his marriage, Josiah Wedgwood had, by virtue of his "posies," come to honor; for one day, to the Ivy House Potteries, came a royal messenger from Her Majesty, Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, bearing a letter wherein she commanded that from thenceforth Wedgwood should

sign himself, "Potter to Her Majesty."

Sometime previously, Wedgwood had presented a candle and breakfast set, of his cream ware, to the Queen's eldest child, which so pleased the mother that she ordered a full set of the dishes for herself.

These Wedgwood decorated with flowers, "tinted from nature," and named Queen's-ware; hence the command to be known as Royalty's potter.

"And Josiah is worthy of it all," said Mrs. Wedgwood, in a conversation with Mr. Wesley.

"He has never patented but one design or model because, as he says, it pleases me better to see thousands made happy and following in the same career, than it would to follow an exclusive employment."

"Yes, he is proving a benefactor, both materially and morally, to Burslem. True to the instinct of the artist, his love of the beautiful is becoming contagious and is showing forth in a neat and respectable community."

"Oh! Have you noticed that, Mr. Wesley?"

"Indeed, yes! Will I ever forget the rain of bricks that greeted my first efforts here, Mrs. Wedgwood? And now, when I come, all is order and quietness. More than my preaching it has been my good friend's earnest practising that has wrought the change and has made the name 'Burslem potter', once synonymous with drunken riotousness, respected and honored throughout the land. I have always known that his soul was near to God," he added reverently.

\*A facsimile of this tea-pot is the property of the Methodist House at the Chautauqua Assembly, Chautauqua, N. Y.

## Dreams

What would you do if you hadn't a dream  
Shining beyond like a star?  
What would you do were it not for the gleam,  
The brightness, the sweetness, the joy of that dream  
Which beckons and guides from afar?

For your dreams are the wealth of your spirit,  
The goal,  
The ideal you long to attain.  
The radiant vision that gladdens your soul,  
The hope that illumines the years as they roll,  
And robs them of sorrow and pain.

CHRISTINE KERR DAVIS.

# The Last Bone in the Cupboard

By Mabel S. Merrill

**O**F course we all ought to wish that Lily Taylor will get it, because she's so poor that she will have to leave school altogether next year if she doesn't," began Rosabel Winn, sitting on the bed in Jean Hunter's room.

"Well, I'm not going to pretend that I wish anything of the sort," announced Cherry Pease bluntly. "Sylvia Clancy is the queen of our hearts and we're not a bit to blame for wanting her to have all the good things there are going. Besides, Lil Taylor is so insufferably peacocky over her success in domestic science it would do her more good to have the conceit taken out of her than to get that fat salary."

"Don't be a little vixen, Cherry, dear," Rosabel spoke in that superior tone especially disliked by the pugnacious little sophomore. "Sylvia doesn't need the salary that goes with the position, and she will remain queen of our hearts whether she is at the head of the domestic science department or not. Anyway, our wishes won't help nor hinder. It lies between those two and they'll have to fight it out."

"I don't care!" muttered Cherry rebelliously. "I'm going to hope Sylvia will win. If Lil gets it, she'll make us eat her French messes all next year and pretend to like them. We shall be dragged at the wheels of her domestic science chariot till we shan't know good old-fashioned victuals by sight."

"She'll leave off the flourishes when she gets the feeding of the whole school on her hands. She's quite capable of managing the department. As for victuals of the ordinary sort, my dears, you shall have some during the next two days. I'm glad my turn comes first before your taste is spoiled with novelties." And Rosabel contentedly enveloped herself in an immense bib apron as

she started for the dormitory kitchen.

The domestic science teacher at the Weymouth School for young ladies had resigned unexpectedly at the beginning of the spring vacation, and Miss Sinclair, the principal of the school, had determined to fill her place with one of the advanced pupils in the domestic science course. There were six of them to choose from, and as a final test of fitness the principal had hit upon the plan of letting each one of the six run the house for two of the twelve days of vacation. Two days' supplies of staple articles were to be given out to each one, together with a fixed amount of credit at the grocery store, out of which must come the meat, fresh vegetables and butter required from day to day. Nine persons would remain at the dormitory during vacation and the new housekeepers must provide for any guests who might come during that time.

"Guests are always a possibility, so any housekeeping scheme must allow for them," Miss Sinclair observed. "But no girl will be permitted on any condition to exceed her two days credit at the store, and no one must use more than the supplies in her own cupboard—that is, unless one of the other girls is able and willing to lend her a trifle out of her own stock. Now I shall leave you entirely to yourselves. I don't want to know anything that goes on in the kitchen for the next twelve days. Bridget and Katy are at your disposal, of course, but you girls are wholly responsible."

Rosabel Winn was in charge of the house for the first two days, and acquitted herself fairly well, though she used up her allowance of sugar the first day, and the other three meals were somewhat lacking in sweetness.

"Lucky if I don't do anything worse than that," sighed Cherry as she put on

the big apron for her two days trial. "Nobody expects me to be a star, that's one comfort. It's Lil and Sylvia that will have the eyes of all Europe on them when it comes their turn."

Cherry got through her two days in happy-go-lucky fashion, and Jean Hunter and Caroline Marks did very well, though Jean's second dinner lacked soup, and there was a dreadful sameness about Caroline's last meals, because she had been too lavish with her material for the first ones.

"Well, nobody starved at any rate," she commented throwing away her apron with a long breath of relief. "But I hope the other two girls will be warned by the fact that the rest of us hadn't a teaspoonful of supplies left in our cupboard when we got through. Lily Taylor is pretty sure to begin too big, and if she does the queen of our hearts may win after all."

The first three meals that Lily served made her "famous in a night," so Cherry Pease declared. But on the morning of the second day Rosabel, going to the kitchen for a bit of ironing, found the temporary head of the house staring into her cupboard as if it had been the closet containing the traditional skeleton.

"Rosabel!" began Lily rather sheepishly, "did any of you girls have a bit of sugar left over?"

"Not a grain. It just seemed to evaporate," confessed Rosabel. "It worried me to think of all you must have used in that cranberry flummery yesterday. You didn't need it, either, Lil, after that lovely pudding."

"I wanted a nice dinner for Mrs. Sheldon-Sinclair. I know she has everything elegant at home and—and I think Miss Sinclair invited her to come just then because"—

"Because she thought that you'd outdo the rest of us," finished Rosabel. "Well, you did, Lil, but I'm afraid you've got to pay for it. Your cupboard looks as bare as Mother Hubbard's. What else are you out of?"

"The flour is almost gone," admitted Lily nervously. "But the worst is the butter, Rosabel! I've only a pinch left, all that cake-making and the steak for dinner took such a lot. I don't know what on earth to do. It wouldn't be so bad if only there wasn't a trustee coming to lunch and dinner."

"My stars, Lil, you *are* in a scrape! I wish I could do something for you, but there isn't a thing. Why, you poor child!"

Rosabel's face was full of dismay as the would-be head of the domestic science department crumpled down on the empty sugar box and burst into tears.

"I—I wouldn't mind starving a trustee!" sobbed Lily, "but you—you know, it will lose me the position, and I did want it so much."

Rosabel tried in vain to comfort the discouraged housekeeper, and at last she went back to Cherry's room to consult with the other five girls as to whether anything could be done to help Lily. The final verdict was that help was impossible and that the star of the domestic science course would have to take the consequences of her own recklessness. Nobody noticed that Sylvia Clancy slipped out in the midst of the chatter and did not come back.

"I guess this competition has accomplished one good thing," snapped Cherry Pease. "It has taken the gas out of Lil Taylor's balloon. She's going to come down headfirst in a heap of wreckage."

Sylvia's absence was hardly noticed for once, and nobody thought to ask where she had gone. The other four girls filed out to luncheon in some uneasiness. It was an awkward time for a famine, as Cherry observed. Nobody wanted a breakdown in the housekeeping while the domestic science pupils were in charge.

To everybody's surprise, however, the luncheon was good and the dinner such a success that Miss Sinclair warmly complimented Lily on her two days' work.

"The balloon will be filling up again



at this rate," muttered Cherry. "How on earth do you suppose she managed it with her cupboard as bare as you said?"

Nobody could answer this question, but on the second morning of what Cherry called the reign of the queen of their hearts the mystery was solved.

"Girls!" Cherry burst into Rosabel's room where Jean and Caroline were making an early call. "I've found out all about it. Sylvia went and gave half her sugar to Lily that day just to help her out of the scrape. And then she gave her flour and all sorts of things, right out of her own supplies that were stacked up in her cupboard ready for her to begin on when her own turn came. But of course butter was the worst puzzle for Lil, because that has to be bought out of the credit at the store and she hadn't any credit left. But the queen of hearts had all of hers untouched, so what does she do but buy in advance double her allowance of butter and give half of it to Lil. Of course, in order to do that, Sylvia had to cut herself down on meat or vegetables, so she hasn't got a thing for dinner today but a great soup bone. She's all out of sugar, and flour is scant, and who do you suppose is coming to dinner—Dr. Carroll, the revered and aristocratic founder of this school! Sylvia didn't find it out till this minute, or she would have known better than to give away everything down to the last bone in the cupboard."

"I'm not so sure she wouldn't have done it just the same if she had known," cried Rosabel warmly. "Don't you see, Lil's getting the position depended upon her not making a fizzle of it her last day, and Sylvia knew it, so she was just determined not to let her fail. Miss Sinclair will think Sylvia a failure and Lily will get the place."

"She shan't have the place." Excitable Cherry sprang to her feet indignantly. "Anyway, Sylvia shan't be disgraced before Dr. Carroll, and made to look like a fool! Somebody has got to

tell Miss Sinclair how it was. Oh, yes, I know what you think of a telltale, but I don't care. It isn't *right* to keep it from Miss Sinclair, because anyone that can't manage better than Lily Taylor did those last three meals isn't fit to take charge of the house next year."

"Do be quiet, Cherry," coaxed Rosabel. "You'll stir up a real fuss if you don't take care. You know as well as I do that Lily is fit for the position. She won't make any more mistakes like those the other day. She was only trying to show off."

"That's just what makes me so mad," retorted Cherry. "Girls, are we going to let our queen of hearts be disgraced and laughed at because she can't feed a founder after giving away all she had in charity except one bone? She'll shoulder the whole blame of the failure and never say a word to explain to Miss Sinclair how there happened to be no dinner. Don't you see that something has got to be done?"

There was a lively discussion for a moment (bystanders might have called it a wrangle), but it did not end in Cherry's appealing to the principal. Instead the four girls—Lily was spending the day out—went to the kitchen to offer such help and advice as Sylvia could be induced to accept.

That evening Rosabel and Cherry headed the little procession of girls to the dining-room. Miss Sinclair and the distinguished guest were leading the way and impatient Cherry was trying not to tread on the great man's heels, when Lily Taylor came hurrying after them.

"Rosabel—Cherry, wait a minute!" she implored in a whisper. "Oh, when did he come?"—pointing at the doctor's vanishing back. "I've been away all day and didn't know till this minute. And—and there isn't a thing for dinner—not a thing!—unless Sylvia told Miss Sinclair and asked her to help."

"Oh, you needn't worry about that," retorted Cherry scornfully. "The queen of our hearts wouldn't do such a trick.

It would have been giving you away entirely because Miss Sinclair would have made her explain all about lending you everything in her cupboard. Sylvia never gives anybody away; she'd rather suffer herself." And the relentless sophomore pulled her partner by main force into the dining-room in spite of Rosabel's evident desire to say a word of comfort to Lily.

The table they gathered around was a surprise even to the girls who had been helping the queen of their hearts all the afternoon. It was charmingly adorned with flowers and Sylvia beamed at them from her place as if she had not a care in the world.

The dinner began with soup so delicately flavored and seasoned that an accomplished cook might have been proud of it. The soup of course had been provided by that solitary bone Cherry had so feelingly described. There was no meat; the double allowance of butter ordered beforehand to help Lily out of her trouble had used up all the credit at the store. But there was nut-loaf beautifully garnished, and potato croquettes that were really a masterpiece. Dessert was only sweet-apple sauce—whole quarters cooked to amber clearness with the last remnant of sugar scraped out of the box—and twisted molasses doughnuts, fresh and crisp. There had not been flour enough for bread or rolls, so Sylvia had made popovers which she said were "mostly air" but would pass.

Miss Sinclair was plainly dismayed, at first, by the extreme simplicity of the meal set before such an honored guest, but her face lightened at his evident enjoyment of everything from soup to doughnuts.

"It's all right," whispered Rosabel consolingly to Lily. "Sylvia's cooking has saved the day. It isn't a dinner to be ashamed of. That girl could get up a banquet out of dried peas and salt codfish. She did it all herself—she wouldn't trust a thing to Katy or Bridget—and we stood by and helped her."

"Only a genius could have made all this out of the last bone in the cupboard," observed Cherry to Jean across the table.

Dr. Carroll had heard all about the pupils in domestic science being in charge of the house, and he looked up with an interested twinkle.

"Sounds almost as if there had been a famine in the kitchen," he remarked to his hostess.

There was sudden inquiry in the look Miss Sinclair turned upon the girls, and for a moment Rosabel feared that Cherry's speech would lead to an investigation that might undo the effect of Sylvia's friendly sacrifice. But Cherry herself rose to the occasion.

"Oh, that's only a school parable, Dr. Carroll," she explained blandly. "You see the last bone in the cupboard was the bone of contention, and the queen of our hearts made it into soup!"

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## Religion of Laughter

It is better laughing than crying,  
 However the world go by!  
 Though the laughing be only lying,  
 It is better laughing than crying;  
 So laugh—it is well worth trying—  
 Though a teardrop burn in the eye!  
 It is better laughing than crying,  
 However the world go by!

If life with the bitter be brimmed,  
 It still may shine in the sun,  
 In the heart the heavens be limned!  
 If life with the bitter be brimmed,  
 Oh, then should sparkle, undimmed,  
 Brave mirth that to sweetness can run!  
 If life with the bitter be brimmed,  
 It still may shine in the sun!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

# Guests of Monsieur and Madame

By Martha O. Howes

WE had been to Paris several times, sister Anne and I, in the conventional American way, stopping at hotels full to the brim with tourists, also American for the most part, where the table d'hôte was precisely like a thousand others, and the conversation savored insistently of French lingerie.

But this time, with adventure in our hearts, we were ascending in a tiny cage, built for two, to the sixth floor of a big, commercial-looking granite building in the heart of the city, in response to an invitation to visit, yes, actually visit, the family of Mlle. Morin, teacher of languages in our home town. There was the name on a shining brass plate as we stepped out on the tiny landing of the spiral staircase, and behind the door lay all the mysteries of a French flat, all the delightful intimacies of the French family we had longed to know. The bell summoned a white-aproned Marie, closely followed by Mme. Ernestine, gushing a voluble and bewildering language, who kissed us twice on both cheeks and held our hands as she chattered a welcome, readily responded to by Sister Anne, who has an amazing zest for languages, but utterly unintelligible to me, who in spite of frequent wanderings through France have acquired but a single sentence, "*voulez vous apporter de l'eau chaude*", the article of stern necessity. A very white and very woolly little dog, looking as if he belonged on the shelf of a toy-shop, accorded us a welcome nothing short of Madame's in its vociferous quality, and when from a distance a harsh, strident call of "Maman", Maman", augmented the clamor, we were glad that neither of us suffered from nerves. Through double glass doors which led into the salon, we could look beyond to a narrow outer balcony, where, upon his perch, sat a

magnificent blue and green parrot, with a long, sweeping tail. So desirous was he of joining in the excitement, that his shrieks became deafening, whereupon Madame rushed to him, cuffed and slapped him, and scolding shrilly carried him away to the regions of the kitchen. We thought of our American societies for the suppression of noise, and drew a breath of relief in the moment's pause before back ran Madame to conduct us to our chamber, a large apartment next the salon on the front of the building. Long windows opened onto the balcony and down below flowed the busy life of Paris—the perpetual honk of the taxi-cab, darting hither and thither, day and night, in bewildering repetition,—the soft pad of horses' hoofs on the asphalt as the never-failing *fiacre* rolled along,—the cries of vendors and the ceaseless throng of people—one had but to step out and lean upon the iron rail to feel the throb of the big city.

But our first impression was not of Paris, nor of anything save the all-pervading crimson hue which compassed us. The huge double bed was literally buried under a crimson satin cover, stretching from head to foot, the chairs, including two large ones, were covered in crimson damask, and a brocaded velvet table cover of the same tone overflowed upon the floor. A football enthusiast, after a Harvard victory, might have slept happily 'mid these surroundings, the only other extenuating circumstances were ours, a desire for "atmosphere" and its gratification. "Let us pray that it will not be hot", murmured Sister Anne, as she prepared for dinner with the aid of a red-bordered towel, "no one could live in this room on a hot day". And fortunately, though it was July, it was not hot.

It was nearly eight o'clock, when Madame summoned us to dinner, and



we passed through the decorated glass doors of the salon, where we were greeted by Monsieur Morin, a fine-looking gentleman with a white moustache and imperial, and very elaborate and courteous manners. He had at his command at least a dozen English words, with which he carried on an amusing, if fragmentary, conversation with me upon our introduction. Having no use for hot water, I was confined to the language of the eyes, aided by a smile here and a bow there, but although such intercourse may be agreeable enough, an expression of infinite relief and pleasure lighted his face at the sound of Sister Anne's fluent and perfect French. In the salon was more crimson damask, upon which the white and fluffy Pierrot posed effectively. A piano about which were grouped several palms, which wilted not nor withered, occupied one corner, a glass cabinet of bric-a-brac, several small ornate tables and family portraits, went to make up what we would call at home a simply impossible room, but which we found afforded Madame Ernestine supreme satisfaction. This room opened with long, curtained windows upon the balcony, as did also the adjoining Salle-a-manger, a small room completely filled by a dining table and a heavy walnut sideboard. The particular glory of this room was a silver centrepiece, which alternated between these two articles of furniture, decorating the table at meals, and the sideboard between meals; four cupids on tip-toe, supported above their heads a heavy salver filled usually with seasonable fruits. "Pure coin," said Madame, in an impressive undertone, "presented long ago to Monsieur in recognition of bravery."

The dinner was excellent, and after a long sojourn in hotels, refreshing in its simplicity and abundance. There was soup, containing bread and grated cheese, chicken and string beans, which contained some magic, for they were unlike any string beans produced in America, a salad, and big, ripe raspberries,

combined with cream cheese. The electric bell connecting with the kitchen, depended from a hanging lamp above the table by a cord, and was of ornamental china. Madame sat with this almost constantly in her hand, and every few minutes Marie came running from the kitchen and there ensued lively conversation between mistress and maid. It was evident that silent service was not a requirement of French households. Several times during that first dinner I was certain that Marie had been summarily discharged, only to be reassured by Sister Anne that Madame was but directing that the vegetables be kept hot or that the salts be refilled. Monsieur was so delighted with Sister Ann's fluent French that he quite forgot me after he had poured the wine, and Madame struggled with my entertainment; placing a finger on my dress and my rings, saying "pretty," and laughing immoderately at her English all the time. Then she would suddenly remember her responsibilities, Marie would be summoned by an energetic push of the button, and volleys of rapid French would pour forth, Pierrot often joining from behind the salon door, with Coco, the parrot, screaming just outside the window. It was a lively meal, even for a listener like me.

After dinner we went to the salon, where Sister Anne and I sat on a fiery davenport and listened to gay French songs by Madame at the piano under the palms, and Monsieur walked up and down outside the windows, smoking his pipe above the heads of Paris. Madame bade us "bonne nuit" again and yet again, flying in to see if we were comfortable, with sidelong and interested looks at our unpacking. We gladly submitted our American clothes to her eager scrutiny, and compared prices with avidity. She offered to go shopping with us and expressed great disdain for the places recommended by our ship-mates. Future experience proved that she had the French woman's instinct for trade, for we got more for our money under

her guidance from little shops round the corner than ever we had done before. We rested undisturbed, though through the open windows Paris might be heard, keeping it up until the small hours. Only a short space intervenes between the pleasure lover's retreat and the breadwinner's advance.

At eight came Marie with our tray, a pot of steaming hot chocolate, and crisp, warm, crusty rolls and butter. There was nothing for it but to breakfast off the brocaded velvet cloth, so we spread down our serviettes and had a good leisurely time in negligée and slippers over the letters which were sent in on the tray.

About ten, Madame announced herself ready for the business of our entertainment. She rapped on our door and showed herself gowned for the street in a modish black silk, feather boa, spotted veil and white gloves, to which our own light-colored dresses and panama hats presented quite a contrast. We persuaded her to walk along the Boulevards, where everything was of interest to us, instead of stepping at once into a taxi, as she was accustomed, and we made slow progress, so many and dazzling was the display of gems and baubles, particularly designed for the female of the species. Madame kept us darting across the street, from one point of interest to another; with unerring skill she plunged into the sea of traffic which surges up and down the Boulevards all day long, at least one of us trembling and panic-stricken, but meekly following. Lifting my scant skirt with both hands and sending anxious glances in as many directions as possible, with palpitating heart, I would scud terrified along, the whole vista of madly moving vehicles thundering down upon me. Motors by the hundreds, huge motor 'buses, ponderous horse-drawn 'buses, swift multitudinous taxis, all driven by creatures blind to the sacredness of human life. "The streets are made for us", they cry, and puny mortals, especially Americans, beware. My thoughts returned to the

land of the free, and that mighty man, the Fifth Avenue policeman, who has but to lift a finger, and fair dames pass happily on, careless and unafraid. Alas for French chivalry, it is not picked up in the streets. What can be more restful after many stormy crossings than to sink contented, safe at last, into the ever waiting taxi, and become ourselves one of the heartless destroyers. This is what we invariably did, sooner or later, three on a seat, getting the most for our money. It was great fun driving in the thick of the crowd, careless of where you went, content to keep on indefinitely, if it were not for the peace-destroying metre, jumping up the francs before your very eyes. On these expeditions among the boulevards, we lunched at Patisseries, for we could never get enough of the fascinating little cakes displayed in such places. The windows rivaled the jewelers' and indeed they were gems of the culinary art. The sophisticated enter the shop, smile at the buxom madame in the cashier's cage, pick up a plate and a fork, always at hand for the purpose, and begin a distracting tour of the windows. The choice between a green-frosted heart, with raisin filling, and a pyramid of fluff adorned with raspberries, involved painful indecision. *We* were all for *art*, but Madame usually selected a miniature plum pudding soaked in rum, and the brioche of national fame. With our spoils we would return to a tiny round table, order a pot of tea or chocolate, and devour our creations to the minutest crumb. A waitress, trusting to our honor, would inquire how many we had eaten, and slipping the change through the bars of Madame's cage, we regretfully closed the door.

There were days when we visited the galleries and sights of Paris as well-conducted Americans must, but we liked best the afternoon rides in the Bois de Boulogne, where we would ride for a long time through the green wood, past tea houses and tiny lakes with merry picnic parties along the shores; winding

in sunlight and shadow along the fine roads and out again onto the Champs Elysee, with its afternoon crowd, and home through the great, open squares.

We dined once or twice at famous Cafes on the Boulevard, Monsieur in evening clothes and tall hat, Madame in low-cut black lace, with artificial flowers and a great deal of powder; for, as she said, "If you are not young, you must pretend to be." Even Sister Anne shrouded her dignity in pink chiffon on these occasions, and I held my head very high under a white feather hat, newly purchased at a famous shop. The food at these places was invariably good; the sole being a great delicacy, served with indescribable sauces, but the service was far from pleasing, and would never be tolerated in America. Sister Anne said to Monsieur that she supposed that French ladies smoked in public without criticism, but he held up horrified hands, shaking his head emphatically as if no denial could be vehement enough. "Not ladies, no, no"! And if I had treasured a hope that a mild adventure of this sort might be carried back to my friends, I straightway buried it and looked demure at once.

On the whole, we preferred dining at Madame's table, for the food was delicious, and we always sat down in anticipation of some surprise. Marie would bring on a big, puffy, golden-brown cheese soufflé, or a huge dish of potatoes fried in olive oil and thin as slivers; whatever it was, it was always a bit better than the last. We were interested to hear that a "honne's" first question, when seeking an engagement is, "Does Madame do her own marketing"? If so, she shrugs her shoulders

and is indifferent to the place; for she looks for substantial commission from dealers, and the larger the order the greater her advantage, an arrangement which goes far toward obviating the objection to large families. A competent cook like Marie can be had for sixty francs a month, provided Madame does not go to market.

Inexorable time at last parted us from the Moriñs, and very early one bright morning we breakfasted sadly for the last time on the brocaded velvet cover. Our trunks and bags were already below, and Monsieur and Madame were bustling about preparing to see us off for Switzerland. The last moment came, Marie cried, Coco screamed, Pierrot barked, and Monsieur and Madame clamored farewells, keeping pace with us down the spiral stairs, as we dropped slowly in the cage. At the curb two taxis were waiting, Monsieur and Sister Anne, with luggage piled about the driver's knees, sped away in one, while Madame and I, with more luggage, and a huge hatbox holding my Paris hat, followed. It was early and we rattled along at a furious pace clear across Paris to the Gare de Lyon, where we arrived in time for an exhausting half hour of farewells, Monsieur standing uncovered on the platform, Madame every now and then climbing into the carriage to kiss first one and then the other twice on each cheek.

As we moved slowly out, at last, leaning from the corridor window, with flying handkerchiefs, I found that I needed mine in this moment of parting with these new friends with whom I had never exchanged a single comprehensive sentence.





# The Resourcefulness of Nina

By Bertha F. Seymour

O H-H-H Dear!" It was my wife, and the accents were those of disappointment, changing to those of vexation, and when I looked over her shoulder at the "sponge" in the bread pan, I didn't need to ask questions. It seemed even smaller than when we bade good-night to it, and clammy! no name for it!

"I must have scalded the yeast," she mourned.

"No doubt of it," I rejoined in disgust; though I didn't know but that you had to, to make bread. "Pretty expensive present for somebody else's pigs. A whole quart of milk besides the flour and yeast, and, and,—" I floundered.

"Especially the yeast." It looked very much like salt water in my wife's eyes, but it was alum and vinegar in her voice. Evidently she did not appreciate the brand of sympathy I was offering her. But the more I thought of it, the more disgusted I felt. The night before I had arrived at our suburban home minus the yeast cake and had been informed, pointedly, that the extra milk was ordered and that supper would not be served for half an hour, the time I would need to go to the nearest store to procure it and return. I understood, and rather than put in the half hour listening to a lecture on heedlessness, I went. It was stormy and disagreeably cold, but I'd forgotten yeast cakes before, so there was no help for it. But I wasn't especially good-natured about it, and now!—she had "killed" the plaguey thing and spoiled a batch of bread. Wouldn't any man be disgusted?

"I hadn't said the pigs would get it,—that is, anybody else's."

"Well, we don't keep any pigs," I began.

"No, *we* don't," my wife replied, softly. "But I sometimes think *I* do."

"You are early for the office," for I was making for the door.

"That's all right," I rejoined. "You spoiled the bread and you can eat it. I will not eat one mouthful of it."

It was a rash speech, the child of a quickly roused, quickly subdued temper, and as soon as I had said it I regretted it. I never intend to say "I won't" to the lady of my choice. It makes trouble for me. But my wife smiled as she bade me good-bye.

Arriving at the office with ten minutes to spare, I called up my mother about it. I wanted her advice just as I used to when I'd talked too much to somebody bigger and got my nose punched or been warned to keep shady. She shook her head at me verbally, as I had expected, but appeared to sympathize. "But I've said it and so of course I am not going to, and what I want to know is what I am to do."

Buy a loaf of baker's bread on your way home to-night," she advised. "Don't get another yeast cake, because to-morrow's Sunday," and with a laugh, "Beware of bread puddings," and then the receiver clicked into my "Thank you."

There is only one kind of baker's bread made in the city that Nina will eat, and I had to go considerably out of my way home to get it, but I got it and put it in a conspicuous place. We had the usual brown bread and beans for supper and cottage pudding for dessert. The beans were just right and the brown bread, always good, was especially moist and nice tonight. The cottage pudding was delicious; and not a word of the "ruined hope," as I had nicknamed the spoiled bread for my own personal amusement.

After supper being somewhat remorseful, because I had allowed my hasty temper to add to Nina's troubles,

(Continued on page 238.)

# AMERICAN COOKERY

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OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

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So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.—Rumford.

A visitor to a hotel in a provincial town in England was shown up to his bedroom by the "boots." Wishing to know what the outlook from the window was, he asked, "Does this window face north, south, east, or west?" The reply came quickly: "Neither, sir; it faces the back."

### NEW YET OLD

THOUGH we bear a new name on our cover-page, which bids fair to be helpful from a business point of view, we wish to impress our readers with the fact that the character and policy of this publication has not been changed one jot or tittle. This is strictly and specifically a culinary publication. Everything that pertains to food-stuffs, food values, the simplest and best-approved ways and means of preparing and serving foods is made the subject of special concern to this journal.

Our policy rests on a course of reasoning something like this: Health is of prime importance to any considerable degree of success and happiness in life, and health, uniform and sustained, is vitally dependent on diet. Hence a wide knowledge of food and feeding and its functions is quite essential to wholesome, successful living. The welfare of individuals and races is subject to their food-supply, or the manner in which they are fed.

Plain, wholesome dishes, prudent, economical ways and means in housekeeping, then, are the subjects least neglected in these pages. And, it seems to us, the food question is becoming, daily, of greater and more fundamental significance than ever before. Ruskin says somewhere: "First feed people, then clothe and house people, then please them with art," etc. Notice how feeding is put first in importance. And as time goes by and knowledge comes the problem of proper feeding holds still first place in all matters of economy and government throughout the world.

There are those who would eliminate from the household work, as far as possible, and especially the so-called drudgery of housekeeping. We also believe in labor-saving, and would eliminate from the home all unnecessary work, but, at the same time, we do not desire to take our meals in the household where no attention is given to the work done therein, and little interest is taken

in the details of the housekeeping. Other things being equal, we take it, that is the best home, as well as the most pleasant, in which wholesome and satisfactory meals are served. Household management is no trivial matter; it is fraught with far-reaching results. Here, as in other affairs, nothing can be well done without concentrated thought and effort.

### THE WAR CLOUD

THE terrible conflict now raging in Europe overshadows the whole earth. War shatters so many hopes and ideals; it is a calamity to all mankind. What has become of our boasted Christian civilization? In the mad struggle for dominion, the spirit of common brotherhood and the practice of the golden rule are entirely ignored. What do the Gospels teach, if not peace among mankind? "Blessed are the peacemakers."

To us the present war in no wise seems justifiable. The only war that can be justified is that of self-defence. By instinct people must and will defend their own lives and lawful possessions. Life is dear to every living thing, and, in case of peril, it must be self-guarded. Individuals and nations are slow to learn how to live and let live. And yet no other mode of conduct or procedure can be made to appear just or commendable. What we want, right here and now, on earth is justice,—that right prevail and justice be done alike to great and small, the weak as well as the strong. How far the vision of the ancient prophet of Israel seems from realization! Then they "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

### In Sunshiny Weather

"For he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits."

This quaint observation of Bunyan, interjected into the account of the terri-

ble Giant Despair, does much to enliven the spirits of the sympathetic reader. Christian and Hopeful were in a very sad plight. Doubting Castle was a gloomy stronghold. Its iron gates were heavy; and, as Christian afterward discovered, "the lock went damnably hard." In fact, there seemed no way of escape from the clutches of the surly, old giant. That which first made them pluck up courage was the chance discovery that, grim and big as he was, he was subject to a constitutional weakness. The fact was that Giant Despair had fits.

Now a giant who has fits, however vigilant he may be, cannot make a good jailer. It would be strange if, with their stout hearts and clear heads, they could not outwit their epileptic keeper. "Let us consider," said Hopeful, "that all the law is not with Giant Despair. Who knows but that he may in a short time have another of his fits, and may lose the use of his limbs? and, if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool I did not try to do it before."

The sun which shines on the just and the unjust shone also on Doubting Castle, investing it with a radiance like that of the Delectable Mountains. There were perfect days, now and then, when the sky was so blue and the air so full of life that it was very hard to maintain a consistent gloom. Even giants can't stand everything; there's a limit to their endurance. There was a period of sunshiny weather that was too much for Giant Despair. He felt his strength suddenly failing him, and he fell to the ground in an uncontrollable fit of cheerfulness.

Poor old Giant Despair! What availed his castle and his stout club and all the conveniences for unmitigated despondency? His gloom-producing devices were of the most approved construction. But, alas! there were moments when the hand that controlled them lost its cunning. At such times, in spite of the utmost effort



of his will, he could not take himself quite seriously, and the world did not seem more than half bad. There was danger in these "often infirmities." What if he should catch sight of his own face in a glass, and find his grimaces more amusing than terrifying, and should laugh outright as he discovered what an old humbug he was! Then it would be all up with Giant Despair, and Doubting Castle would vanish instantly.

It was humiliating that, with all his huge bulk, he should be the victim of the "cosmic weather,"—and good weather at that! His philosophy had been the result of much painful ratiocination. He had proved by a variety of syllogisms that this is the worst possible world, and that the chief end of man is to find out how bad it is, and so make himself miserable forever. So long as he stayed indoors, this philosophy seemed unassailable; and, when he went down into the dungeon of Doubting Castle, it seemed the last word of wisdom. Not a fact could he there find to contradict it. But, when he went out into the sunshine, he could hear Nature shrieking with laughter against his creed. A plague on the sunshiny weather!—*Samuel M. Crothers in Christian Register.*

A man walking down the street one day complained to a policeman, being near-sighted, of an ill-looking fellow who persisted in following him. The officer smilingly pointed out to him that it was his own shadow. Carlyle must have been thinking of this incident when he wrote: "There is always a black spot in our sunshine. It is even the shadow of ourselves."

The greatest men of the world have been cheerful, optimistic, full of a keen enjoyment of life. Lady Montague said of Henry Fielding, burdened with bodily suffering, debt, and every species of difficulty, that she believed that, by reason of his habit of mind, he had enjoyed more happy moments than any person on earth. Sydney

Smith once wrote to a friend, "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well."

The banker-poet Rogers delighted to tell of a little girl, a great favorite of his, who, upon being asked one day why everybody loved her, replied, after a moment of hesitation and with the utmost simplicity, "Well, I suppose that is because I love everybody." What a profound philosophy! For, as has been said, "our happiness will be in proportion to the number of things we love and the number of things that love us." It is the real secret of cheerfulness,—to love, to cultivate the affections, to increase constantly the warmth of the heart. Without that "flowers bloom in vain, marvels of heaven and earth pass unnoticed, and creation is a dreary, lifeless, soulless blank."—The Christian Life.

#### THE CALL OF THE PEN

I want to write some poetry  
And some fiction stories, too,  
But when I'm in the mood to write  
There's something else to do;  
And just when I've got the idea  
That the magazines would buy,  
Before it's down on paper  
I'm compelled to heave a sigh  
And go where duty 'waits me,  
Or do some other thing  
That jars the inspiration  
When my muse attempts to sing.

For in the meantime folks get hungry  
And positively refuse  
To wait while I write poems  
And entertain the muse;  
But truly, since the great ones  
Had this same experience, too,  
Can the would-be-great escape it,  
And arrive with trials few?

#### L'Envoi—

Perhaps the work's intended  
To restrain the overbold,  
Lest our ideas might get bigger  
Than the magazines could hold.

S. S. MARTIN



STANDING RIB ROAST

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Beef Soup from Remnants of Roast Beef

**R**EMOVE edible portions from a twelve-pound roast, break up the bones and set them in a soup kettle with all unedible portions of the meat and cover with cold water; add about one pound of raw meat, flank ends of steak or chops or a knuckle of veal with a little raw meat attached. If available, add giblets and skinned feet of chickens, cover and let simmer very slowly two or three hours; add one can of tomatoes (or a quart of fresh ones), three onions (in slices), with six cloves pressed into them, the outside stalks of two heads (not bunches) of celery, four or five branches of parsley, one-half a cup of dried mushrooms soaked in cold water (use water and mushrooms) and a red or green pepper cut in shreds. Let cook three-fourths an hour, then strain, pressing out all the liquid possible. The next day remove

the fat, very carefully, reheat, season with salt and add cooked noodles or macaroni. If desired add two tablespoonfuls of potato flour or cornstarch, smoothed in cold water. For a higher flavor add Worcestershire sauce, Chili sauce, or tomato catsup, as desired.

### Standing Rib Roast

To serve twenty-five people a roast weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds will be required. Rub over the outside with salt and flour; set to cook, on a rack, in a pan a little larger than the meat, in a hot oven. Turn the meat to sear over the whole outside surface, then lower the heat. Baste every ten or fifteen minutes with the fat in the pan. Dredge with flour after each basting. Finish cooking with the fat side of the meat upwards, as this will be uppermost on the platter. Cook about two hours, less rather than a longer time. Do not have strong heat, to burn the fat in the pan.

### Sauce for Roast Beef

Pour off the fat from the baking-pan; add two or three cups of broth or boiling water to the pan and stir and cook to dissolve the burned flour and meat juice adhering to the pan. In a saucepan take five tablespoonfuls of the dripping or fat; add three rounding tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant teaspoonful of salt; stir until frothy, then add half a cup of cold water or broth and, finally, the broth in the dripping pan and stir until smooth and boiling. Strain if necessary.

sauce; finish with two or three well-beaten eggs.

### Noodles

Beat two eggs slightly; add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and stir in flour to make a dough that may be kneaded without sticking. Knead the dough fifteen to twenty minutes, then roll into a sheet as thin as paper. Let stand, covered with a cloth about half an hour, then roll into a loose roll, and with a sharp knife cut into threads or ribbons (narrow or broad, as suits the taste). Let dry about an hour before



STANDING RIB ROAST, READY FOR TABLE

### Creamed Salt Codfish, Poulette Style

Pick salt codfish tenderloins in bits. There should be three generous cups of fish. Fresh "Fish Flakes" put up in cans may be used for this purpose; these flakes require no soaking in cold water, but are ready to add to the sauce. Set the salt fish to soak in cold water overnight. In the morning let heat very gradually, in the same water, until the water looks milky and is very hot but not boiling. Meanwhile melt one-third a cup of butter; in it cook one-third a cup of flour, and when bubbling and frothy add three cups of rich milk and stir constantly until boiling; drain the water from the fish, pressing out all that is possible; stir the fish into the

cooking; or, when thoroughly dried, store in a close receptacle for use when required.

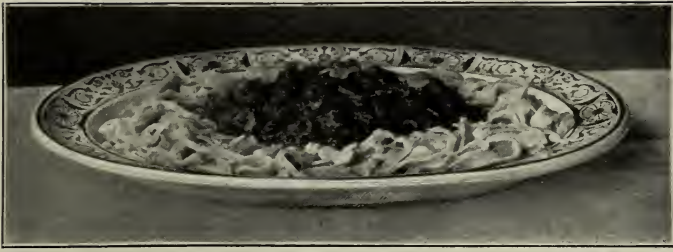
### Noodles in Soup

Cook the noodles from twenty to thirty minutes in rapidly boiling salted water or broth and serve in soup.

### Noodles with Rechaufée of Lamb

Remove the bits of meat from a leftover roast leg of lamb and trim the meat carefully to remove all unedible portions. Cover the bones and unedible portions with cold water, and let simmer two hours; add a stalk of celery, an onion cut in bits, two or three parsley branches and two or three tomatoes and let simmer half an hour longer; drain and use such portion as is needed





NOODLES WITH RECHAUFÉE OF LAMB

in simmering the bits of lamb until tender. When nearly tender, add half a green pepper, shredded and cooked three minutes in a little butter and one or two tablespoonfuls of flour (according to quantity of liquid), smoothed in a little cold water, and let simmer ten minutes. Do not have too much sauce. Have ready noodles cooked as for soup; to a pint of them add three tablespoonfuls of butter and a dash of salt and paprika; with a spoon and fork lift the noodles to melt the butter and mix it through them. Dispose the noodles as border on a serving dish and turn the meat into the center of the dish. With a smaller quantity of meat, add the meat (with noodles). Tomato purée may replace the

four cups of flour and two cups of corn-meal sifted with four slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a well-buttered dripping pan. The pan should be 16 by 10 inches.

### Panned Chickens with Savory Rice

Separate a chicken into pieces at the joints; set into a buttered baking pan, dusting each piece with a bit of butter; pour in a cup of boiling salted water or veal broth, cover close and set to cook in a hot oven; let cook about one hour and a half; baste the chicken once or twice and turn over the pieces when half cooked. When done remove the chicken



NOODLES, READY TO ROLL AND CUT

noodles. Tomato puree may replace the broth.

### Corn Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually heat in one cup and a half of sugar, and four eggs, beaten without separating the whites and yolks; then add two cups of milk, alternately, with

to a platter, surround with spoonfuls of savory rice and serve a sauce in a separate dish.

### Sauce for Panned Chicken

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant half teaspoonful, each, of salt and black pepper; when bubbling,

stir in half to three-fourths a cup of cream and the broth in the pan, of which there should be a cup or more. When boiling and smooth strain into a bowl.

### Savory Rice for Panned Chicken

Set one cup of rice over the fire in a quantity of cold water and stir constantly while heating to the boiling point; let boil two or three minutes, then drain and rinse with cold water in a sieve. Return the rice to the fire with one cup and a half, each, of hot tomato purée (cooked tomatoes pressed through a sieve) and broth; add also a scant teaspoonful of salt, an onion cut in halves, with a clove pressed into each half, a

roll in sifted bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat until tinted a delicate amber shade. Serve with sauce tartare or with Hollandaise sauce.

### Mock Hollandaise Sauce

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and black pepper, then add one cup of milk or white broth and stir until boiling; beat in the beaten yolks of two eggs, beaten into one-fourth a cup of creamed butter, and finish with a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Do not let the sauce boil after the addition of the egg, but stir constantly over boiling water until the egg is set.



PANNED CHICKENS WITH SAVORY RICE

chili pepper (seeds discarded) chopped exceedingly fine and a dash of paprika. Let cook until the rice is tender; add one-fourth a cup of butter and let stand until melted, then use as indicated above. More liquid may be needed and the proportions of tomato and broth may be changed to suit convenience.

### Kohl-Rabi, Fried

Pare young and tender kohl-rabi, cut in halves crosswise, let cook in boiling water without salt until tender. Drain, let cool a little, season with salt and black pepper, dip in an egg beaten with one to four tablespoonfuls of milk, then

### Potato Salad

Put into a bowl half a green or red pepper or two chili peppers (all with seeds removed), half to a whole onion, according to size, six olives, a tablespoonful of capers, a tablespoonful of piccalilli and six branches of parsley; and chop exceedingly fine. Have ready three pints of cold, boiled potatoes, cut in small cubes; over these sprinkle the chopped ingredients with half a cup of olive oil and a scant fourth a cup of vinegar mixed with a teaspoonful and a half of salt and half a teaspoonful of paprika. Toss the ingredients together

until all are evenly mixed. Add more oil and seasoning, if needed, and mix again, then shape into a mound on a serving dish. Cover or mask the mound with about a cup of mayonnaise dress-

the flour with the knife, to coat it slightly, then knead a little and pat and roll with the pin into a thin sheet; put little bits of butter, here and there, on one-half the sheet of paste and fold the



KOHL-RABI, HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

ing. Garnish with chopped pickled beets and whites of eggs, sifted yolks of eggs (cooked) and olives cut in lengthwise sections. This quantity will serve twelve to fifteen persons.

### Mother's Apple Pie (Three Pies)

Sift together four and one-quarter cups of pastry flour, one level teaspoonful, each, of salt and baking powder; with two knives, cut in one cup or half a pound of shortening. (Do not work in

other half over the butter; repeat the bits of butter on half this paste, fold as before and set aside for the upper crust of the pies. Roll out and fit the undercrusts on three plates; roll out the upper crust for one pie; mark a pattern in the center, then leave on the board while tart apples are pared, cored and sliced into the pies; fill each plate very high with apples, sprinkle with a little salt and add one tablespoonful of cold water, lay on the upper crust, and trim the edge neatly (do not press the edges to-



POTATO SALAD

the shortening too thoroughly.) Add water a little at a time and mix to a dough. Take one-half the paste on a board dredged with flour and turn it in

gether); set into the oven and finish the other pies in the same way. When a pie is baked, run a thin knife completely around the edge, between the two crusts,



then lift off the upper crust and set it upside down on a plate. To the apple in the pie add a grating of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of butter and a generous cup or more of sugar; with a silver spoon or knife mix the ingredients through the apple and spread evenly over the paste, then return the upper crust to its place, pressing it down slightly. Serve, when partially cooled, with a pitcher of cream or with ice-cream.

### Coffee Éclairs

Put three-fourths a cup of butter and one cup and a half of boiling water over the fire; when the butter is melted, sift in one cup and a half of flour, stir con-

spoonful of salt; add some of the hot milk, mix and turn into the rest of the hot milk; stir until thickened and smooth, then cover and let cook fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat two whole eggs and two yolks (one will do); add one-third a cup of sugar and beat again, then stir into the hot mixture; continue to stir until the egg is set. When cold flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and use as above.

### Coffee Icing

Have ready three-fourths a cup of very strong black coffee; into this stir, sifted, confectioner's sugar to make an icing that will spread smoothly without running from the cakes.



MOTHER'S APPLE PIE

stantly until the mixture may be formed into a smooth mass, then turn into a mixing bowl; break in, one at a time, four whole eggs and one white of egg; beat in each egg thoroughly before adding another. Shape on buttered pans into twenty-five strips an inch and a quarter wide and three or four inches long. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven with stronger heat at bottom than above. Split down one side, fill with English cream; invert the cakes and spread coffee icing on the smooth side.

### English Cream

Scald three cups of milk over boiling water. Sift together three-fourths a cup, each, of flour and sugar and half a tea-

### Cup Cake with Frosting of Chocolate Creams

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, half a cup of milk, one cup and a half of sifted flour, sifted again with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-fourth a teaspoonful of mace. Lastly, beat in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a round pan, nearly forty minutes. The pan should be seven inches in diameter. Cover with a frosting made of sifted confectioner's sugar and boiling water, or hot syrup stirred to a consistency to spread; begin with two cups of sugar. Break up chocolate creams and press on the frosting, chocolate side out; also cut



COFFEE ECLAIRS

figures, with a small vegetable cutter, from slices of the creams, and use in a symmetrical manner as a further decoration of the cake.

### Grape Juice Bombe Glacé

Boil one quart of water and one pint of sugar twenty minutes; add one teaspoonful of gelatine softened in a little cold water; when cold add two cups of grape juice and the juice of one large lemon and freeze in the usual manner. Use this frozen mixture to line a two-quart melon mold. Fill the center with an unfrozen cream mixture, and cover this with some of the frozen mixture. To do this, take up a small spoonful of the frozen mixture and with a knife dispose it against the inside of the mold; repeat this all the way around, then set other spoonfuls against this frozen mixture until the cream mixture is com-

pletely covered and the mold filled to overflow. Spread on a sheet of paper, press the cover in place and pack in equal measures of ice and salt. Let stand about one hour and a half; repack if necessary.

### Cream Filling for Bombe

Beat the white of one egg dry; beat in one-third a cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat one cup of cream until quite firm, then fold the two mixtures together and use as above.

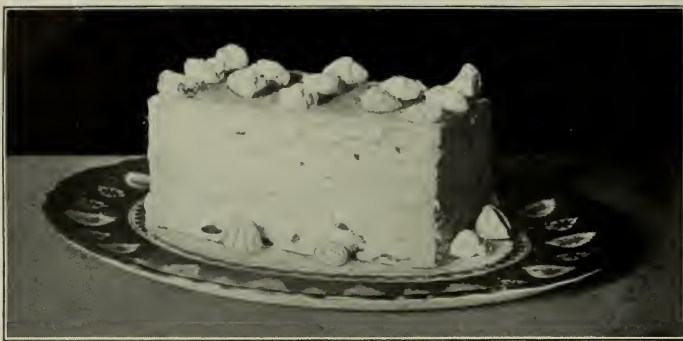
### Orange-and-Banana Bombe Glacé

Boil one quart of water and two cups of sugar twenty minutes; add one teaspoonful of gelatine softened in a little cold water. When cold add two cups of orange juice and the juice of one large lemon and freeze as usual. Use this mixture to line a two-quart melon



CUP CAKE WITH ICING OF CHOCOLATE CREAMS

By Theodora Coffin



MARSHMALLOW PARFAIT

mold; fill the center with banana parfait, made with candied fruit, cover with orange ice and let stand packed in the usual manner about an hour and a half.

### Divinity or Marshmallow Parfait

Cut one-fourth a pound of marshmallows and half a cup of maraschino cherries into small pieces, cover with syrup from the maraschino bottle, or with rum or a rich syrup, and let stand several hours or over night. Boil three-fourths a cup of sugar and one-third a cup of boiling water to 240° F., as in making frosting or fondant. Pour in a fine stream on the whites of two eggs, beaten light; beat occasionally until cold, then fold in one cup and a third of cream, beaten quite firm, and the pre-

pared fruit. Turn into a three-pint mold, pack in equal measures of salt and crushed ice and let stand two to three hours, renewing the ice as needed. When unmolded surround with toasted marshmallows.

### Banana Parfait

Peel and scrape two or three bananas, then press the pulp through a ricer or sieve (there should be a cup of pulp); scald the pulp with two-thirds a cup of sugar, add the juice of half a lemon and let chill; then fold in one cup of cream whipped rather firm and one-third a cup of candied fruit (cherries, pineapple, apricots, etc.), cut very fine and soaked over night in two tablespoonfuls of Jamaica rum or syrup.



COUPE TOPO PINO

(For recipe see page 234.)



# Menus for One Week in October

*Flavors excepted, flavors are developed in food by cooking.*

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Philadelphia Butter Buns (reheated)  
Sliced Peaches  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Tomato Soup  
Fried Chicken, Sweet Pickled Peaches  
Corn Fritters Mashed Potatoes  
Celery  
Grape Juice Bombe Glacé  
Lady Fingers  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Oysters à la King  
Toast  
Sliced Pineapple Orange Cookies

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Hash, Bacon  
Fried Cereal Mush,  
Caramel Syrup  
Amber Marmalade  
Currant Buns  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Boiled Corned Beef  
Boiled Potatoes, Cabbage, Beets  
Baked Indian Pudding, Hard Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Cream Toast  
Chocolate Cream Pie  
Sliced Peaches  
Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Bacon Cooked in Oven  
French Omelet with Creamed Chicken  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Fried Apples Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Veal Cutlets en Casserole  
(Carrots, onions, potatoes)  
Romaine, French Dressing  
Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Cream of Celery Soup,  
Browned Crackers  
Parker House Rolls  
Apple Sauce  
Coffee Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Eggs Cooked in Shell  
Buttered Toast  
Breakfast Corncake  
Apple Marmalade  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash  
Pickled Beets  
Creamed Cabbage  
Squash Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Broiled Tomatoes (buttered crumbs)  
Lady Finger Rolls  
Apple Sauce  
Roxbury Cakes Tea

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk  
Creamed Potatoes  
Parker House Rolls (reheated)  
Sliced Tomatoes  
Doughnuts Coffee

## Dinner

Hamburg Roast,  
Franconia Potatoes  
Halves of Kohl Rabi, Egged and  
Crumbed, Fried, Sauce Hollandaise  
Squash Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Stewed Lima Beans  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Stewed Crabapples  
Honey Cookies Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Salt Codfish Balls, Bacon Curls  
Cornmeal Muffins  
New Pickles  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Cream of Tomato Soup  
Scalloped Oysters  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Cold Slaw  
Baked Pears  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Succotash  
Toasted Baking Powder Biscuit  
Crabapple Marmalade  
Tea

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Melons  
Country Sausage  
French Fried Potatoes  
Doughnuts  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Cold Boiled Ham  
Creamed Kohl Rabi au Gratin  
Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Apple Pie Cheese  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Stewed Lima Beans  
Boston Brown Bread  
Pickled String Beans  
Apple or Peach Butter  
Honey Cookies Tea

# Menus for Family of Twenty-five

(Sedentary Occupations)

SUNDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Creamed Salt Codfish, Poulette Style Baked Potatoes Corn Cake Coffee Cocoa	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Hot Ham Sandwiches Baked Sweet Apples Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa	WEDNESDAY
	<b>Dinner</b> Standing Rib Roast, Brown Sauce Franconia Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Spiced Crabapple Jelly Celery Mother's Apple Pie Vanilla Ice Cream Half Cups of Coffee	<b>Luncheon</b> Tomato Soup Cheese Custard Lettuce, Green Peppers and Celery, French Dressing Apples Baked with Almonds, thin Cream New York Gingerbread Tea	
	<b>Supper</b> Guocchi à la Romaine Apple Sauce Rye Bread Honey Cookies Tea	<b>Dinner</b> Chicken Fricassée, Kornlet Timbales Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing with Garlic Peach Sherbet Drop Cookies Half Cups of Coffee	
MONDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Beef-and-Potato Hash Date Muffins French Bread (Toasted) Coffee Cocoa	<b>Breakfast</b> Sliced Bananas Cereal, Thin Cream Chicken Omelet Corncake Peach Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	THURSDAY
	<b>Luncheon</b> Cold Boiled Ham Potato Salad Baking Powder Biscuit Poor Man's Rice Pudding Tea	<b>Luncheon</b> Fresh Lima Beans, Stewed Nut Bread and Butter Canned Rhubarb Pie, Cottage or Neufchatel Cheese Tea	
	<b>Dinner</b> Beef Soup with Noodles Slices of Fresh Fish Baked with Bread Dressing Drawn Butter Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Cabbage Salad Boiled Onions Squash Pie or Banana-Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream Half Cups of Coffee	<b>Dinner</b> Forequarter of Lamb, Boiled, Caper Sauce Boiled Turnips and Potatoes Buttered Beets Apple-Mint Jelly Pineapple Bavarian Cream Half Cups of Coffee	
TUESDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Wheat Cereal with Dates, Thin Cream Bacon Broiled in Oven Hashed Potatoes in Milk Sliced Tomatoes Rye-Meal Muffins Dry Toast Coffee Cocoa	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Thin Cream Salt Codfish Balls Bacon "Rolls" (cooked in deep fat) Philadelphia Butter Buns (reheated) Coffee Cocoa	FRIDAY
	<b>Luncheon</b> Ham Timbales, Late Peas Nut Bread Sliced Tomatoes and Shredded Romaine, French Dressing with Onion Juice Cornstarch Blancmange, Custard Sauce Tea	<b>Luncheon</b> Scalloped Oysters Philadelphia Relish (Cabbage, green or red peppers, seeds, sugar, vinegar) Baking Powder Biscuit Coffee Cocoa	
	<b>Dinner</b> Hamburg Roast, Tomato Sauce Baked Sweet Potatoes Late String Beans Baked Tapioca Pudding, Vanilla Sauce Half Cups of Coffee or Cranberry Pie	<b>Dinner</b> Chicken-and-Tomato Soup Fillets of Fresh Fish Fried in Deep Fat, Sauce Tartare Cauliflower, Cream Sauce Mashed Potato Balls, Browned in oven Grape Juice Bombe Glacé Elegant Cake Half Cups of Coffee	
SATURDAY	<b>Breakfast</b> Cereal, Baked Sweet Apples, Thin Cream	<b>Luncheon</b> Mexican Rabbit Lettuce and Celery, French Dressing	<b>Dinner</b> Boston Baked Beans Mayonnaise of Tomatoes and Celery
	Lamb, Potato-and-Green Pepper Hash Fruit (dried currants) Nut Rolls Parker House Rolls Apple Marmalade Sliced (canned) Pineapple Coffee Cocoa Coffee	Sea Moss Blancmange, Cream Half Cups of Coffee	Boston Brown Bread Half Cups of Coffee



## Catering for the Family of Twenty-five

By Janet M. Hill

ON another page we give well-balanced menus, for one week, for a family of twenty-five. The menus, while containing no extravagant, high-priced articles of food, might be considered fairly generous. To lessen the cost, a chuck roast, braised, might replace the rib roast, and the apples might be baked without the almonds; a lamb stew might replace the chicken fricassée, and lemon sherbet be substituted for peach; scalloped onions, cabbage or tomatoes instead of the scalloped oysters, and Philadelphia relish might be given for the luncheon on Friday, and tomato sauce for the sauce tartare given for dinner the same day. Other means of cutting down the cost will occur to those wishing to give attention to the matter.

As a rule, a choice is given for but a few dishes, it being simpler to provide and cook enough of any given dish for the whole family than to divide one's effort among two or three dishes of the same class.

The object in catering for twenty-five is a business one, and the success of the enterprise will depend largely on the character of the one engaged in conducting the business. No one succeeds in any business who is unwilling to give time to the minute details of the enterprise; hours spent in the kitchen are quite as necessary as money to spend in the markets.

Good bread is of first importance. It must appear in some form at each of the three meals. To make and bake good bread, to cool and store it, and use left-over portions judiciously, requires thought and care. But, let one give the attention to the work that is requisite to the proper doing of any task, and supply a varied assortment of this standard article of food, and praises for well-doing will be showered upon her.

It is surprising how few women make good bread, and still more surprising to find one trying a new variety.

A barrel of bread flour—if other materials, as corn and ryemeal, graham and whole wheat flour, be used for breakfast breads—will last a family of twenty-five about five weeks. If the bread be particularly choice, and varied in kind,—especially in summer, when berries are plentiful,—the barrel may be emptied in four weeks; still, bread, even the fancy varieties, calling for eggs and shortening, would not be classed as expensive food.

Sugar is usually cheaper in the spring than in midsummer, and a stock should be bought and stored when the price is low. A barrel will be needed about once in two months.

Potatoes are an expensive item of food. In spring and early summer the selling price is highest. Old potatoes are then good, if they be but left to



stand awhile in cold water before cooking. Paring is almost a necessity at this time, and for this work choose some one with a provident tendency in makeup. The best part of the potato lies just underneath the skin, and to cut deep enough to remove all "eyes" is wasteful from every point of view. In factories where apples are canned, the parings are carefully dried and sold to factories making jelly. By-products must be eliminated or used in these days, if catering is to be made a successful business venture.

Cereals can be bought more cheaply in bulk than in packages, but large quantities should not be purchased in summer; the place in which they are stored should be cleaned with steam or hot water, fresh paint or varnish, before the supply for winter is stored.

Steam-cooked cereals, especially oatmeal, may be set to cook at night, while clearing away the supper. After cooking a few minutes, directly over the fire, set over boiling water. When ready to leave the kitchen, remove from the stove, then in the morning return again to the fire, and by the time of serving it will be thoroughly cooked.

Salt codfish—carefully treated—is appetising, and, served occasionally, will be given a generous welcome. Gentle heat renders it tender; a high degree of heat makes it tough and unpalatable.

Fifteen pounds of beef will supply the dinner-table with a rib roast. If you have a sharp knife and the ability to cut the meat in even, thin, appetising slices, you need not feel alarmed, should a few young and hearty members of the family call for a second helping, for the piece may be cut into thirty or more slices.

Do not delegate the removal of the bits of meat left on the bones to anyone, but do it yourself; these, freed from all unedible portions, and carefully chopped, may be used as the nucleus of the main dish for another meal. Macaroni, noodles, or potatoes, with a

good sauce, will supply material to enlarge the dish. The bones and unedible portions are rich with meat juice and flavor browned upon them, and may be used for the foundation of a well-flavored soup.

For the dinner on Monday, seven or eight pounds of solid fish (without heads or other refuse), are needed. If whole fish are purchased, twelve pounds would probably be required. The variety of fish selected will depend on the price one is willing to pay. The success of the dish depends quite as much on the care given to its cooking as on the variety of fish. Gentle heat, frequent basting, serving as soon as cooked, and the accompaniment of a suitable sauce, must be given attention.

For the Hamburg roast, purchase seven or eight pounds from the top of the round; cook with care, and do not overcook.

Fowls about a year old are best for the fricassée. Four, weighing about four pounds each, will be needed. Reserve the bony pieces and use the meat from them in an omelet, or in a chicken roll. For the roll, make a biscuit dough, with three pints of flour and the usual ingredients in proper proportion. Roll the dough into a very thin sheet; spread lightly with butter, then with the remnants of chicken, cut in small pieces; roll as a jelly roll, and bake. To serve, cut the roll in pieces the size of a generous biscuit; serve a sauce made of chicken broth, in a bowl, or over each portion. This dish could probably be handled more easily and served more advantageously if baked in three rolls.

Tapioca pudding, made with a foundation of one quart of milk, will serve eight.

Some frozen mixtures expand in freezing more than others, and thus furnish a more generous "helping." As a rule, three quarts of mixture, ready for freezing, will be ample for twenty-five. For sherbet, boil two quarts of water and one quart of sugar twenty minutes,

then, when cold, add the juice of two lemons and nearly one quart of fruit juice. For peach sherbet, pare and stone the peaches, then press the pulp through a sieve, pour over the lemon juice, and the pulp will not discolor.

Purchase the whole forequarter of lamb for boiling; cooked five or six hours at a gentle simmer (or by steaming), the meat will be deliciously tender; the portion left over may be used in hash for breakfast, or soufflé or croquettes for luncheon.

Three cups of cream and a can and a half of grated pineapple will be needed for the pineapple Bavarian cream.

For the Mexican rabbit, use two pounds of cheese.

For Parker House or other rolls, take one quart of milk with one cup of

water, to mix with the yeast.

Three pints of pea beans and a scant half-pound of salt pork are needed for Boston baked beans, and one quart of thick sour milk for the Boston brown bread, to accompany the beans.

Two or three cups of Mayonnaise will serve twenty-five, generously, with salad dressing; but as some will not care for this dish, the smaller portion will be enough to make.

A seven-pound codfish, haddock, cusk or hake, or rather more than the equivalent of small, fresh-water fish, will be needed for chowder.

On Friday, two and one-half quarts of oysters, three pints of chopped cabbage, three green peppers, and three pints of pastry flour, will give the foundation of the luncheon.

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## The Fireless

How often our hearts have been harrowed  
by stories of woeful distress—  
Of cooks who would get into tantrums and  
leave, with the house in a mess,  
With company coming to dinner and poor  
Mrs. Housewife alone—  
No kind of relief for her feelings excepting  
to grumble and moan!

Those tragedies haunt us no longer; the cook  
is no autocrat, now;  
Her exodus brings not a wrinkle to young  
Mrs. Housekeeper's brow;  
For, Lo, she can start things to cooking, then  
tuck them away in a nest  
And tranquilly go out a-shopping, or sit in her  
rocker and rest.

And John—let him come home as early or stay  
out as late as he must;  
His wife isn't frazzled and crabbed, the dinner  
not cinders and dust.  
He finds his beloved in a hammock, or taking  
her ease with a book—  
Hurrah for the fireless cooker—Hooray for  
the fireless cook!

HARRIET WHITNEY SYMONDS.

# A Lesson in Cake Decoration

By Martha Race

## Materials

1 box marshmallows;  
A soup-plate half-filled with cornstarch;  
Small scissors;

Water-color brushes;  
Vegetable colorings;  
Water to wash brushes.

These decorations may be made at any time, even weeks in advance, and arranged on a plate dredged with flour, to be transferred to the cake when needed. Indeed, they keep their shapes better if kept in a cool place for a few days and given an opportunity to dry out.

For a simple decoration no pattern is needed. If a border is desired, the easiest way to mark it on a circular cake is by resting an inverted bowl or dish of the right diameter on top of the icing, just before it is dry, for a minute. On a square or oblong loaf, a ruler and long hatpin may be used. In this border the flowers or figures may be placed at regular intervals, in conventional style, or in clusters, as wished.

For a more elaborate decoration, cut a circle of stiff white paper the size of the cake, trace the design with pencil, and then stitch over all the lines on the sewing machine, with large needle and no thread. The design is transferred to the cake by rubbing cocoa very lightly over the paper.

One with no facility in drawing or designing may trace designs from pictures or copy embroidery designs.

When the design is prepared and the materials are ready, with the scissors cut bits from the marshmallows and dip into corn starch, then form with the fingers into the required shapes. Flower petals are easy, and so are leaves. Stems are made by rolling tiny bits of marshmallow between the palms; very delicate stems, however, are better put on with a brush. Flags are made of flattened strips, the edges trimmed by scissors. Holly berries, grapes, cannon balls, etc., are simply rolled between the fingers.

Shamrocks and other leaves should be trimmed. The fingers and the bit being manipulated should always be well covered with starch.

When formed and placed on the cake, or on a plate, the flowers and figures are tinted with the brushes and vegetable colorings, which may be mixed just as water colors are. With red, blue and yellow on hand, of course other tints may be mixed, but it is well to have a bottle, each, of violet and green, as the colors are inexpensive and last a very long time. The tints should be kept thin and delicate.

For a birthday cake, a good design is made by making an initial in the center, surrounded by a small circle (use an inverted saucer or cup), of the birth-month flower, with candles around the outside edge of the cake.

Christmas: Holly berries; poinsettias; snow balls and snow man for children.

Valentine: A circle of hearts.

St. Patrick's Day: Shamrocks; harps; pipes.

May Day: Wild rose.

Fourth of July: Flags; piled cannon balls of red, white and blue; fire crackers.

Thanksgiving: Grapes, autumn leaves, pumpkins, apples, Puritan hats.

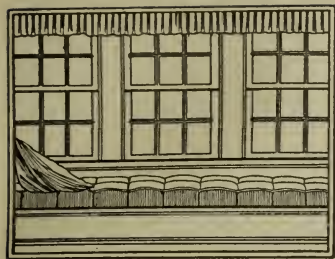
Flowers: Daisies, sunflowers, wild roses, sweet peas, violets, iris, dogwood, etc.

On a chocolate icing, daisies, sunflowers, dogwood or white roses are most effective.

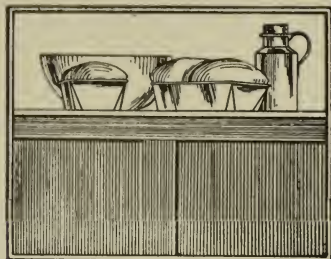
Emblems look best when molded to appear in heavy relief and thinly iced; tinted if on white ground, white if on chocolate.

A little practice will give good results.





## HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### For the Girl in the Small Town

**A**LL small towns are on the road to somewhere. Consequently, tourists must pass through the small town to reach the "somewhere," one, five, or ten miles beyond. Frequently, also, automobile parties make the small town,—your town,—the objective point on a pleasure ride. As a rule, however, the small town has little to offer in the way of pleasure or refreshment for the tired and thirsty traveler. Why not provide for his needs and, at the same time, secure an income that will prove a pleasant surprise to you before the season is over.

I mean, start an "Automobile Inn."

Let me add, before that title frightens you away from what follows, that this requires neither a special place nor any capital. Your front porch or lawn, a loaf of bread, some lettuce from your garden, and a pound of tea will start you. At least, that started one young woman on the road to independence.

To begin, put out a sign where it can be plainly seen. The one I have in mind was a white cloth stretched across the road from a tree on one side to a telegraph pole on the other, with the words "Automobile Inn, Tea for Tired Tourists," painted in black on either side. No one passing under it could fail to see it.

Then place two or three small tables,—any old ones which you may have will do,—in convenient places either on the porch or on the grass outside. Cover

them with a spotless white lunch cloth; place a bowl of wild flowers on each table and outwardly, at least, you are ready for business.

Have on hand two or three loaves of good fresh bread, some lettuce, perhaps a half dozen hard-boiled eggs, some mayonnaise, dressing, a good quality of tea, and a kettle of water on the stove to boil,—then wait until the first automobile passes. If it fails to stop, do not be discouraged. The next one will, perhaps, at least, one or two will before the day is over,—out of curiosity if for nothing else.

Do not try to serve too much at first. Two kinds of sandwiches and tea are sufficient, but be sure that they are good,—the very best that you can make. Then if your first customers have stopped out of curiosity, they will come again out of choice.

You may add to your menu as your trade increases, but never try to serve any great variety. It will add to your waste and detract from your profits. Things fresh from your garden, which can be easily prepared and served, will best suit the city guest. Then do not be afraid to charge good prices if you serve good things,—ten cents for a cup of tea, ten for sandwiches, and ten for radishes, berries or whatever extra you may have. It is well to keep to the ten-cent fee, as far as possible; but, where the cost of materials would necessitate, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cents is not too much for a sandwich.

Let me add that you do not need fancy dishes. Out of doors makes that unnecessary, but everything must be spotlessly clean and daintily served. Paper napkins can be bought for ten cents a hundred; paper doilies can, also, be gotten for a mere trifle, and various things will suggest themselves which will add to the attractiveness of your "Inn."

If you find yourself with too much to do, get some young girl in your neighborhood to help serve your guests and wash the dishes. In the small town many will be glad of the opportunity. If you have a small sister, so much the better. I believe you will soon find yourself in need of such help and that you will be well able to secure it, financially, at least.

This is not an imaginary scheme, but one which has proved a boon to tourists and a substantial source of income to the one who tried it.

H. C. W.

\* \* \*

**W**HEN I first tried to learn to cook, an old colored chef gave me some advice which has since proved to be most useful. It was simply this: "Keep a strainer near by when cooking and if soups, gravies and sauces are inclined to lump when thickening, do not be discouraged and throw them away, but put them through the strainer and start anew as if they had never lumped. With this practice you will soon learn to make them without lumping." This has been tried again and again, but always with success. It may be psychological, but, at any rate, it works.

At a man's dinner the table decorations were red and some very pretty little balls of red and white were passed with the salad. These had been made by moulding cream cheese the shape and size of a large strawberry, slitting a bright maraschino cherry in four sections, cut halfway down, and pressing it on the cheese ball exactly like the hull on the strawberry. These were pleasant to the eye and good to the

palate; and they would be quite as pretty fixed with green cherries, where green decorations were used or on a special occasion like St. Patrick's Day.

The silver tops of small cut glass salt cellars have a habit of coming loose after months of hard wear and, in our household, several pairs were discarded as worthless, before it occurred to us that we could repair them ourselves by scraping off the old plaster of Paris, putting on a fresh supply and fitting the silver band to it. Plaster of Paris hardens very rapidly, and one must plan either to work very quickly or to do the task by sections.

J. H.

\* \* \*

### Our Favorite Sauce

**B**EING very fond of sauces myself, I am passing this recipe along to others who may share my taste in this line. We use this with fruit and frozen puddings and, as well, heaped high upon a dish of sliced fruits and nut meats for a dessert at small or informal lunches.

Beat until quite thick the yolks of two large fresh eggs, then add the beaten white of one egg and two tablespoonfuls of confectioner's sugar. Place in a double boiler and cook (stirring the while) until thick. Pour into a cool china or earthen bowl and beat with a silver or wooden spoon until it is cold, then mix in this one cup of whipped cream. If to be used with puddings, flavor with one-half teaspoonful of best vanilla extract. If for fruit dessert, with a quarter teaspoonful of almond extract.

E. C. L.

\* \* \*

### Just to Remind You

**W**HEN making custard or pumpkin pie always use the milk warm,—it bakes better, and has a more creamy taste.

When baking a fowl always place it breast downward in the dish, and the meat of the breast will be juicy, instead of stringy and tasteless, as it so often is.

Just before serving hot chocolate, beat in some stiff whipped cream, allowing a dessertspoonful to each cup of chocolate. It is thrice as nourishing, and will not seem too rich for even a weak stomach.

In your salads never forget the wee bit of garlic, and you then will not sense the "something missing" so often noticed in salads this side of the ocean. That is, excepting in southern states, where garlic is the rule, not the exception.

E. C. L.

\* \* \*

### Pressing Difficulties

NOTHING is so conducive to smoothing out difficulties as the week's ironing in full swing. The more or less rhythmic motion, the beauty of the thing accomplished, the very cleanliness of the material one is at work on, all are quieting to the nerves; and the fact that the work is largely mechanical, leaves the mind free. If one merely wishes to mildly and serenely ruminate, that can be done best when one is at complete leisure, but planning ahead, striving to see a way out of difficulties, arranging the best courses to pursue—to do these with a fair and open mind, the muscles must be busy at work upon some active affair of their own. Philosophy and tadpoles from quiet pools, as it were, but purposeful thinking and an eager trout only from a running stream.

Now if, by chance, my ironing board is by a window, so that my visual horizon is widened to the very heavens, and I can take the sun and moon into my confidence, what more can I ask? Washday with all its sloppy and unpleasant features is either behind my back or a good week off, as I choose to look at it; and no more serious consequences of my present act are to be apprehended than a temporary overflow of the mending basket. All for the time being is plain sailing. Here

now, is a table-cloth, edges meeting evenly, pattern springing glossily forth from the smooth, satin surface. While my iron went back and forth over its three yards of length, behold, that part of me that travels body-free and with neither scrip nor purse for the journey, has covered a thousand miles in space, and gone a week into the future, there to solve a difficulty for my college boy. Here's a row of stockings—a long, centipedal row. 'Twas easy enough to iron them, harder by many degrees to plan how to fit them with new shoes and yet continue to buy the daily meat and potatoes from the same purse. Hard as it was, it was accomplished; and there hang the dangling black legs on the clothes-horse, and one more difficulty has been smoothed from my path as the iron went to and fro. Who was it who said "blessed be drudgery"? She—I've a suspicion it was a she—was half right. I myself would only venture to bless the kind of drudgery that does not make a drudge of me. But after all, that's in my own hands. And now for the baby's petticoats, bless him!

### Doing the Dishes

IT is a matter of considerable astonishment that a woman who uncomplainingly cooks three meals a day, sweeps, dusts and makes beds, scrubs the kitchen floor and polishes the silver, goes to market, and takes the baby out for an airing, and bends over the sewing machine for hours at a time, will yet balk at the small matter of washing the dishes. This dull duty she looks upon as that last straw that broke the camel's back—although it is not nearly so back-breaking as most of the other straws in the bale. But you see, complains the woman (you, perhaps, or myself), one can put off scrubbing the kitchen, on a pinch, and the marketing can be done over the telephone, but the dishes are as persistent



as the ticking of the clock. *You've just got to do 'em!*

Well, there's no use kicking against the pricks. It only hurts one's toe and does the pricks no satisfactory injury. Dishes are offensive only in proportion as they have been offended. Piled, helter-skelter, in the sink and left till an unseasonable hour, they hurl reproach every time one looks at them. One is in the position of Hannibal when he was cut off in the rear and had the Alps yet ahead of him. A dish is a symbol of civilization and an epitome of man from the ancient cave-dweller to the modern epicure. Jael is said to have offered Sisera "butter in a lordly dish", possibly the only dish she possessed outside of a few pots and kettles. Our shelves are full of china and porcelain, lordly in truth, and both useful and beautiful—yet how we despise the simple duty of keeping them clean!

However, since it must be done, why not plunge boldly in, nor stand, so to speak, shivering on the bank. See now, I will gather together cups with cups, plates with plates, spoons with spoons, after the orderly fashion of birds of a feather flocking together. Now my army is marshalled in regiments. Already I am encouraged, for now there is elbow room, which certainly did not exist before. Now I shall move my regiments, in the order of their cleanliness (glasses taking an excellent lead and kettles bringing up the rear) through water, hot, soapy, and frothed with shining rainbows. And when they emerge upon the other side I will wipe them before either they or my ardor has cooled. Every regiment shall have its own towel—a handsome allowance, you will allow. Then I shall hang the towels out on the line in the sunshine, tasting ozone (nectar of nectars) myself the while, and put

my lordly dishes on the shelves where they belong. Presto! The hateful job is done. Hannibal has crossed the Alps!

H. C. C.

\* \* \*

### A New Salad Success

OUR card club hostess of last week served an original salad, which we all pronounced the "best ever." She had secured fine fresh dates, and after removing the seeds, stuffed each with a ball of neufchatel cheese. Over the mayonnaise she sprinkled a few whole pecan meats. Head-lettuce finished, or should I say began, this salad.

### A Tennis or Golf Salad

At the luncheon following the club tennis tournament we were served with a "ball" salad. The tiny balls were made up of seasoned cottage cheese, which had been covered with rolled nut meats. If the cheese is moist and the nuts carefully rolled, each ball will be thoroughly covered. Three were served on each plate, on head-lettuce, with mayonnaise.

### Marshmallow Suggestions

It is often hard, or perhaps impossible, to get fresh marshmallows, and those that are a little stale will spoil a salad, salpicon or hot chocolate if used there in place of whipped cream. Just before using, empty as many as needed into a shallow pan and slip in to a warm oven. A very few minutes of this treatment will make them nice and fresh.

When marshmallows are to be combined with pineapple for salad, they are much improved by being soaked several hours in the juice of the pineapple. Cut them into quarters, cover with the juice and let stand until the small pieces are puffy and soft. Dates or nuts or both added to this combination make a good summer salad.

L. S. K.



# QUERIES & ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY No. 2213.—“Recipe for Spiced and Pickled Crabapples.”

## Spiced, Pickled Crab Apples

7 pounds crabapples	3 ounces stick cinnamon
3½ pounds sugar	1 to 3 cups water
3 cups vinegar	
Whole cloves	

The method of preparing this pickle depends somewhat on the variety of crabapple. Hard crabapples need to be steamed a short time in a little water before the syrup is added. With soft crabapples, press one or two cloves into each apple, make a syrup of the sugar vinegar and water, add the cinnamon and the crabapples, a few at a time, and let cook until tender but whole; remove the crabapples to jars as they are cooked; when all are done, reduce the syrup and fill the jars to overflow. With hard crabapples, cook till somewhat tender in water, then use this water in making the syrup, then return the apples to the syrup and finish as before.

QUERY No. 2214.—“Recipe for Squash Muffins without Yeast.”

## Squash Muffins (Baking Powder)

1½ cups pastry flour	½ teaspoonful salt
½ cup sifted squash	2 slightly rounding
3 tablespoonfuls	teaspoonfuls baking
melted butter	powder
1 egg, beaten light	About ¾ cup sweet
½ cup sugar	milk

Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Beat the egg; add the squash, melted butter and milk and stir into the dry ingredients. More or

less milk will be needed, according to the consistency of the squash. Bake in hot, well-buttered muffin pans about twenty-five minutes.

QUERY No. 2215.—“Recipe for Spice Cake made with Coffee.”

## Spice Cake with Coffee

½ cup butter	1 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 cup sugar	½ teaspoonful grated
½ cup black coffee	nutmeg
3 egg yolks	¼ teaspoonful cloves
1½ cups flour	3 egg-whites
2 level teaspoonfuls	
baking powder	

Beat the butter to a cream; beat in the sugar, beaten yolks with coffee, then flour sifted with baking powder and spices and, lastly, the whites, beaten dry. Spread in a shallow pan—about ten by eight inches. Dredge the top with granulated sugar. Bake about half an hour.

QUERY No. 2216.—“Kindly name ten foods that are largely carbohydrate or starchy.”

## Ten Foods Largely Starch

Breakfast cereals, bread, macaroni, rice, chestnuts, potatoes, tapioca, bananas, dried beans and lentils, crackers.

QUERY No. 2217.—“Name ten foods that are largely nitrogenous or rich in protein and ten that are fatty.”

## Ten Foods Rich in Proteids

Eggs, milk, cheese, beef, veal, lamb, fowl, fish, almonds, macaroni.

## Ten Foods Largely Fat

Cream, butter, olive oil, bacon, walnuts, pecan nuts, egg yolks, suet, salt pork, fat of beef and mutton. Salmon contains a large percentage of fat.

QUERY No. 2218.—“State the measures necessary to safeguard the purity of milk.”

## How to Safeguard the Purity of Milk

We are somewhat in doubt as to the exact meaning of the above question, but think a reply to the question is amply covered in the article, “A Square Deal for the Milk Bottle,” by Alice E. Whitaker, on page 763 of Vol. XVIII (May, 1914).

QUERY No. 2219.—“Recipe for Swedish Sponge Cake.”

## Swedish Sponge Cake

Beat the whites of five eggs dry and the yolks of five eggs very light; gradually beat one cup of sugar into the yolks; add the grated rind of a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, then fold in half a cup of potato flour and the whites of eggs. Bake in an un-buttered tube-pan about one hour. Let cool in the inverted pan.

QUERY No. 2220.—“Recipes for Chocolate Filling” and a “White Icing.”

## Chocolate Filling

2 cups milk	4 yolks
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonfuls salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 ounce (or more) chocolate	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cinna- mon
2 eggs or	

Stir the flour with a little of the milk, cold, to a smooth consistency; scald the rest of the milk in a double boiler; stir the flour into the hot milk, and let cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens; melt the chocolate, add a little of the sugar and a tablespoonful or more of the hot corn starch and stir until smooth; add to the rest of the corn starch and let cook fifteen minutes.

Beat the eggs; add the salt and the rest of the sugar and stir into the corn starch; continue stirring until the egg is “set.” When cool add the extract and use.

## White Icing

Boil one-fourth a cup, each, of granulated sugar and water five minutes, then stir in sifted confectioner’s sugar to make an icing that will spread smoothly, but not run from the cake.

QUERY No. 2221.—“Recipes for Graham Cracker Cake made with two eggs,” and “scallop onions.”

## Two-Egg Graham Cracker Cake

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter	3 level teaspoonfuls baking powder
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar	2 egg-whites, beaten dry
2 egg-yolks	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinna- mon or mace
1 cup milk	
$\frac{3}{4}$ pound Graham crackers	

Mix the cake in the usual manner. Roll the crackers, then pass through a sieve. Repeat the rolling to secure the full weight of the crackers. Sift the baking powder and spice (spice may be omitted) into the crumbs and mix thoroughly. Bake in two or three layers. Put the layers together with whipped cream or mocha frosting. Pipe the cream or frosting over the top.

## Scalloped Onions

This dish may be prepared from onions boiled for the purpose or from onions, boiled and buttered, left over from a previous meal. The cooked onions should be cut in slices or chopped rather coarse. Have a nearly equal bulk of soft, fine bread crumbs and for each cup of crumbs about one-fourth a cup of melted butter. Stir the butter through the crumbs. Dispose the buttered crumbs and prepared onion, in alternate layers, in a buttered baking dish, having crumbs for the last layer. Season the layers of onion with salt and pepper. Bake until very hot and the crumbs are browned.





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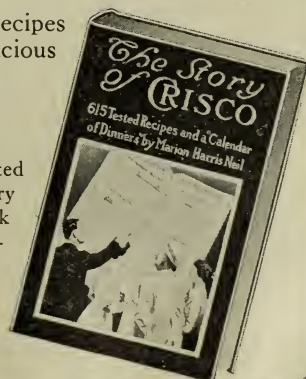
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QUERY No. 2222. — "Recipe for a New England Boiled Dinner."

### New England Boiled Dinner

A New England Boiled Dinner consists of boiled corned beef and pork, boiled potatoes, cabbage, turnips, beets and carrots; boiled Indian meal pudding, eaten with molasses, formerly finished the dinner; but, at the present day—especially at the family table—corned pork is omitted and a baked pudding takes the place of the steamed one. The corned meats are set to cook in cold water, very early in the morning; if there be time, the cabbage, potatoes, turnips and carrots are cooked in the salt liquid, after the removal of the meat. The beets, which require long cooking, are set to cook, separately, early in the day. The following recipe for a baked Indian pudding is especially good.

### Baked Indian Pudding

Scald one pint of milk; add half a cup of fine-chopped suet and four tablespoonfuls of cornmeal mixed with one cup of cold water; stir constantly until the mixture thickens a little, then add two beaten eggs, one cup of molasses, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and ginger and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in a buttered pudding dish half an hour, then pour on half a cup of milk and bake, without stirring, in the milk two hours in a moderate oven. Serve with hard sauce or cream.

QUERY No. 2223. — "Recipe for Apple Sauce Cake in which the sauce is a part of the cake mixture."

### Apple Sauce Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	1 level teaspoonful
1 cup sugar	soda
1 egg, beaten light	1 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 cup raisins	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cloves
1 cup currants	1 cup hot thick apple sauce
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour	

Mix in the usual manner; bake in a tube-pan lined with buttered paper nearly one hour and a half. The heat of the oven should be moderate.

QUERY No. 2224. — "Recipe for Almond Cake."

### Almond Cake No. 1

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
1 cup sugar	1 level teaspoonful
3 whole eggs	baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched	Grated rind 1 lemon
almonds, chopped	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful almond
fine	extract
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk	

Mix the cake in the usual manner, adding the eggs, one at a time, unbeaten, to the butter and sugar creamed together; then add the nuts, and, lastly, the flour and milk, alternately. Cover with a boiled frosting, sprinkle the frosting with sliced almonds, browned in the oven.

### Almond Cake No. 2

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	extract
1 cup sugar	3 egg whites
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched
2 cups flour	almonds
3 teaspoonfuls baking	Granulated sugar
powder	Boiled frosting
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful almond	

Mix the cake in the usual manner, and spread in two layer-cake pans. Split the almonds and set them, on edge, a little distance apart, in one layer of the dough. Dredge the top of the cake and nuts with granulated sugar. Let bake about twenty minutes. The decorated layer is for the top; put the two layers together with boiled frosting (three-fourths cup sugar and one white of egg), through which is stirred a few chopped almonds, and which is flavored with lemon and vanilla.

### Almond Cake No. 3

5 egg yolks	flour
Grated rind and juice	5 egg whites
$\frac{1}{2}$ lemon	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 whole cup
1 cup sugar	sweet almonds
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup potato flour or	5 or 6 bitter almonds
1 cup pastry (wheat)	

Mix and bake, in an unbuttered tube-pan, as a sponge cake, adding the nuts, chopped fine, to the yolks and sugar.

QUERY No. 2225. — "Recipe for Caramel Cake and Caramel Frosting."

### Caramel Cake and Frosting

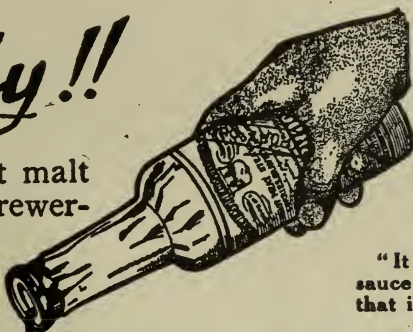


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**A NICE TURKEY DRESSING.** Toast 7 or 8 slices of white bread. Place in a deep dish, adding butter the size of an egg. Cover with hot water or milk to melt butter and make bread right consistency. Add one even tablespoon of Bell's Seasoning and one even teaspoon salt. When well mixed stir in 1 or 2 raw eggs. For goose or duck add one raw onion chopped fine.

**JELLIED MEATS OR FOWL.** 1 pint of cold meat or fowl, 1 teaspoon Bell's Seasoning,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, liquid enough to fill pint mould. Add to liquid when hot, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine. Cool and serve on a base of lettuce leaves over which thin sliced lemon is placed.

**DELICIOUS HOME MADE SAUSAGE.** To each pound of fresh, lean pork add one level tablespoon of Bell's Poultry Seasoning and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  even teaspoons salt. Sprinkle over the meat, cut fine, thoroughly mix to a stiff dough, then make into cakes and fry.

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$\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter  
 1 cup sugar  
 3 egg yolks  
 1 cup water  
 3 teaspoonfuls car-  
 mel syrup  
 2 cups sifted flour  
 2 egg whites

Frosting  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup water  
 2 tablespoonfuls car-  
 mel syrup  
 1 egg white  
 1 teaspoonful vanilla

Mix the cake in the usual manner; bake in a sheet and cover with the frosting, boiled as for fondant and beaten into the white of egg, beaten dry.

QUERY No. 2226. — "Recipe for Baked Beans."

### Boston Baked Beans

1 pint pea beans  
 1 teaspoonful soda  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  a pound salt pork  
 1 teaspoonful mus-  
 tard

1 teaspoonful salt  
 2 tablespoonfuls  
 molasses or sugar

Soak the beans in cold water (soft water preferred) over night. In the morning wash and rinse thoroughly, then parboil until they are soft enough to pierce with a pin and no longer. Change the water while parboiling, always using boiling water for cooking and rinsing. During the last boiling add soda. Rinse thoroughly in hot water. Put one-half of the beans in the bean-pot. Pour scalding hot water over the salt-pork and score the rind in half-inch strips. Put into the bean-pot above the beans and pour in the remainder of the beans. Mix the mustard, salt, and molasses, or sugar, with hot water and pour over the beans; add boiling water to cover. Bake about eight hours in a moderate oven. Keep the beans covered with water and, also, the cover on the pot until the last hour. The pork may be drawn to the surface and browned during the last hour.

### Baked Beans, Spanish Fashion

1 pint dried beans  
 1 teaspoonful soda  
 Sweet red peppers

1 teaspoonful salt  
 2 slices bacon  
 Tomato purée

Use yellow eyed, Lima, or dark kidney beans as desired. Let soak in cold water overnight. Drain, rinse and set to cook in cold water; let simmer until the skins are somewhat tender; drain

and rinse with cold water. Turn a layer of beans into a baking dish, sprinkle on red peppers, chopped fine, also a few bits of bacon; continue the layers until the beans are used; add the salt and tomato purée to cover the beans. Bake two or three hours, or until the beans are tender. More tomato may be added as needed. To secure the purée press cooked tomatoes through a sieve fine enough to exclude the seeds.

QUERY No. 2227. — "Recipe for a rather sour piccalilli."

### Piccalilli

Chop fine half a peck of green tomatoes, one head of cabbage, fifteen white onions and ten large green cucumbers. Put a layer of vegetables into a porcelain dish and sprinkle with salt; continue the layers of vegetables and salt until all are used; let stand over night, then drain, discarding the liquid. Heat three quarts of cider vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar, one-fourth a cup of tumeric, one-fourth a cup of black pepper seed, one ounce of celery seed, three-fourths a pound of mustard seed and three red peppers, chopped fine, to the boiling point, and pour over the vegetables. Let stand over night, then drain the liquid from the vegetables, reheat and again pour over the vegetables; repeat this process the third morning, then, when the mixture becomes cold, stir into it one-fourth a pound of ground mustard and one teaspoonful of curry powder, mixed with one cup of olive oil and one quart of vinegar. Less sugar may be used if desired.

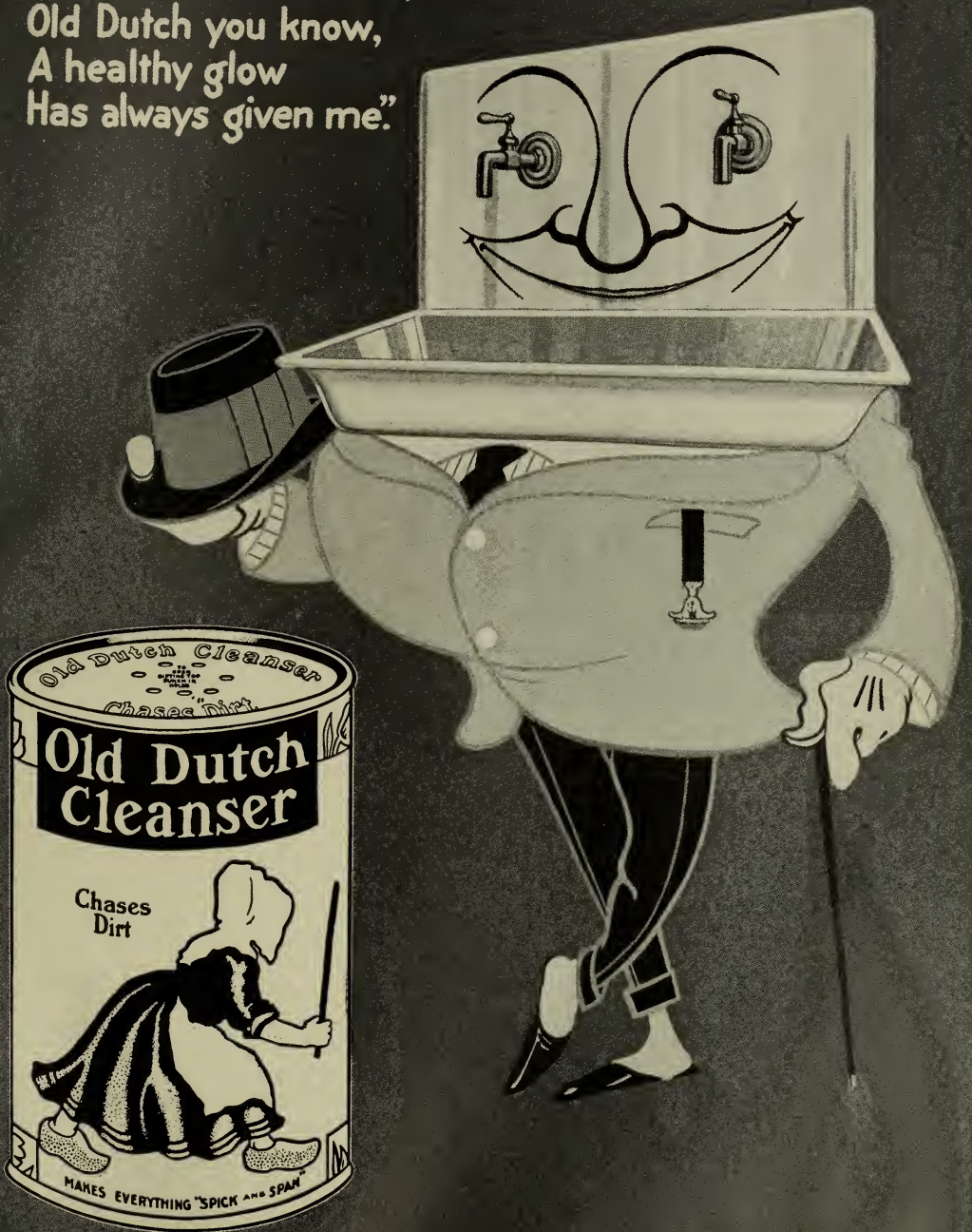
QUERY No. 2228. — "Recipe for Tomato Catsup."

### Tomato Catsup

$\frac{1}{2}$  bushel tomatoes  
 6 large onions  
 2 cups granulated  
 sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salt  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  quarts white wine  
 vinegar  
 4 red peppers,

chopped fine  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoonful whole  
 cloves  
 2 teaspoonfuls stick  
 cinnamon  
 1 teaspoonful allspice  
 1 nutmeg

Says Simon Sink,  
 "I do not think  
 I could much stouter be,  
 Old Dutch you know,  
 A healthy glow  
 Has always given me."



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Cut the tomatoes and onions in pieces and let boil until tender; strain and add the other ingredients, the spices tied in a bag for removal. Let boil four hours. Bottle while hot.

QUERY No. 2229.—“Recipe for Oyster Broth for an invalid.”

### Oyster Broth

Scrub and wash a dozen oyster shells, then open, reserving all the liquid; chop or cut the oysters in bits *with a silver-plated knife*. Cover the bits of oysters and liquid with one cup of cold water and let heat slowly to the boiling point, stirring frequently meanwhile; let simmer very gently five minutes and strain; add about one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and turn into a hot bowl. Fresh-opened oysters are preferable, but fresh oysters in bulk may be used. Half the quantity of water may be taken, then after straining, add half a cup of hot milk. To increase the nutritive value—when necessary—the beaten yolk of an egg mixed with one or two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk may be stirred into the liquid, just before removal from the fire. The broth must not boil after the addition of the egg.

QUERY 2213.—“Give a menu for one day for a young man at work out of doors all day.”

### Menu for Young Man at Work

(Open air, cool day)

#### Breakfast

Hot Cereal, Thin Cream or whole Milk  
Two Slices Bacon  
One Egg, cooked in shell  
Bread and Butter  
Two Doughnuts  
Cocoa or Coffee

#### Dinner

Hamburg Steak, Baked Potato, or  
Neck of Lamb Stew  
(potatoes, onion, carrots)  
Sliced Tomatoes  
Baked Cornmeal Pudding  
(made with suet)

#### Supper

Shelled Beans, Stewed (hot)  
Bread and Butter  
Apple Sauce or  
Baked Apples  
Spice Cake or Chocolate Cookies

### Coupe Topo Pino

In long-stemmed glasses with handles set two sunshine strawberries with a tablespoonful of the strawberry syrup; above set a rounding spoonful of vanilla ice cream made with junket; in this place a tip of fir balsam with the “needles” removed with the exception of a few at the top; sprinkle the top of the cream with blanched pistachio nuts, shredded to simulate the needles removed.

### Junket Ice Cream

Heat one quart of rich “whole” milk, one cup of double cream, one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of vanilla to about 80° F. Add one junket tablet, crushed and dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water; mix and let stand in the can of the freezer to jelly. When jellied, chill and freeze. Three times the recipe will be needed to serve twenty-five people.

A New Yorker was spending a night at a “hotel” in a Southern town, and told the colored porter that he wanted to be called early. The porter replied: “Say, boss, I reckon yo’ ain’t familiar with these heah modern inventions. When yo’ wants to be called in de mawnin’, all yo’ has to do is jest to press de button at de head of yo’ bed. Den we comes up and calls yo’.”

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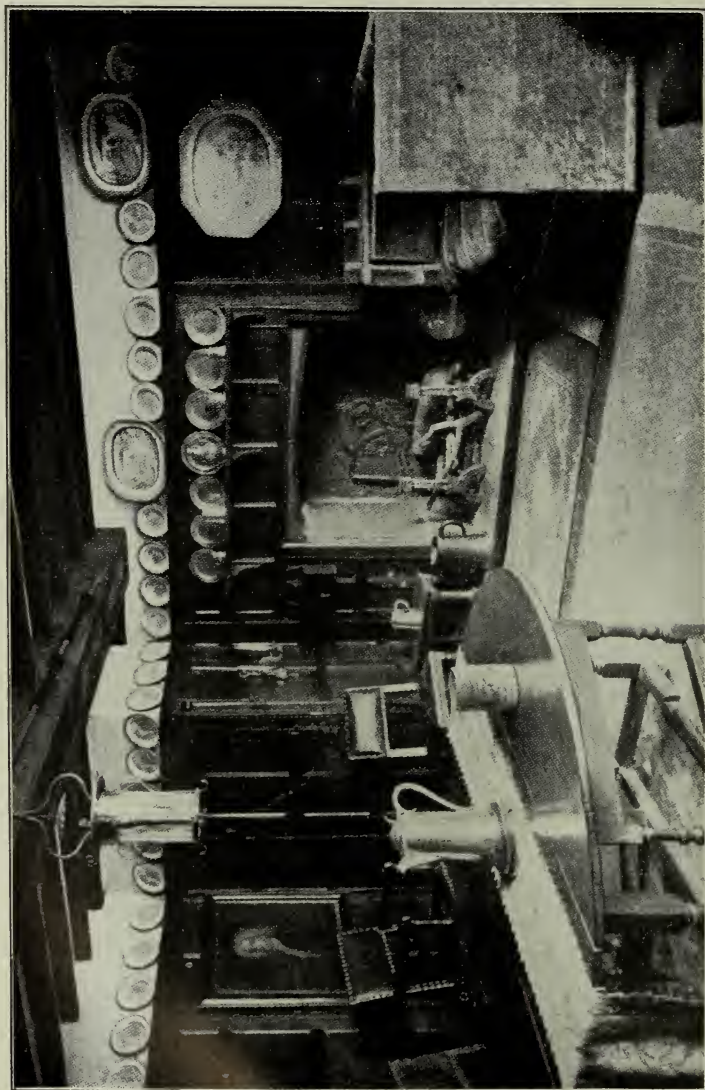
## Menu for Thanksgiving Dinner

Oyster Soup, English Soup Biscuits  
Celery Olives Pickles  
Fillets of Fresh Fish, Poulette  
Buttered Potato Balls with Chopped Parsley  
Philadelphia Relish in Lemon Cups  
Roasted Chickens, Giblet Sauce  
Small Sausage Cakes  
Kornlet Fritters  
Sweet Pickled Peaches or Mangoes  
Cranberry Frappé  
Hot Baked Ham, Currant Jelly Sauce  
Candied Sweet Potatoes  
Green Pepper-and-Endive Salad  
(Sprinkled with Minute Pearl Onions)  
Pumpkin Pie  
Coffee Parfait  
Assorted Nuts Raisins Weisbaden Prunes  
Half Cups of Coffee



## Menu for High Tea, Thanksgiving Evening

Smoked Salmon Canapés  
Chicken à la King on Toast  
Celery Olives Salted Almonds  
Lettuce, Pear-and-Cream Cheese Salad, Tango Dressing  
Lady Finger Rolls  
Ginger Ice Cream  
Macaroons  
Coffee



THE OAK-PANELLED OR CHARLES ROOM, LYGON ARMS, ENGLAND

# American Cookery

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No. 4

## Cups of Roman Days

By T. C. O'Donnell

PETRONIUS, an eminent Roman who wrote history and near history, relates an incident concerning the Emperor Tiberius that is too good to be true, for it aptly illustrates the culpability—we resist the tremendous temptation to say “cupability”—of the attitude of most of those ancient rulers toward art. A certain worker, skilled in the making of beautiful vases and cups, according to Petronius, wrought a veritable masterpiece, a crystal chalice of ravishing beauty, and of the strength of gold or silver, and carried it to Tiberius. His imperial majesty was lavish in praise of the workman's genius, while his enthusiasm knew no bounds when the artist took the cup and threw it with all his might upon the marble pavement with no effect save a small dent, which yielded readily to the touch of a hammer. Suddenly the imperial countenance became grave. Tiberius asked the subject whether he alone understood the secret of working so wonderfully in crystal. The artist promptly responded in the affirmative, when Tiberius ordered that the man be deprived of his head: “for,” said he (in effect) “if the people get wise to his methods, it'd be good night to gold and silver; they'd be absolutely valueless.”

The incident is less interesting as a sidelight on Tiberius' philosophy of economics, than as an illustration of the consummate art with which the Romans made their drinking utensils. So beau-

tiful are some of the specimens, which have come down to us, that one wonders whether the exquisite wines that graced the tables were not first made for the cups, rather than the wines for the chalices. The Greeks, before them, of course, were devoted to their cups, quite apart from their association with wine. They regarded them as sacred relics, handed down from father to son, and used them only on important occasions.



DRINKING CUP IN FORM OF EAGLE'S HEAD





CUP OF TERRA COTTA IN FORM OF PIG'S HEAD, (FOUND AT HERCULANEUM)

Did not Œdipus, for instance, inveigh against his son, Polynices, for bringing out for use at a common meal a cup that had come down from his ancestors?

The earliest drinking cups were plain enough, made from the horns of cattle, or of animals killed in the chase. The Athenians' cups were of this kind, and decorated with borders and scrolls, which, as examples of Greek art and quite apart from their utility, would alone justify the existence of the cups. The savage Gaul, too, was in the habit of removing the horns from the wild ox he had slain, adorning them with gold and silver rings and setting them before his guests at table.

The drinking cups, in vogue, in the Rome of the Empire, however, were different, reflecting the luxury that char-

acterized the times. Art treasurers brought to Rome by conquering consuls, while they in part satisfied the demand for works of art, at the same time stimulated the demand, with the result that some of the prices paid by connoisseurs were fabulous. One consul, for instance, paid \$30,000 for a murrhine cup, while the Emperor Nero spent, it is creditably reported, \$140,000 for a murrhine vase with two handles.

These murrhines are the wonder and the mystery of collectors. They are variously said to have been made of mother-of-pearl, of an onyx-like stone, of agate, while Propertius, a Roman writer, is responsible for the suggestion that these wonderful art treasures are little more than a sort of porcelain, the Parthians presumably having learned the art of baking the porcelain from the Chinese.

It is probable, however, that the murrhines, most of them at least, were made of sardonix, in proof of which the following incident has been quoted: In 1791 a committee appointed by the French revolutionary government to appraise the property in the possession of the Crown, discovered two exquisite specimens of sardonix ware, which they identified as murrhines. One of these was in the form of an ewer, the other of a bowl, the latter being veined with the most delicate of markings of blue and other shades, without interfering with its transparency. These murrhines



CUP, EITHER OF GOLD, SILVER OR TERRA COTTA



GLASS BOTTLE WITH CUP FOR EACH GUEST

were unadorned by engravings of any kind, but the beauty of the material and finish made them worth, in the eyes of the experts, thirty thousand dollars apiece.

Lest these prices seem fabulous, let us recall a legend of a murrhine vase, belonging to the Duke of Brunswick, which was valued at \$150,000. This specimen was only two and one-half inches in diameter, and had no handle, but it was engraved with figures setting forth the rites of Bacchus and Ceres, and was of a most perfect specimen of sardonyx.

Where did the ancients quarry such



CUP IN FORM OF A RAM'S HEAD

beautiful stone? Gold cups there were, likewise silver, both engraved by exceptional artist-engravers, but in point of sheer beauty, the murrhines stood alone. Or if the material was indifferent, until transformed into objects of priceless art, where is the genius of yesteryear?

## Comrades

I was busy with the needle  
When our little man, one day,  
Loaded down with tools and kindling,  
Rushed in to me from his play.

"Auntie, I'm a-goin' to make a ladder  
That will reach way to the sky,  
Then you and I can climb upon it  
Up to heaven, by and by."

It was such a sweet child-fancy  
That I answered not a word,  
And he went to work with fervor,  
Knowing not my eyes were blurred.

On the rounds went,—one, two, three, four—  
Then the heavy hammer fell,  
And the weary little workman  
Raised a face all sorrowful.

"'Taint no use! I cannot do it!  
Heaven's so far, don't you see?  
Why! A hundred rounds won't reach it,  
And I'm tired as I can be."

Tenderly I kissed the forehead,  
Murmuring as I wiped a tear,  
"Listen; we don't need a ladder,  
*For heaven, sweetheart mine, is here.*"

LUCIA WELLS EAMES.



LYGON ARMS, BROADWAY GREEN

## The English Broadway

By M. O. Howes

WE arrived at the "Lygon Arms," on Broadway Green, in a dismal English rain, and the old sixteenth-century hostelry presented anything but a cheerful climax to a day's journey through a dripping country. Though the door stood hospitably opened, it was so dark in the ancient hall that we stumbled blindly after a smart "manageress," who conducted us up a winding and uneven staircase to the massive oak door of the King Charles room, which was to be our private sitting-room for some weeks. Within its gloomy and sacred precincts she left us to take off our things and make ourselves at home! Sister Ann looked dolefully at the black oak wainscoting and the tiny leaded panes of the latticed windows with their stone sills. "It gives me the cold shivers," she declared. "I wish that we had not aspired to such elegance. A plain bedroom could

not have so many shadowy corners, at any rate." The plain bedroom adjoining, however, offered no place to sit, for it was completely filled with a monster four-poster and two massive bureaux; when our trunks were placed by a sturdy porter in a green baize apron, we had to sidle in and out.

Our first move toward being at home was to ring for a fire, which was lighted by a decorous maid, and reinforced by an apple-cheeked boy with a brass scuttle of cannel coal. The magic of its light and warmth gave us courage to sit up and look around. An ancient black oak table stood on a handsome old rug in the centre of the room. Some artistic soul had thrown across it a runner with a rich-hued Oriental border, and above hung a shaded lamp. By the fireplace a high-backed, but low-seated, Davenport, upholstered in soft green velvet, made a blessed ingle nook, and there were two



big chairs of a like yielding nature. A small writing-table filled one of the windows, which opened on hinges over the village street, and a quaint old jug of sweet peas stood on the stone sill. When we had unpacked our books and hung up our clothes, we ordered tea, with a rising spirit of enjoyment, in spite of the rivulets running down the dim panes. The demure maid brought a tray, with pretty cottage china, and the teapot smothered in a comfortable "cosy." There was a plentiful supply of thin-sliced buttered bread, delicious plum jam, and imitation Paris cakes, which we scorned.

"This is real England," we agreed, sipping our tea lingeringly, gloating over the old oak panelling and a dim painting of King Charles, which steadfastly regarded us from its shadowy corner. The fire and the tea had done their work; we had heart now to examine our transitory treasures and admire the collection of old blue china which was so charming against the wainscot. Our tea things were put away in an oak cupboard, curiously carved, which we learned later was one of the rare bits of a rare collection. When the dinner gong sounded, dressed in our crumpled best, we cautiously descended the uncertain stairs, at the head of which two white-capped maids stood at attention. "To safeguard the portable antiques," said Sister Ann, refusing to be impressed. There were two dining-rooms, one original and one restored, the latter a noble room, with a barrel-shaped ceiling, a gallery at one end, and two large bays fronting on the village street. Our host explained that in its reconstruction much old material from dismantled houses in the neighborhood had been used; and certainly the effect was perfectly harmonious. We had never seen in England a handsomer or more dignified room. Its furnishings represented notable treasures of the Tudor and Jacobean periods. A rich subdued coloring derived from Oriental carpets, old

paintings and glass, betrayed the artistic hand again, and it seemed a pity that only eight people sat down to dinner that night. At the next table was a majestic English dowager, who swept to her seat with a ponderous rustle of black silk and jingle of jet; her white hair was wonderfully coiffured in layers of puffs, and she spoke with what we supposed was a high-bred English accent. Her mysterious companion wore a cap with a white veil floating out behind, and it was hard to conjecture whether she was in some religious order or merely a privileged nurse. Facing us was a meek and mild little gentleman, who, we were afterwards astonished to learn, was a retired army officer, and a prim maiden daughter, dressed in a style in vogue in the United States some four or five years ago. The dinner was typically English, served by a correct man-servant and his assistants. If we had been new to England, we might have been disappointed that this charming old inn, which satisfied the eye so completely, could offer so little to satisfy the appetite, but we knew quite well that in rural England one eats but to live. We dined solemnly, the twilight enhanced by candles, on a spiritless soup, not quite hot, sole, roast lamb and slimy spinach, a currant tart composed of partially cooked fruit under a pastry lid, and crackers and cheese, the latter offered in a five-pound lump to be sliced at will,—an extremely awkward proceeding.

The correct man-servant circulated among the guests, pad in hand, taking orders for breakfast. We said "fruit," inwardly smiling. He looked serious. He was "sorry," but there was no fruit, unless, hopefully, we cared for stewed plums. "No?" Then we would have oatmeal. He looked troubled. "Porridge," he admitted, might be served with a private sitting-room, but it was not customary. Pitying his evident embarrassment, Sister Ann relented and murmured "kippers," which at once re-

stored his composure. England is always sure of its kippers, and we enjoyed them next morning in the twice-beautiful dining-room as revealed by a bright sun. We ate our cold toast and marmalade with a good grace,—the porridge not forthcoming,—even drinking the coffee, so absorbed were we in the village children passing on their way to school, the house-wife returning from market, the nurse with flying cap strings trundling a high-born baby, and the English girls with their stout canes. The Lygon by sunlight was all that heart could desire; its four beautiful gables ceased to be sombre, and the old stone took on a pleasing color; the lower walls were covered with creepers, on one side of the fine Jacobean doorway, and with an old pear tree on the other, making a romantic exterior, the chief jewel of Broadway's treasures, strung along a wonderful mile of village street, where ivy-hung stone houses, great and small, vie with one another for favor.

We came to take very kindly to the ghost of King Charles, and when the last

thing at night we sat before our fire, contentedly doing nothing but dreamily watching the cheerful flames, leaping fitfully up the wide chimney, we tried to imagine him with his army, marching over these peaceful Cotswold hills, with colors flying, to Broadway, "where he lay," as the Guide Book has it, and moreover *lay* in our very bedroom, if history may be credited.

We wondered how we could have ever felt dismal in this treasure chamber, and the days sped all too quickly by; for even with a motor, which could be had for the hiring, we could not exhaust the secluded nooks of lovely Worcestershire. Many of our pilgrimages, however, were undertaken in a dignified Victoria, with a coachman in livery, sitting above us, for we loved the leisurely gait of the fat horse along these charming roads, lined with beautiful trees,—cedars, oaks, and graceful elms,—all healthy and vigorous. Wild flowers peeped from the hedges, and whole fields of brilliant scarlet poppies nodded among the grains, while the English sky is al-



RURAL ENGLAND

ways so full of clouds that sunshine and shadow chased each other over the distant hillsides in merry fashion. But only the motor carried us over the hills and far away, for we frequently found ourselves "spelling" the fat horse up long, steady inclines, often outstripping him, and sitting down by the roadside to wait for our chariot, then to jog on again through rose-embowered hamlets of thatch and timber, with an occasional rattle over the cobbles of a market town,—to find on returning that we had accomplished, perhaps, twelve miles!

Out in the open country we passed acres of flourishing strawberry beds, which excited our envy, for none ever appeared on the table at the Lygon, except in the guise of preserves, and though the Guide Book asserted that the neighborhood was the centre of strawberry culture, we did not even see them in the market. But one day, chancing to stop before a cottage window, a modest little sign in pencil on a slip of paper met our eye: "Strawberries 2½d." We eagerly bargained for the entire stock, carrying back, in a second-hand paper bag, about two pounds, all for ten cents. It took some courage to hand that paper bag to the dignified personage in the dining-room, requesting him

to serve them at lunch, but it was done, and he placed them before us with a supercilious air, hulls on.

There never seemed to be many people staying at the Inn, but the afternoons were busy with motor parties, who stopped to admire the house and have tea in the famous dining-room, for Broadway is only ninety miles from London on the main Worcester road, as an ancient milestone in the village street proclaims, and furnishes an enjoyable climax to a spin from town. From our window, just above the door, we watched them coming and going; very grand folks, some of them, with imposing cars, for most of the humbler sort, riding motor cycles, with wifey snugly tucked in a basket attachment, passed us by for the unpretending "Coach and 'Osse" up the road.

I think it was largely a hunger for French cooking, mingled with a longing for unadulterated sunshine, that finally reconciled us to our departure. The green-aproned porter, gazing skyward, didn't "like the look of it," as he tucked us in, bound stationward, but he did like the look of what we left in his hand, and we picture him still broadly smiling on the worn door-stone, as we turned to face the pleasures that we knew not of.

---

## A Mountain Sunrise

Ethereal light illumines the night,  
God's twinkling lanterns blending;  
Wee lights that grace the boundless space,  
A lonely world befriending.  
Hush, nature, hush, the night is dying, dying,  
Awake, awake, with thee the dawn is vying.

In rapturous gaze, we watch the haze  
Unveiling mountain ranges,  
Its silvern rays their summits graze  
With scintillating changes.  
Hush, nature, hush, the night is dying, dying,  
Awake, awake, with thee the dawn is vying.

A purpled mien imbues the scene  
With opalescent beauty,  
Proclaiming through the tenuous blue  
Aurora's call to duty.  
Hush, nature, hush, the night is dying, dying,  
Awake, awake, with thee the dawn is vying.

The day begun: the risen sun  
With full and radiant power,  
Awakes the earth from work and mirth,  
Each passing golden hour.  
Hush, nature, hush, no longer night is dying,  
Awake, awake, with thee the sun is vying.

CAROLINE L. SUMNER.



# The Little Brown House and a Thanksgiving Dinner

By Alice Margaret Ashton

MARIANNA'S mouth expressed unmistakable displeasure. Her eyes had the look of a girl who had waited two futile hours for the appearance of her escort. Her nose—well, it looked like any very pretty nose after it has been buried for many stormy minutes in a tear-drenched pillow.

But Marianna's voice through the transmitter was distinctly cheerful. Professor Travis thought he even detected a laugh beneath its surface, and floundered more hopelessly in his agonized explanation.

"Miss Fulton called up this morning, suggesting that it was just the day to get the illustrations for those articles I have been doing, and—I went. I entirely forgot about my engagement with you!"

"Of course," interrupted Marianna's cheerful tone, "I knew it was not intentional, Professor Travis."

"But I ought to have remembered—I have no excuse for allowing business to interfere with pleasure to that extent."

"Doesn't that depend," suggested Marianna a bit wickedly, "upon how pleasant the business is, or how businesslike the pleasure?"

"It does not!" came the answer, savagely emphatic. "I'm coming over to see you this evening."

"Oh, I am so—sorry," apologized Marianna hesitatingly.

"Then, I'll come in the morning; you certainly cannot have an engagement at that hour. If you never let me speak to you again, you must allow me to make you an adequate apology!"

"Better call up before you come," she cautioned, noncommittally. "I cannot be at all certain of receiving you, and morning hours are precious to a scientist."

Yet Marianna made preparation for his appearance next morning by donning her most frivolous and becoming breakfast gown. "He despises the sort of girl I am," she murmured with perverse satisfaction as she settled the close little lace cap upon her bright curls.

"I've come," Professor Travis announced grimly an hour later as he entered her breakfast room. Then he caught his breath at the picture she made in the early golden sunlight.

"So I see," admitted Marianna demurely, not unmindful of his eloquent hesitation. "Will you let me give you coffee?"

"I deserve no such kindness at your hands," he answered a little wistfully. "I had to come, but I do not know what to say to you. I've no excuse to offer; I do not dare hope for your pardon. I can only say I am sorry—sorry!"

"But I have always supposed that forgetfulness was an acknowledged prerogative to one of your profession," she smiled. Perhaps we do not expect you to remember mere frivolous things like other men."

A dull red mounted to the man's temples. "Oh, I deserve to be punished all right," he admitted grimly.

"Punished! Do you think I should presume to punish you? Or to blame you if you find me less interesting than the combined attraction of Miss Fulton and the illustrations?" Marianna's face expressed only innocent amazement. "Were they good?" she added as an afterthought.

Quite unexpectedly John Travis strode round the little table and seized both of Marianna's pretty alluring hands. "I'd rather have you angry than like—this," he said miserably. "It means you do not care enough about what I do to get

angry, or else that you are too angry to let me see how you do feel."

"What an amazing idea," Marianna murmured, leaving her hands, soft and useless as a child's, in his. She remembered with impish delight that Miss Fulton's hands were brown and strong from long hours of work and play in the open.

"Will you come out with me this afternoon?" he begged.

The head under the demure lace cap shook a gentle negative. "I'm not the sort of girl upon whom you ought to be squandering your afternoons," she reminded him.

"I am the judge of that," he said sternly.

"Or your mornings, either," she added, drawing away her hands, determinedly.

"You are still angry. Oh, I do not blame you. But is there nothing I can do to make amends?"

"You might," suggested Marianna thoughtfully, "you might send me a set of the illustrations?"

John Travis made his adieu exceedingly brief. The set little smile on Marianna's lips remained until she heard the last indignant echo of his departing footsteps. Then she shut her eyes to keep back the hot tears she would not shed for any man. "Oh," she whispered. "Oh!"

The little brown house stood back within its picket-fenced, tree-shaded solitude as if alarmed and somewhat suspicious of the modern progress at its very gates. In those sunny days when Professor Travis went freely to the home of Marianna he had taken her occasionally to the little brown house, and to Aunt Rhoda, as brown and retiring and suspicious as the abode which sheltered her.

But oftener, to Aunt Rhoda's displeasure, he had taken the strong and capable Miss Fulton. He seemed reluctant about taking Marianna, as if the old brown house were too common and plain for this girl who seemed to be a

rose when he was with her and a butterfly when he viewed her from the sane seclusion of his own study.

"I suppose," muttered Marianna, stopping to latch the gate and remembering thereby those past visits, "I suppose he thinks I'm not fine enough to appreciate all this darling old place means, if he thinks about it at all—any more!"

During all the long walk in the chill November gloom Marianna had busily pictured the little house and Aunt Rhoda.

"There will be pies making on the day before Thanksgiving," she assured herself, "and I'll smell the spices and the raisins when I open the front door. There will be cakes to ice, and maybe she'll give me the bowl to scrape afterward! There will be apples to polish and nuts to crack and stuffing to put in the turkey."

And at this stage of the preparation she reached the front door, thrust it open after her familiar little tattoo upon the scarred panel, and sniffed the air expectantly.

"Come in," called Aunt Rhoda, dully, from the big front room. "I saw you coming up the walk, but I hadn't the heart to come to the door."

"Why, I thought—" Marianna paused in the little hall-way, and sniffed again, disappointedly. "I thought you'd be getting ready for Thanksgiving, Aunt Rhoda."

"Well, I'm not," announced Aunt Rhoda tragically from the depth of the big hair-cloth rocker. "I just cannot go at it. I've nothing to be thankful about and I'm tired of pretending."

"Oh, Aunt Rhoda! Not thankful for the dear little brown house and the big fireplace and the kitchen and the little corner-cupboards?" gasped Marianna, unbelievably.

"No, I am not! They are just what make me unthankful! Father left me this place when I was sixteen and I've carried it on my shoulders ever since. If it wasn't for this house, I could spend the winter with Cousin Marcia in

Georgia, as she keeps begging me to do. If it wasn't for this house, I could accept this invitation," she paused to point dramatically at a letter spread open on her work-basket, "for a big Thanksgiving day at Lucy's tomorrow and a theater party tonight!"

"O—h!" Marianna dropped on her knees on the braided mat in front of Aunt Rhoda's chair. She burrowed her elbows into Aunt Rhoda's gingham lap, and looked with deepest sympathy into Aunt Rhoda's stern countenance. "Why don't you," she suggested, "just lock the door, put the key under the doorstep, and—go!"

"You do not understand, Marianna," already some of the hopelessness had gone out of Aunt Rhoda's voice, "*you* have servants to leave your house with when you wish to go. If I leave my house, the pipes will freeze and the preserves and the plants, and the cat and hens will starve. I cannot leave this house!"

"But just over night," persisted Marianna. "You might take in the theater party and the Thanksgiving dinner, it seems to me."

"I wouldn't dare." Aunt Rhoda cast a fearful eye at the dull sky without. "It is going to turn cold, sure as fate. I'd have to be gone two nights. I don't dare risk it."

"Oh, Aunt Rhoda," the girl turned pale at the audacity of the idea that flashed upon her, "let me keep house for you, Aunt Rhoda."

"No, no! To give up all your Thanksgiving plans? And to build fires?" She lifted the girl's hands which were soft and inexperienced, and stroked them admiringly. "You'd be afraid nights, too; I used to be at first."

"But I'd love it, truly. Do you think you could trust me—I mean about the fires and not starving the cat?"

"I am sure I could trust you," laughed Aunt Rhoda breathlessly.

"And would you mind if I made a pie and stuffed a turkey?" anxiously.

"Good gracious, no, child. There's mince-meat in the pantry and a turkey hanging in the wood-house; I got that far before I realized I wasn't thankful."

"Then it is settled," Marianna declared decidedly. "First thing is to get you started on your journey."

It was Marianna who packed the quaint little traveling bag, forgetting nothing Aunt Rhoda would require on her short visit. It was she who telephoned from the grocery at the corner and who timed the carriage which brought her box of things from home so that it could take Aunt Rhoda to the station. It was Marianna who remembered to feed the chickens and the cat, to bank the kitchen fire, and to purchase raisins for the pie. And when she crept to the sloping chamber in one gable of the little brown house, she was too weary to think of anything except going peacefully to sleep.

The thing that Aunt Rhoda predicted happened in the night. Marianna admitted shiveringly, while she dressed in the uncertain dawn, that they were in the grip of a "cold spell". "Now," she said exultingly, "I'll have an excuse for keeping up a fire in the front room!"

A house all to herself—not to mention the chicken-coop! Marianna poked about joyously in the fascinating corner-cupboards for provisions and sought eggs in the chicken-coop for her baking. In an incredibly short time the turkey reposed majestically at one end of the kitchen table ready for the oven. From the stove crept tantalizing odors of pies, rich and spicy. Unceremoniously the outer door opened and John Travis stood upon the threshold.

"Oh, close the door," exclaimed Marianna. "You are letting that icy wind blow right over my cake."

He closed the door obediently and with proper haste. "Where is Aunt Rhoda?" he questioned crisply, evidently remembering the coldness that separated them.

"She's gone, for over Thanksgiving.



I'm keeping house," she explained painstakingly.

"Ah!" He glanced about the homely, pleasant room, at the turkey and the cake and the girl in a white linen frock and an enveloping apron. "I—I intended having dinner with Aunt Rhoda," he explained in his turn.

"Strange she forgot," Marianna mused. "She remembered *everything*, even the cat!"

"I always have Thanksgiving dinner with her," he stated in an offended tone.

"So?" She wrinkled her brows thoughtfully. "I thought last year—we—"

"I had dinner here, early," he observed, more offended.

"What a shame! Why didn't you tell me about it? We might have come out here; it wasn't fair to *her* to run away like that!"

"Well, she has paid me back properly this year," he admitted. "I had set my heart on having dinner here today. Thanksgiving at a club is little better than a mockery."

"I suppose," Marianna thought audibly and with perplexity, "I suppose you might stay—if you are willing to help? I was busy yesterday getting Aunt Rhoda off on her jaunt, so there is a great deal to do."

"You'll really let me stay?" Travis threw off his coat boyishly. "You bet I'll work!"

"There is a lemon ice cooling in the woodhouse that you might freeze," she suggested severely.

"All right, but I was hoping you might propose my scraping out the icing-bowl first."

Marianna had not meant to laugh with him. She had not meant to be gay or natural before him. He chose to consider her a butterfly. Well, let him think so!

But there was no subduing this happy, boyish stranger. He scraped icing-bowls, sampled dressing, turned the creaking little freezer, and carried wood to the

fire-place in the front room with unabating cheerfulness.

He even, during the interval after the turkey was in the oven, bundled a warm red coat over her apron and took her scurrying through the frosty brown grass along an old wall for bitter-sweet berries for their table.

It was altogether a wonderful dinner. They ate slowly as if reluctant to have it come to an end. Outside, a storm had risen, beating with icy fingers upon the tiny panes of the wide, loose windows. But the faded old curtains and the glow of fire and candle light shut them within, a safe and cosy circle.

"A real Thanksgiving dinner," he repeated as he led her to the sofa drawn up before the fire. "I guess you do not realize what this sort of thing means to a fellow living as I do."

"I've enjoyed it, too," admitted Marianna, demurely. She still wore, by special request, the enveloping apron over her linen frock. "I love to cook, you see, and I so seldom have an opportunity. I trust Aunt Rhoda will appreciate my endeavors at entertaining her guest."

"At least, the guest is overwhelmingly appreciative," he declared convincingly.

"Then tell me," Marianna leaned toward his end of the long sofa with pretty confidence, "how *did* you happen to come?"

"I—I met Aunt Rhoda on the train yesterday," he admitted like a culprit.

"Well?"

"I couldn't imagine her going anywhere without the little brown house, you know. So I made inquiries, and—I wormed it out of her."

"I supposed," murmured Marianna in an aggrieved tone, "that I could depend upon Aunt Rhoda."

"So you can—with your life. She isn't conscious that she told me, bless her. She simply wouldn't tell—anything. And I said: 'If you refuse to tell, I'll go out there and see for myself; you needn't tell me you left the little brown house alone at *its* age!' 'Don't

you dare go near it,' she said. 'Marianna would never forgive you!'

Their eyes met and they laughed. "I knew she could not have known you were coming," she said accusingly.

A wonder silence, such as can occur only in old houses, fraught with many memories, grew within the firelit circle. "Marianna," he said at last, reaching along the old sofa for the tender little hand half hidden in the apron's folds, "Marianna, let's keep Aunt Rhoda's house for her and let her take that wonderful journey."

"Oh," breathed Marianna, faintly.

"I will feed the chickens and shovel paths and carry in wood, and you can light the candles and lay the plates and make pies like that one we had today."

"Oh," breathed the girl, again.

Now Marianna, be it known, was not inexperienced for one of her years. She had received proposals in fragrant conservatories where wondrous music pulsed faintly, and in secluded and charming balconies. But they were not like this proposal in the firelight of the little brown room.

"There is an old sewing-table upstairs that we can bring down by the kitchen window for a desk—you shall have part of it for your sewing. And

I'll promise to abide by the household rules and not 'mess up' the front room. Say you'll do it, Marianna!"

"Oh, *can't* you see," wailed Marianna unhappily, "that I am not the sort of wife you ought to have? You know you do not approve of me when you take time to really think. I can't illustrate your stuff or take notes or hunt references or even understand what you are writing about, and you know it!"

Professor John Travis rose to his feet almost impatiently.

"You can cook, can't you?" he demanded sternly, holding her by her shoulders and compelling her attention.

"Y-es," admitted Marianna miserably.

"A scientist needs to be fed like any other man, doesn't he?"

"Y-es," admitted Marianna again.

"Well, then?" he stated with triumphant finality.

An impetuous movement, and the plebian apron was crushed within his scientific coat-sleeves. "Well, then?" he whispered again and with exceeding tenderness.

"I just adore those little corner-cupboards," sobbed Marianna from the vicinity of his necktie.

And if Aunt Rhoda had but known it, her Southern journey was assured.

## Where Did It Go?

Where did yesterday's sunset go,  
When it faded down the hills so slow,  
And the gold grew dim, and the purple light  
Like an army with banners passed from sight?  
Will its flush go into the goldenrod,  
Its thrill to the purple aster's nod,  
Its crimson fleck the maple bough,  
And the autumn-glory begin from now?

Deeper than flower-fields sank the glow  
Of the silent pageant passing slow.

It flushed all night in many a dream,  
It thrilled in the folding hush of prayer,  
It glided into a poet's song,  
It is setting still in a picture rare;  
It changed by a miracle none can see  
To the shifting lights of a symphony,  
And in resurrection of faith and hope  
The glory died on the shining slope,

For it left its light on the hills and seas  
That rim a thousand memories.

—WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

# Bob, Efficiency Expert

By Margery Haven

THEY had been married six months, and in all that time Peggy Gaston had never asked her husband to sit down to a meal of which she was ashamed. To fully appreciate this fact, it must be known that before becoming Peggy Gaston she had never had a closer relationship with a kitchen than with the one of a great aunt. And she had only made the acquaintance of this one in the brief vacations of boarding school and college life. And then it was only to make candy or an egg lemonade. But once settled in her own little kitchen she hid the failures and the burned fingers, and was rewarded by the fact that Bob spoke of her to his men friends as "the best little cook ever!"

Suddenly, one night, in the midst of her smug complacency, Bob looked up from the magazine he was reading.

"Peg," he said, with the frankness of husbands, "I think you make altogether too much fuss over this cooking business."

She dropped her sewing in amazement.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Just this," and he dug his hands down into his pockets and went on to explain. Peggy put up her sewing. She knew this position of old. It was the positive Bob who was talking now,—a Bob she loved, yet deplored.

"You women spend too much time, relatively, on the preparation of the food we eat. It's not consistent. Now, I wager that it takes you an hour to get breakfast," and he looked at her as if he expected corroboration. "Isn't that so?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," faltered Peggy.

"I thought so," he added, eagerly, without giving her time to tell of all

the other things that she did in that hour. "Now that is all out of proportion. Suppose that we fellows spent an hour just in getting the day started. What would happen to the rubber business? Now, to-morrow's Sunday," he went on, warming up to his subject; "let me get breakfast. You can read the paper, as I do, and I guarantee that breakfast will be ready in half that time and that I won't come to the table hot and flurried. Let's try it."

Peggy sat up straight in her chair. She was, indeed, hearing strange things. She felt a trifle indignant to hear the housekeeping, with which she had struggled so hard and yet so victoriously, criticised. But, as she had been married only six months, and as she was still very much in love with her good-looking husband, she assented, but her answer lacked the proper amount of enthusiasm. Bob, being masculine, noticed not the indifferent tone, but upon looking up into his wife's face he felt that perhaps he had ventured too far. He got up and stood by her chair.

"You don't think that I'm butting in, do you, sweetheart? I merely thought I could help you apply some of the same principles to your housework that we business men apply to our business;" and because his tone was so serious and his face so infinitely boyish, she dimpled and reached up and rumbled his hair in a manner peculiar to women.

"You must teach me lots," she whispered to his coat collar, "or else I never expect to make a fit sort of a wife for an important man such as you."

"You kiddler!" he scolded.

The next morning Peggy was up and dressed before Bob had awakened for the first time. Sunday mornings he generally had to awake four times before the process was full over with.



Very silently she tip-toed about the dining-room, setting the table with the very nicest doily set she possessed. By agreement she could not step one inch over the kitchen door sill, but she was making it as easy for Bob as possible. Several heavy thuds, the splashing of cold water, and much rapid walking let her know that the man of the house was up, and she accordingly took up the morning paper and settled herself against his arrival. He ran downstairs and stood in the dining-room door, looking at the prettily set table.

"You're not playing fair," he observed.

"Why, certainly I am!" and she looked casually up from the paper.

"I always set the table the night before, anyway," she lied cheerfully.

"All right. Breakfast in half an hour," and he went kitchenwards, whistling.

Peggy put down her paper and followed him. "Really, Bob, I think I will get a great deal more benefit if I can stay here and watch, don't you? Then you can tell me just where to save time and steps," and she looked innocently up into his face.

"All right, Peg," but his tone was not over-enthusiastic. He had given one look around the kitchen, and he was not quite sure just where to begin.

"Now, the first thing that I would do would be to get all the things I am going to need from the ice-box and pantry," and that remark serving as a sort of an inspiration, he went off and returned, carrying grapefruit and cream. He then went to the pantry, bringing back the jar of coffee and the eggs. He laid these down beside the others and surveyed them.

"The grapefruit might get warm, and the hot kitchen is hardly the place for the cream," Peggy suggested.

"That's so," he assented, eagerly, as if the thought had struck him for the first time, and he picked up the articles and deposited them again in the ice-box.

"Now," and his tone was almost excited, "the first thing to do is to get the coffee over and the rest is done very quickly and simply." He took up the percolator. Now, over a camp-fire there is no better maker of coffee than Bob Gaston. He could tell just by a look at the seething mass just when to put in coffee and just when to remove from the fire. His coffee had made certain wood-picnics a sacred memory. But he had never made himself familiar with the intricacies of a common ordinary percolator. He took it apart and laid the different parts, which in this case happened to be four, on the table and looked at them, defiantly. Slowly, but never hesitating, he picked up the empty pot, measured the coffee into it, fitted together the remaining two parts, added the cold water, and placed the whole on the stove.

Peggy opened and shut her mouth three times, then grew brave. "The coffee goes in that little container," she ventured. "Then when the percolator is taken off the stove the coffee remains of equal strength."

"Why didn't you tell me?" and he scowled. "It's inefficient! That's what it is. It's too complicated. You never could expect a maid to understand that thing."

Peggy wisely said nothing, and Bob removed the pot from the stove, emptied it, and filled it again,—this time properly.

"Now, while you are waiting for the water to boil for the eggs, you can cut the bread for the toast, fix the grapefruit, and breakfast is ready to serve!" he announced, triumphantly.

He put the little kettle containing the water over the hottest burner of the three, and set about cutting the bread. As the slices came out from under his hand, Peggy looked at him in wonder and admiration. They were of amazing thinness and evenness. Somehow, that was a thing which the bread knife absolutely refused to do for her. Conscious that Peggy was admiring, Bob had be-

come so engrossed in his bread-cutting that he did not notice that the pile of white slices had grown enormously.

"We don't eat so awfully much toast, Bobbie."

"What? Oh—" and he eyed the pile a bit ruefully. "I cut enough for other mornings," he added, lamely; "it saves time."

With the big carving knife still in his hand, he attacked the grapefruit. The white fibre was tough and the knife bungling. Peggy heard a muffled exclamation and saw red dripping from a cut thumb on her white oilcloth.

"Oh, Bobbie!" and her tone was maternal in its tenderness, "now you'll have to let me help."

"Get out! This is my job." He scowled a bit, sucked his thumb, and pushed her away.

"This is the knife I always use for grapefruit," and she pulled open a drawer.

He picked it up in silence. Just as he was finishing, they both became aware of an odor of heated, scorching metal. Bob ran to the stove and picked up the little kettle, empty. Peggy felt a pang when she looked at her best aluminum sauce-pan, but refrained from any comments. From which fact may be estimated just how much in love with her husband she was still.

Bob was working now in feverish haste. He placed the fruit on the table, filled the kettle with water again for the eggs, and fixed the bread in the broiler, for he conceived this to be the quickest method of toasting. All this being accomplished, he heaved a sigh, which he thought inaudible, and turned to his wife with a very satisfied air.

"Now, you see how simple it is. Everything is done. I would even have time to read part of the paper while you were putting the final crimps in your hair. It all depends on the sys-

tem and thought with which you do things," and, interested in his subject, he went on.

Peggy looked at him, yet her gaze seemed to go through him and beyond, as if fascinated by something she saw there. Suddenly a cloud of smoke, a crisp crackling noise, and the odor of burned bread made him turn as if shot. Peggy heard an emphatic "Damn!" and she fled.

Not a great many minutes afterwards Peggy sat at the breakfast table, opposite a red, perspiring man. He poured her coffee in silence, and after she had waited a few minutes, she said, in her most company manner: "Will you please pass the cream, Bobbie?"

Bob gave one startled look over the table and left it precipitately. When he returned, he bore the overflowing pitcher of cream. Bob became engrossed in the paper, and when her fruit and coffee were quite consumed, she again glanced over the table, and then cleared her throat. "I see by the paper this morning that eggs have gone up."

"What did you say?" and Bob peered over his paper. "Eggs gone up? Eggs! Hm!" and he also let his glance travel over the table.

This time he arose from the table leisurely and came back from the kitchen, bearing the two eggs, which from their weight might be in any degree of hardness. Peggy accepted hers solemnly and ate it. Bob cracked his open, then pushed it away and disappeared behind his newspaper again. For some minutes there was an ominous silence. Then Peggy broke it.

"It looks very encouraging for the Allies this morning, doesn't it?"

"Yes, I think it does," Bob answered, with a twinkle in his eyes, and laying down his newspaper. "Some people don't seem to know when they are beaten!"

# Beth's Unlooked For Crop

By A. M. Gookstetter

**I** THINK," said the physician, drawing on his gloves as he was preparing to leave, "that your mother will be able to sit up and eat Thanksgiving dinner with you."

Beth, the tall, slender, brown-eyed daughter of the house, barely seventeen, was so happy over the good news that she found herself humming a tune, as she went back through the hall into the living room.

Time slipped by until it was the day before Thanksgiving. Anna, the maid, had finished baking the mince pies, and was preparing to commence the cake, when her brother came in from the country. Beth, going into the kitchen, heard him say,

"But Anna, girl, you'll have to come! Mother wants you. She can't get out of bed."

Anna commenced to cry, but when Beth understood the condition of affairs at Anna's home she insisted on her going. In less than ten minutes Anna was ready, and as Beth tucked the robe around Anna's feet in the old buckboard, she said,

"Never mind, Anna. We'll get along all right. You've baked the pies, and I'm sure I can fix the turkey." Anna raised her thick, old-fashioned barege veil in order to reply,

"Jones' boy is to bring the turkey this afternoon. It is to be dressed. All you'll have to do will be to stuff it."

Anna and her brother drove away, leaving a very all-sufficient-feeling person in Beth, who was to remain at the helm until Anna's return.

That afternoon, a messenger boy closely followed the delivery of the turkey, and with fear and trembling did Beth sign the book for the message addressed to herself. Tearing open the envelope she read,

"Just returned from the South. Sorry your mother has been sick. Will reach Oxford Thanksgiving at noon.

AUNT BLESSY.

It was a limp little girl that dropped down on the hall seat, suddenly affrighted at responsibilities thrust upon her. She could scarcely believe her eyes. Aunt Blessy coming for Thanksgiving dinner. Now, Aunt Blessy, Beth's great aunt, was the richest connection of the family.

Beth could well remember the last time Aunt Blessy came. Mother knew of the visit days ahead so the house had been thoroughly cleaned; the treasured linen from Mother's wedding chest was used during this visit, as well as the few silver pieces which were only brought forth on state occasions. A great air of festivity prevailed from the very attic to the bottom of the cellar stairs, and here was she, alone, to do for Aunt Blessy. Should she tell mother or not? She weighed the matter carefully, and then went to her mother's room.

"Mother, dear, Aunt Blessy will be here to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us to-morrow."

"O, dear! What will you do, Beth? Anna gone and me not able to do anything."

"I shall do the best I can, mother. Aunt Blessy will know she is welcome, and she will also know that we have had no time for preparations."

Beth drew a low rocker to the side of the easy chair in which her mother was sitting, and reaching over she patted her mother's hand.

"Let me see. What will I do first? I know. I'll fix up the spare room so she'll have a place to put her things. Then I'll go down and get Father's supper and bring yours up to you. Before



going to bed, I'll straighten the house up as nicely as I can. The turkey just came and it's a beauty. I've taken out the giblets and will cut them up fine and put them in the gravy, as Father likes it that way."

"Beth, dear. It will have to be a very simple dinner. It's nice the pies are baked." Mrs. Graves tried to keep the concerned look from her face, but it was there, and Beth bent over and kissed her saying,

"I think Aunt Blessy will like a simple dinner for a change. Everyone puts on so when she comes to visit. I do not feel sorry, for she knows you are not yourself and that you will not be able to prepare for her yourself, so I'll do the best I can," and Beth tripped lightly away.

It was barely six o'clock when Beth awakened Thanksgiving morning. She was out of bed instantly and, as soon as she dressed, hurried down to the kitchen, started the fire in the range, and the teakettle was boiling before Mr. Graves came into the kitchen.

"I thought I'd get up in time to start the fire for you", he said, as he kissed her.

"I have not been to the furnace yet, for the rattle always wakens mother, so we'll have breakfast before we rake out the furnace," said Beth.

By the time, Mr. Graves was ready to leave for the train to meet Aunt Blessy, Beth had her vegetables prepared for cooking. Potatoes, pared, lying in cold water. Onions, to be escaloped, were cooking on the back of the stove. The squash was ready to put in the oven, at the proper time. Cranberries, already cooked, sat in the pantry cooling.

This was the first turkey Beth had ever cooked. She prepared the dressing as Mother told her, and stuffed it as she had watched others do, but when she finished sewing the edges together with the darning needle and heavy white thread, a slight frown gathered on her face, and she said, half aloud:

"It looks all sewed up, but it don't look just right." A glance at the clock warned her it was time to put the turkey in the oven, so she placed it in the baker and shoved it in the oven.

Beth opened the oven door very often to do the basting and soon a whiff of the roasting turkey reached Mrs. Graves' nostrils, as she lay on the couch in the living-room.

"I think I'll be able to eat some turkey myself," she said as Beth came to the door to see how she was standing the change down stairs.

"I hope you will, Mother. Our dinner will be good. Everything is going so nicely."

Beth was busy in the kitchen, watching the turkey and marshalling the vegetables from cold water to cooking utensils, when a great stamping and a loud ringing of the bell sent her, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, to the hall where Father and Aunt Blessy were already removing overshoes and outer garments.

"Will you go to your room now, Aunt Blessy?" questioned Beth, after the greetings were exchanged.

"Dear, no! Let me lay my things here. I smell your dinner. I'm starved," and she put her arm around the girl's waist and together they entered the living-room.

Beth drew the most comfortable chair up to the side of the couch for Aunt Blessy. The elder woman watched the girl with an admiring look in her fine, dark eyes.

"I never knew, Ida, that Beth would grow into such a beauty. She looks as though she was as good as she is pretty."

"She is", replied Mrs. Graves. "Anna, our maid, had to go home yesterday, and Beth is getting dinner alone to-day."

"I'm very glad I invited myself to a real Thanksgiving dinner. For in this day and age, Ida, it's something to be thankful for to have a daughter willing to cook as well as able to."

When Beth came to tell them dinner

was ready, she brought with her an old-fashioned straight-back rocker. Putting the down puff over the back and across the seat, Mr. Graves then lifted his wife to this chair and drew her carefully across the floor to the dining-room.

They were hungry and ate heartily, even Mrs. Graves was persuaded to have a second serving of white meat. Before the turkey was removed from the table, Mr. Graves, picked up the carving knife and fork and said,

"Well! Well! It's never Thanksgiving until Beth gets her wishbone", and he again commenced to carve.

The centerpiece of fruit was piled high. Mrs. Graves could not see across the table very well, but when Beth saw kernels of corn pop out on the tablecloth, she stood up quickly, shoved back her chair, saying,

"Now, Mother, I'm going to draw you into the living-room, for we are going to eat our dessert in there. Never mind!" as Mrs. Graves started to protest, "you rest a few minutes and we'll be in."

Beth returned to the dining-room with flaming cheeks. Mr. Graves was looking at the scattered corn, and Aunt Blessy was trying to look serious, but the twinkle in her eyes would persist.

In a tragic whisper Beth tried to explain, "I thought something was wrong. I thought there were two places to sew up but could only find one. Anna said it would be ready and all I would have to do would be to stuff it. If Mother knew the crop was left in that turkey, I don't believe she'd ever touch turkey again".

"Don't feel so badly. Your mother never mistrusted a thing. You acted so quickly," and Aunt Blessy gravely passed her plate to Mr. Graves for another helping of turkey. Beth loved her for it. Always would, for it was Aunt Blessy's way to show she appreciated Beth's efforts.

That night after Beth had assisted Mrs. Graves in her preparations for bed, in fact, had tucked her in, she went

to Aunt Blessy's room and knocked at the door.

"I am so sorry about the turkey, Aunt Blessy. Does it bother you?"

"Not a bit," replied Aunt Blessy heartily. "If one would stop to think, the corn was clean. Its just the thought of it, and I think you were a wonder to get your mother out before she saw anything."

"But to think, I did not know the crop was there," and the tears slowly rolled down Beth's face.

Instantly Aunt Blessy's arms were around her.

"Never mind, dear. There is one thing sure, next time you will find out, whether the crop is in."

"Indeed, I will," replied Beth, and kissing Aunt Blessy she went on to her room.

It was a warm April morning when the postman handed Mrs. Graves a letter. Recognizing Aunt Blessy's handwriting, she sat down on the porch steps to read it, where Beth soon joined her. They read the letter together. It was not until the third page was reached that they found the vital part of the communication, for they read,

"Now, Ida, I have considered my three grand-nieces, and have decided, I would rather have Beth with me during my year in Europe than either of the others. Beth made my visit at your house last Thanksgiving most agreeable, and I feel she deserves the trip, especially now that you are well enough to spare her, and Anna is back.

I do not want you to get any extra clothes for her. If she has to have something, we will get it in New York, but we will want to buy some abroad, for that's half of a European trip for a girl. May I have her with me by May 1st.

With love, AUNT BLESSY."

As Beth went slowly upstairs she knew that this was the work of the unlooked for crop.

# Centerpieces for All the Year 'Round

By M. B. B.

I HAVE just read a story in which a young girl changed the slovenly habits of her men folks by substituting the prettiest table appointments for the red cloth, coarse napkins and ugly china in every-day use. The men felt as though they had to live up to those things and so by a bit of strategy she accomplished what years of preaching and complaining had failed to do.

If one cannot adopt this plan in its entirety, one may at least make free use of the flowers and green things so abundant in the country by way of helping out the suggestion of refinement. There is something green and growing for every month of the year. Even bleak and barren January may be enlivened by a house plant or two. One of the prettiest sights to eyes weary of snow and frozen fields is a pan of sprouting oats. Most farmers now raise these, indoors, for winter poultry and by a simple system of rotation one may have fresh sprouts for the table all winter long. It is best to grow these in a plate or shallow tray. Start them in a sunny window, and as soon as one tray begins to show signs of drooping, feed it to the hens and set another in its place on the table.

A grapefruit seed planted in a pot of earth will soon sprout and grow into an odd plant. Lemon, orange and date seeds will also grow into beautiful plants for the table.

During December, use plenty of holly and mistletoe and evergreen foliage. The Jerusalem cherry, which is now so much used at Christmas time, is a very ornamental plant, with its cherry-like fruit. It is not expensive, and while it does not last long, is very cheerful in its influence.

Fall fruits and the late chrysanthemums will keep one supplied throughout

November, while October is rife with bunches of autumn leaves and left-overs of summer wayside flowers. For Thanksgiving cut a pumpkin in halves, scallop the edges and fill with fruits. Or, hollow out a long-necked squash and fill with fruits, in imitation of a horn of plenty. Another pretty effect is gained by filling a toy wagon with vegetables and fruits from the farm.

If you have no cosmos, marigolds or asters in the garden, the roads and by-ways will yield golden rod, wild asters or even yarrow for September meals. Most country dwellings do not appreciate the common plants—or weeds, they would call them—about their door. It takes beauty-starved city folk to open their eyes to the resources about them.

"I'm so proud of my bed of yarrow", said a wealthy city woman who had moved to the country. "I point it out to every passerby." And she refused to allow that corner of her yard to be mowed as long as the plant was in bloom.

One of my city friends invariably carries back to town an armful of yellow mustard blooms, or clover, or the delicate Queen Anne's lace, which flourishes along every roadside in August and September. She once entertained a prominent man at dinner, and her centerpiece was a low bowl of the lace plant combined with ferns and resting on a round mirror. It was beautiful. She puts the mustard in a tall, old-fashioned earthen preserve jar and sets it on the hearth. At one of her parties she had a punch bowl full of red clover blossoms.

I have an odd-shaped, old-fashioned sugar bowl which I keep filled with clover—both red and white—and there is nothing more satisfying to my sense of beauty and the fitness of things than that bowl of clover on my supper table

(Continued on page 322)



# AMERICAN COOKERY

## FORMERLY THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

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### The Best Sauce

"He who works not shall not eat."  
'Twas no warning hurled in heat  
At some shirker in the shade;  
'Twas a plan that Nature made.  
Prince and pauper, here they meet;  
"He who works not shall not eat."

"He who works not shall not eat."  
He who plies not hands and feet  
Bravely for the common good  
Rusts the wheel that grinds his food,  
Starves amid the fat and sweet,—  
"He who works not shall not eat."

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

### THE PRESENT SITUATION

IN recent years much has been said about the cost of living; the remedies that have been suggested, the theories elaborated to meet the existing conditions have been various and countless. The number of politicians who have sought and gained office through promises and schemes to reduce the prices of staples is almost incredible. Why should we make ourselves so ridiculous? At the same time the cost of most of the necessities of life has steadily advanced, and, with war in Europe, the prospect of betterment in conditions does not seem favorable. People in general must make the best of the situation and, day by day, rely on prudence and thrift in matters of expenditures.

It would seem that one or two facts are plain and simple, and, in a land like this, ought to be better understood and practiced. One is, in order that a reduction take place all along the line in the cost of foodstuffs, more people must engage in the production of the same. Soil is plentiful and rich, but the needs of the masses are not supplied in sufficiently large quantities. More people need to get nearer to the earth. Nature rewards intelligent industry and thriftiness.

Another fact is that the cost of commodities is dependent on easy and ready means of transportation. How few seem to realize that transportation is the chief factor in modern civilization! When traffic of every kind is large and active, everybody is busy and prosperous.

Now these things are largely in the hands of the people themselves. For instance, it is up to them to say what shall and shall not be done in the way of legislation. In short, unceasing diligence is called for in respect to the conduct of affairs that concern individual and social welfare. That justice and right prevail the world over are above all other considerations.

## THE VALUE OF HEIRLOOMS

PEOPLE who do not possess heirlooms cannot be expected to prize or to appreciate them as do those to whom the keepsakes stand for family history or cherished tradition. To the mere uninterested onlooker, the yellowed mirror, heavy, old, carved table or quaint silver plate speaks only of a day that is well past, while to the descendant of proud and honest lineage the more ancient the heirloom the greater its value simply because it stands for more.

The discriminating person, who can point with pride to evidences of family prosperity and position in the past, will feel an instinctive obligation to maintain equally high standards in the present and to lay suitable foundations for their continuance in the future.

Heirlooms are of vastly more worth than the mere materials and labor of manufacture which they represent. They are evidences of things seen and still hoped for. There is an unconscious cultivation of taste through association with worthy articles of the past. The strength, durability, simple dignity of line, and frank declaration of utility of an aristocratic old mahogany highboy cannot fail to influence the ideals of an entire family, and that too in the most far-reaching manner. It would be impossible to conceive of a family, brought up face to face with such an article of furniture and revering the times and people which it has served so well, as ever being content to place by its side a cheap, highly-polished, golden oak soap premium, or upon its rich top a gaudily decorated gilt and magenta lamp.

Is it not better to purchase one article worthy of respect and to enjoy the dignity of uncluttered spaces than to vitiate the taste by surrounding ourselves with meaningless articles? Does not the parent, who purchases something worth being cared for and handed down as an heirloom, perform a distinct service for

the future as well as the present?

Surely so, for the tawdry things of life are placed at a discount, in contrast, and slowly but with a certainty the ramifications of family solidity are builded, appreciation of the best is cultivated, and higher ideals established.

In newer countries with their pioneer days, sturdy, substantial articles are required to meet the daily needs, while the slender lines of a later day bespeak the elegancies of greater ease of living. So our heirlooms of bleached homespun, wool-filled comforters, hand-woven counterpanes, sturdy chests, nail-studded, undressed skin-covered trunks, and draft-protecting canopy-topped beds—all tell of the aristocracy of initiative, courage, conquest. The paintings in their dulled-gold frames, with their reminder of the beauties of other days, the inlaid furniture, the fine strong lines of the colonial days bear mute testimony to the innate refinement of our forebears, to which the monstrosities of architecture and furnishings of a later day are in shocking, hideous contrast. It is, indeed, a hopeful sign that we have awakened to a truer recognition of beauty—or more strictly speaking, are as a people bidding fair to awaken.

It is a duty we owe those of a younger generation to educate them in the value of unspoiled heirlooms, for many a treasure of other days has been improved out of all semblance of actual worth. Think of the sacrilege of daubing a rare bird's-eye maple chest of drawers with cheap, ready-mixed, blue paint, of enameling a valuable verde-antique, marble mantel white, of smearing a wonderful writing desk book-case of exquisitely matched "plumed" mahogany with the contents of a couple of ten-cent cans of stain and varnish mixed, or of using a solid mahogany, drop-leaf table for wood-shed use, and relegating a once choice *escritoire* to a barn loft, because it wasn't worth giving away. Happy to relate the friendly eye of a true connoisseur finally fell upon these humili-

ated articles and they were restored and properly cared for—but by stranger hands.

We, of occidental birth, are apt to smile indulgently at the pagan idea of Chinese ancestor worship, but there is something to be said in its favor, after all. To-day is builded upon yesterday, even as tomorrow must depend upon to-day. It is wise not to forget what we owe to the past, nor lose sight of the relation of the integrity of the present to the family and national future.

On the other hand, heirlooms are sometimes subjected to strange humiliations. An honest warming pan in its palmiest days was never intended to be bedecked with an ostentatious satin bow and hung in the parlor, nor was great-grandfather Tudor's boot-jack ever intended to be used as a wall decoration. The stout, hickory chair, which held a silver-haired old gentleman of other days, when he took his "nooning" and smoked the fragrant weed on the side piazza, while the good wife "did up" the dinner dishes inside, must actually blush to be gilded and thrust into unwelcome reception room prominence.

Older nations have learned the lesson of the true valuation of heirlooms. A family appreciates its own entailed property and considers it as held in trust.

With us, the big "I" often hides the view behind and before. We are swept along by fads and the monkey-like desire to imitate our friends, in the furnishings of our homes. When round dining tables are the accepted fashion, we feel apologetic to extend hospitality from the four sides of a square one.

A national realization of the value of heirlooms would make for greater social independence, with a proportionate economy of money and foolish social striving.

In truth, the order might well be reversed and the effort made to construct a permanent, suitable, home unit. It would do away with much haste and feverishness. Fewer purchases would be necessary and those could be the real-

ization of earnest, discriminating desire.  
E. G. W.

## CHEERFULNESS

CHEERFULNESS has been called the "bright weather of the heart." Perhaps to some extent it is an inborn disposition. Some men are more happily constituted than others, and turn, like flowers, to the sun by a kind of instinct. At the same time, it cannot be doubted that all of us are capable of being trained in the habit of cheerfulness; and, having the power to modify our temperaments, it largely depends upon ourselves whether we take a dark or a bright view of life, whether we make the worst or the best of it. A great teacher has said of the propensities that they are as teachable as Latin and Greek, and much more essential in any rational scheme of life. Dr. Johnson was as constitutionally prone to melancholy as any man who ever lived, and yet he said, "Man's being in a good or bad humor depends very much upon his own will." The habit of looking on the bright side of things, he added, is worth more than a thousand pounds a year.—*Christian World*.

## The Check

Life isn't a thing of gladness,  
When the Mss. come back.  
The skies are as black as midnight  
And earth is a total wrack.  
But, oh, it is glad midsummer  
And roses our paths bedeck,  
On the day when the post man brings us  
The letter that holds a check.

Oh, it's easy enough forgetting  
The bitter thoughts of the past,  
When the man who was unrelenting  
Accepts at the very last.  
We bless him, his town, his paper,  
We'd like to fall on his neck,  
But instead we rush to the banker  
And get him to cash our check.

L. M. THORNTON.





ROASTED CHICKENS, WITH SAUSAGE AND FRITTERS

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Carrot Soup

**S** CRAPE and slice six carrots (not too large). Peel and chop one onion. Melt three tablespoonfuls of bacon fat or fat from the top of the soup kettle; add the prepared vegetables, cover and let cook very slowly, for one hour, or until soft; add three pints of broth, let simmer five or six minutes, then strain; thicken, if desired, with a tablespoonful of potato flour, or cornstarch, smoothed in a little cold water; season, as needed, with salt and pepper. Broth made of the framework of roast chickens and the giblets may be used.

### Roasted Chickens, with Sausage and Fritters

Truss the chickens in compact form, lay a slice of fat salt pork over the breasts and cook from one hour and a half to two hours, basting often. About twenty minutes before the chickens are done, set small flat pork sausage cakes

into the oven to cook, turning them when half cooked.

### Corn Fritters

These fritters may be made of ordinary canned corn, chopped fine, but are best when made of home-canned corn pulp or of kornlet. Beat the yolks of two eggs; add one cup of the variety of corn you use, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and one cup of flour sifted with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix together thoroughly, then beat in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Take up by the tablespoonful and with a second spoon scrape, in one portion, into hot fat; turn the fritters as they rise to the top of the fat; turn several times while cooking; drain on soft paper in the warming over.

### Fillets of Fresh Fish, Poulette Style

Cut fillets of fresh fish into long narrow strips, scrape over them a little onion juice and marinate with lemon juice and pulp of red peppers. Cover

the trimmings of the fish, onion, peppers and a few sprigs of parsley with cold water and let simmer twenty minutes; drain and reserve to baste the fish and for sauce. Fold each fillet over a cubical strip of raw potato, buttered, to have the ends come together; set these in a baking dish, pour over some of the hot broth and let bake about twenty minutes, basting three times with the broth. Cook one-fourth a cup of flour in one-fourth a cup of melted butter; add the liquid from the fillets with enough more of the broth to make one pint in all and stir until boiling; beat the yolks of an egg.

salt pork or bacon fat or with fat taken from the top of soup stock. Cook about one hour and three-fourths. Garnish the dish on which the meat is served with stuffed tomatoes and buttered sprouts.

### Stuffed Tomatoes à la Sicilienne

Select a dozen smooth tomatoes of same size. Remove a round piece about an inch in diameter from the *stem* end of each. Remove the seeds and pulp, to leave a shell, and chop the pulp fine. Put into a saucepan four tablespoonfuls of butter and sauté in this half an onion chopped fine, then add a pint of chopped



CHICKENS TRIMMED FOR ROASTING

add one-fourth a cup of cream and stir into the sauce; season with salt and pepper; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and turn into a sauce-boat. Serve the fillets in rows on a serving dish with potato balls, cut with French cutter, rolled in melted butter and sprinkled with chopped parsley, between. Garnish the sides of the dish with two hard-cooked eggs sliced thin.

### Boned Leg of Lamb, Roasted, with Stuffed Tomatoes

The cavity from which the bone is taken may be stuffed with bread dressing, if meat or nuts are to be used in the tomatoes; if the tomatoes are to be filled with rice, the lamb may be sewed into a compact shape without using anything for filling. Baste with

mushrooms and stir and cook until the moisture evaporates; add the tomato pulp, half a cup of lean ham, cooked and chopped fine, half a cup of bread-crumbs (stale not dried), a few leaves of sweet herbs, tied in a parsley branch, salt and pepper with broth or thickened sauce to moisten; stir and cook until thoroughly heated, then remove the parsley branch and fill the tomatoes. The mixture should not be too moist. Set the tomatoes in a baking-pan, and sprinkle with grated cheese and buttered crumbs. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.

### Stuffed Tomatoes à la Carolina

Select a dozen round tomatoes of the same size. Remove a piece about an inch in diameter from the *stem* end of



BONED LEG OF LAMB, STUFFED TOMATOES, BRUSSELS SPROUTS

each and take out the seeds. Cook a cup of rice in a quart of well-seasoned broth, with half a green pepper cut fine. When the rice is nearly tender, add half a cup of butter and mix thoroughly, but carefully, to avoid breaking the grains of rice. Fill the tomato shells with the rice; bake about half an hour in a moderate oven. Remove to the serving dish. If served as an entrée surround with highly flavored tomato sauce.

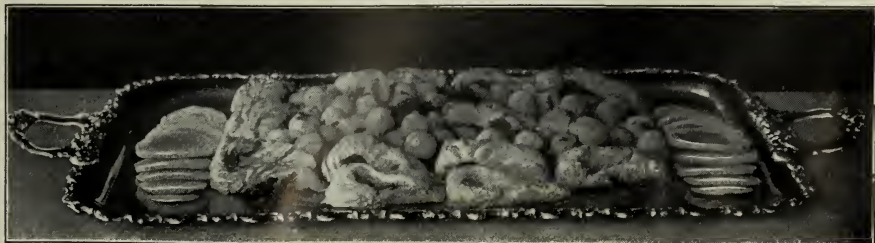
### Brussels Sprouts with Butter

Boil one quart of Brussels sprouts in two quarts of salted water, about fifteen minutes, or until tender. Let drain on a cloth, then toss in a frying-pan with a scant fourth a cup of butter, until the butter is absorbed; sprinkle with one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a dash of salt; mix and arrange in a mound on a serving-dish. Surround with points of toasted or fried bread.

### Fillets of Chicken Breast, with Jelly Sauce

Remove the breast from a young chicken, separate the two small fillets

from the larger ones, and cut the larger ones in halves, lengthwise; trim the fillets neatly, dip them in beaten egg diluted with milk, then coat them with soft, sifted bread crumbs. Season the crumbs with a little salt before using. Sauté the fillets in the clarified butter, very slowly, until delicately colored on one side, then cook on the other side and drain on soft paper. It will take from ten to fifteen minutes (according to thickness) to cook the fillets, and they should not be set to cook until the border is nearly ready. Scrape all the flesh from the rest of the fowl, pass it through a meat chopper and pound it with a pestle. There should be one cup of pulp. Cook soft, white bread crumbs in milk or chicken broth directly over the fire, stirring constantly, until a smooth paste is formed; into half a cup of this panada, beat the unbeaten white of an egg, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper and, when cold, pound into the chicken, and when smooth pound with an unbeaten white of egg and press through a sieve; into this mixture beat two whites of eggs beaten



FILLETS OF FISH, POULETTE STYLE





RAGOUT OF VEAL AND BUTTON ONIONS

light and a cup of cream beaten light. Cook in a buttered border mold until firm. Cook in the oven, on many folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water. The water should not boil after the dish is set into the oven. Unmold on a serving dish; fill the center with cooked okra or peas, well buttered; set the fillets above the vegetable and pour currant jelly sauce around the border of forcemeat.

### Currant Jelly Sauce for Chicken

As soon as the flesh has been taken from the framework of the chicken, break the framework in pieces, and sauté these and the giblets and a sliced onion in hot fat until well browned on all sides; pour off all the fat possible; add two cups of white broth or cold water and let simmer, half covered two or three hours, or even longer if there be time. Strain off this broth and use with one-fourth a cup, each, of butter

and flour for the sauce; strain and finish by melting in it two tablespoonful of currant jelly.

### Ragout of Veal and Button Onions

With a cleaver or a pestle flatten a veal steak to about one-fourth an inch in thickness. With a small round cutter, cut the veal into rounds. Cook these in the frying-pan in hot salt-pork fat until juice shows on the upper surface, then turn to cook the other side; add broth and let simmer until the meat is very tender (about forty-five minutes); stir two or three tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper as needed with a little juice from a can of tomatoes, and stir into the dish; add a cup of tomato pulp in inch-size pieces and let cook about ten minutes longer. Have ready some small button onions, cooked tender in boiling water, drained and browned in hot butter. Serve the veal



STUFFED SHOULDER OF VEAL, CHAUDFROID STYLE



CREAMED KOHL-RABI

and sauce in the center of the dish with the onions around it. Or serve the rounds of veal, after cooking in the hot fat, one overlapping another, in a circle, in the center of the dish with quarter slices of lemon between the rounds, and the onions around the circle, and the sauce in a bowl.

### Stuffed Shoulder of Veal, Chaufroid Style

Select a shoulder of veal weighing about eight pounds, without the knuckle; bone it without cutting through the skin; spread it on a meat board, skin side down; slice off some of the meat from the thickest portions, that it may be of nearly uniform thickness throughout. To the veal trimmings add two pounds, each, of veal fillet and fat bacon, and pass through the food-chopper; add a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of paprika and pound with a

pestle in a wooden bowl about fifteen minutes, then add a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley, one-fourth a cup of fine-chopped truffles,—these may be omitted— and when thoroughly mixed, spread this forcemeat over the meat. It should be nearly three inches thick. Cut half a pound of fat salt pork in half-inch cubes, and press these into the forcemeat at regular intervals; fold or roll the meat to enclose the forcemeat. Sew the edges of the meat together on the three open sides; roll it in a cloth and tie both ends with tape; also tie two pieces of tape around the roll at equal distances from the ends, to keep it from bulging at the center. Into an oval saucepan put the bones from the meat, trimmings from the bacon and pork, the knuckle of veal, two onions, in slices, three cloves, four branches of parsley and four stalks of celery and pour on cold water or light



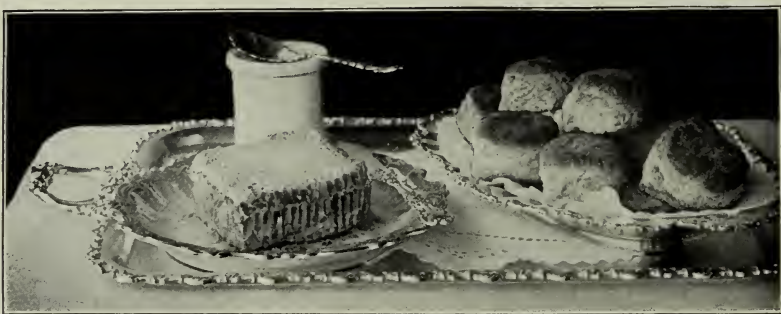
STUFFED DELECATA

stock to cover the whole; let heat slowly to the boiling point; skim, then lay the shoulder of veal on the bones, cover and let simmer four or five hours or until tender. Remove the cloth from the meat, spread it on the board and again tie the meat in it; let the meat cool between two baking sheets with a weight above. When cold remove from the cloth, cover with chaudfroid sauce, decorate with figures cut from pimientos and with fine-chopped truffles, and pour half-set aspic jelly over the whole. Surround with curly endive, cut in ribbons, and tomatoes cut to represent flowers. Serve mayonnaise in

half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a package of gelatine softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and a small blade of mace; stir constantly until boiling; let boil five minutes; draw to a cooler part of the range to settle, then strain through a napkin wrung out of boiling water and laid over a colander. Use when beginning to "set."

### Creamed Kohl-Rabi

Pare tender kohlrabi, cut each in quarters, lengthwise, and let cook in boiling water until tender; season with salt and set four pieces, each, in individual dishes. To serve five make one



A LIGHT LUNCHEON: HONEY, CHEESE, HOT BISCUIT

a bowl apart. This will serve about fifty people.

### Chaudfroid Sauce

Make a sauce of one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper and two cups of the broth in which the meat was cooked; add one and a half tablespoonfuls of gelatine, softened in half a cup of broth, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved, use when partially chilled.

### Aspic Jelly

Remove all fat from one pint of the broth in which the meat was cooked; add the crushed shells of several eggs, one white of an egg beaten slightly, the thin, yellow rind of half a lemon,

cup of cream sauce with two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour and one cup of thin cream or rich milk. Season with one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika. When boiling pour over the kohlrabi. For a heartier dish, add to the sauce—at the last moment—from two to four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese.

### Stuffed Delecata or Summer Asparagus

Cut a delecata (a variety of Summer squash) in halves lengthwise, remove seeds and soft portions and let cook by steaming or boiling until nearly tender; sprinkle inside with salt, and turn upside down to drain. Find out the quantity of material needed to fill the halves of the vegetable (they vary



greatly in size); take equal portions of chopped chicken and ham and soft, fine bread crumbs to equal the bulk of both; for a cup of crumbs, take one-fourth a cup of melted butter, a tablespoonful, each, of fine-chopped parsley, onions and green or red pepper and salt and black pepper to season. If too dry add a little cream or broth. Fill the prepared squash with the mixture, rounding it up well; cover with one-fourth a cup or more of cracker crumbs mixed with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, turn a little broth or hot water into a dish around the delecta and let cook until hot throughout and the crumbs browned. Serve with cream, brown or tomato sauce around the vegetable or in a separate dish.

### Delecta, Hollandaise Style

Cut the vegetable into long narrow strips, remove the soft center and pare the outside. Cook the strips in boiling water till done; drain and serve with Hollandaise sauce poured over, either with or without toast.

### Hollandaise Sauce for Delecta (*To serve five*)

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; beat in one yolk of egg, add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and one-fourth a cup of boiling water and stir over boiling water till the mixture thickens; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and the sauce is ready.



CANNED TOMATOES, NEW STYLE

### Tomatoes, Canned Whole

If the tomatoes are small, leave them whole, simply peel and cut out the hard portion at the stem end. Larger tomatoes may be cut in quarters, preferably at the fleshy portion, between the seed sections. Have the jars and covers thoroughly sterilized in boiling water; turn out the water and fill the jars as full as possible with the prepared tomatoes and adjust the rubbers; set the jars in a large deep sauce-pan, or other receptacle, on several folds of cloth; turn a little boiling water in to the dish against the cloth at one side, to temper the jars, then fill the jars to overflow with boiling water; adjust the covers (taken from boiling water) making them secure as when canning is finished; now pour boiling water around the cans to reach to at least half their



NUT BREAD



PUMPKIN PIE

height. Cover the receptacle and let stand until the jars are cold. The tomatoes when opened will be about equal to the fresh vegetable.

### Tango Salad

Peel, halve and core ripe juicy pears and, if desired, cut the halves in thin slices without cutting quite through; rub them over with the cut side of a lemon, or squeeze upon each piece a few drops of lemon juice to keep them from discoloring. Set a ball of cream cheese, or a few cubes of roquefort or other cheese, in the cavity in the center of the halves of pears; set these on heart-leaves of lettuce, and pour a highly seasoned dressing over the whole.

### Tango Dressing (To serve six)

Prepare half a cup of mayonnaise dressing in the usual manner. Beat one-

fourth a cup of olive oil, one teaspoonful of vinegar, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and mustard, half a teaspoonful of paprika, and one-fourth a cup of chili sauce, until well blended, then gradually beat into the mayonnaise dressing. Sprinkle the salad and dressing generously with julienne shreds of pimientos. After opening the can of pimientos, rinse them in cold water, and dry on a cloth.

### Nut Bread, with Baking Powder

Sift together three cups of pastry flour, one cup of sugar, three slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt; add one cup of chopped nut meats, one egg, beaten light, and one cup of milk and mix to a dough; turn into a buttered brick-loaf bread pan, let stand fifteen minutes, then bake about forty-five minutes. For a change, use one-third Graham flour.



TANGO SALAD

### Fancy Pastry for Little Pies

Sift together one cup and one-fourth of pastry flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and baking powder and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; with two knives or the tips of the fingers work in half a cup of butter or other shortening. Add an unbeaten yolk of egg; mix the juice of one lemon with one and a half tablespoonfuls of water and with the knife work the liquid gradually into the egg and flour mixture. Turn upon a board dredged with flour; turn the dough in the flour, then pat and roll into a rectangular sheet; fold the dough to make three layers and roll again into a thin sheet; repeat the folding and rolling two or three times, then roll very thin and use to line small tins.

### Lemon Cheese Cakes

For the filling for five small (individual) pies take one egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind of one lemon, one large tablespoonful of lemon juice, and one-fourth a cup of sifted sponge cake crumbs. Beat the yolk of the egg; add the sugar, salt, lemon rind and juice, and the cake crumbs; mix thoroughly, then fold in the white of the egg, beaten dry, and turn into small tins lined with fancy pastry. Bake until the filling is set.

### Pumpkin Pie, Holiday Style

Line the plate with fancy pastry such as is given for lemon cheese cakes. For the filling beat one egg and the yolk of another; add one cup of sugar, one-third a cup of molasses, one cup and a half of pumpkin (cooked until dry and sifted), half a teaspoonful of salt, two rounding tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped, preserved ginger, a tablespoonful of yellow ginger, one cup of cream, and half a cup of milk; mix thoroughly and turn into the prepared plate. Set a

scant tablespoonful of butter, in bits, here and there, on the top of the mixture, and let bake about forty minutes. The recipe for pastry will be enough for a large pie and five or six cheese cakes. The pumpkin filling makes a large, deep pie. It will serve eight. Half a tablespoonful of common ginger and a teaspoonful of cinnamon may replace the seasonings given above.

### Banana Pie, Thanksgiving Style

Press enough peeled bananas through a vegetable ricer to fill a cup. To this add half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, half a teaspoonful of salt, one beaten egg, one-half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a cup of milk and one-third a cup of cream. Mix thoroughly, and bake until firm in a plate lined with pastry.

### Canned Berry Pudding

Butter a pudding dish, lay in a layer of bread, cut in thin slices and buttered, then a layer of canned berries, blueberries, blackberries or raspberries. If the berries are not already sweetened, sprinkle on a little sugar. Continue the layers until the dish is nearly full. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot with sugar and cream or hard sauce.

### Cornstarch Pudding

Scald two cups of milk; stir two rounding tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and half a teaspoonful of salt with one-third a cup of cold milk to a smooth consistency, then turn it into the hot milk and stir constantly until the mixture is smooth and thick; cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Beat one egg; add one-fourth a cup of sugar, and stir into the hot mixture; cover and let stand two or three minutes. Serve hot, with strawberry or raspberry syrup, or with sugar and cream. This is enough for four or five portions.



# Menus for a Week in November

*"To detect the flavour of an olive is no less a piece of human perfection, than to find beauty in the colours of the sunset."*—R. L. STEVENSON.

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Oatmeal cooked with Butter, Thin Cream  
Small Country Sausage  
Potatoes Hashed in Milk, Hot Apple Sauce  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Oyster Soup  
Roasted Chickens, Currant Jelly  
Kornlet Fritters, Mashed Potatoes,  
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Fashion  
Giblet Sauce Celery-and-Lettuce Salad  
Pumpkin Pie, Whipped Cream above  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Hot Cheese Sandwiches  
Mustard Pickles Apple Marmalade  
Little Nut Cakes Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Grapes  
Bacon Broiled in Oven  
Mashed Potato Cakes, Baked  
Cornmeal Muffins Dry Toast  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Okra Soup with Rice  
Lettuce-and-Apple Salad (French dressing)  
Graham Bread  
Hot Cornstarch Pudding,  
Sugar and Cream or Strawberry Syrup  
Tea

## Dinner

Corned Forequarter of Lamb, Boiled,  
Caper Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes Boiled Turnips  
Lemon Cheese Cakes Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Corned Lamb and Potato Hash  
Mustard Pickles  
Fried Cornmeal Mush Dry Toast  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Fricassée of Chicken  
Savory Rice Cranberry Sauce  
Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce  
Pineapple Tapioca Pudding,  
Cream, Sugar  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Potato Omelet with Cheese  
Dry Toast Baked Pears  
Drop Nut Cookies Tea

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Baked Apples  
Broiled Fresh or Salt Fish  
Creamed Potatoes  
Bread and Butter  
Toasted Biscuits  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Roast Leg of Lamb  
Stuffed Tomatoes  
Brussels Sprouts, Buttered  
Baked Bananas, Currant Jelly Sauce  
Celery-and-Green Pepper Salad  
Squash Pie  
Preserved Ginger  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Stewed Lima Beans  
(fresh or dried)  
Yeast Biscuit  
Honey  
Drop Cookies  
Tea

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream  
Creamed Dried Beef  
Small Baked Potatoes  
Doughnuts Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Noodle Soup  
Fillets of Fresh Fish, Poulette,  
Fish Bechamel Sauce  
Buttered Potato Balls Pickled Beets  
Lemon Jelly with Sliced Bananas,  
Sugar, Cream  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Cream Toast  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Stewed Crab Apples or Apple Marmalade  
Spice Cake Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Fish-and-Potato Hash  
Sliced Tomatoes or Pickles  
Rye Meal or Graham Muffins  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Potato Soup, Croutons Rizzoletti  
(Rice Croquettes, Creamed Chicken in  
center)  
Canned Peas  
Buttered Brussels Sprouts  
Pudding of Canned Berries and Bread,  
Cream, Sugar  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Hulled Corn, Syrup, Cream  
Bread and Butter  
Hot Baked Sweet Apples  
Fig Layer Cake Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges  
Bacon Omelet  
Cream of Wheat Mush, Fried  
Buttered Toast  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Fresh Fish Cooked en Casserole  
Creamed Kornlet, Mexican Style, au  
Gratin  
Apples in Jelly  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Smoked Halibut Potato Salad  
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit  
Canned Fruit  
Caramel Cake Tea

# Menus for Thanksgiving Dinner

## I

Consommé with Egg Balls  
 Celery, Ripe Olives, Salted Butternuts  
 Oyster Croquettes, Sauce Tartare  
 Hot Yeast Rolls  
 Sweetbreads-and-Mushroom Patties  
 Roasted Turkey, Giblet Sauce  
 Mashed Potatoes Squash  
 Cranberry Jelly  
 Onions Stuffed with Sausage or  
 Pecan nut meats  
 Hot Ham Mousse, Madeira Sauce  
 Chiffonade of Celery, Tomatoes and  
 Green Peppers, French Dressing  
 Hot Apple Pie Pumpkin Pie  
 Vanilla Ice Cream  
 Maple Bonbons Pears  
 Coffee

## II

Lobster Cocktail  
 Brown Bread Sandwiches  
 Roasted Guinea Chickens, Guava Jelly  
 Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style  
 Savory Rice Croquettes  
 Endive Salad  
 Banana Pie  
 Fruit Cup (orange sherbet, etc.)  
 Assorted Nuts Raisins  
 Coffee

## V

Tomato Soup  
 Celery Olives  
 Scalloped Oysters  
 Roast Ham, Currant Jelly Sauce  
 Apples, Baked with Almonds  
 Cabbage-and-Green-Pepper Salad  
 Pumpkin Pie  
 Chocolate Ice Cream,  
 Marshmallow Sauce  
 Nuts Raisins Fruit  
 Coffee

## III

Grape-fruit Cocktail  
 Roasted Chickens, Sausage Cakes,  
 Mashed Potatoes  
 Kornlet, Mexican Style, in Ramekins  
 Cranberry Sauce  
 Squash Onions in Cream  
 Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce  
 Individual Pumpkin Pies  
 Raspberry Sherbet  
 Assorted Nuts Mint Leaves  
 Coffee

## IV

Oyster Stew  
 Celery Pickles  
 Boned Leg of Lamb, Potato Stuffing,  
 Roasted  
 Baked Tomatoes Stuffed with Chicken  
 and Ham  
 Brussels Sprouts, Buttered  
 Mashed Turnips  
 Banana Croquettes, Currant Jelly Sauce  
 or Apple Mint Jelly  
 Squash Pie  
 Vanilla Ice Cream, Maple Syrup Sauce  
 and Chopped Nuts  
 Sponge Cakelets  
 Fruit Assorted Nuts Raisins  
 Coffee

# Menus for High Tea, Thanksgiving Night

## I

### *Buffet Service*

Oyster Soup, en Tasse  
 Olives Celery Hearts Salted Nuts  
 Stuffed Shoulder of Veal, Chaudroid Style  
 Celery-and-Pimento or Green Pepper  
 Salad  
 Celery-and-Chicken Salad  
 Sandwiches  
 Parker House Rolls  
 Lemon Cheese Cakes Little Pumpkin Pies  
 Sweet Cider Frappé  
 Coffee

## II

### *Small Family*

Oyster Stew  
 Boiled Ham in Aspic Jelly  
 Apple, Celery-and-Green Pepper Salad  
 Hot Rolls  
 Pineapple Bavarian Cream  
 Lady Fingers  
 Assorted Nuts Maple Bonbons  
 Coffee

# Suggestions for Use of "Left-overs" from Thanksgiving Dinner

Onion Soup. Celery Soup. Cream-of-Cauliflower Soup. Chicken Gumbo.  
 Chicken-and-Tomato Soup. Rice Soup

Fresh Fish Cakes. Croquettes. Cutlets. Hashed or Creamed Fish.  
 Fish in Aspic with Macedoine of Vegetables

Oyster Omelet. Chicken or Turkey Omelet. Spanish Omelet

Chicken or Turkey Scalloped with Tomatoes or with Kornlet. Chicken or Turkey Roll  
 Chicken or Turkey Rechaufée with Savory Rice. Chicken, Turkey or Ham Pilau  
 Chicken or Turkey or Ham Souffle. Croquettes, Timbales, or Salad  
 Chicken, Turkey or Ham in Aspic Jelly. Creamed Chicken, Turkey or Ham  
 Rizzoletti (Rice Croquettes with Creamed Chicken, Turkey or Ham in center)

Macaroni à la Milanaise (with Broth, Ham, Tomato and Cheese)

Onions Stuffed with Nuts. Celery, au Gratin with Cheese. Creamed Celery  
 Squash Pie. Cranberry Tarts

Salad, Macedoine of Cooked Vegetables. Pear and Cream Cheese, Tango Dressing  
 Chiffonade of Celery and Pears, skinned and seeded White Grapes  
 with French or Mayonnaise Dressing

Bread Pudding with Fruit Jelly and Meringue

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## Menus for Well-balanced Dinners of Two Courses

### I

Casserole of Round Steak  
 (onions, carrots, potatoes)  
 Celery Hearts  
 Bread and Butter  
 Blancmange, Sugar, Cream

### II

Fish Baked, with Dressing  
 Mashed Potatoes  
 Cabbage Salad  
 Apple Pie, Cheese  
 Coffee

### III

Boiled Cod, Pickle Sauce  
 Boiled Potatoes  
 Scalloped Tomatoes  
 Canned Apricot Shortcake  
 Coffee

### IV

Shoulder of Lamb, Boiled,  
 Caper Sauce  
 Boiled Potatoes  
 Boiled Turnips  
 Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing  
 Delmonico Pudding  
 (cornstarch baked with meringue)  
 Coffee

### V

Hamburg Steak  
 Baked Sweet Potatoes  
 Macaroni, with Tomato Sauce  
 Celery Hearts  
 Cranberry Pie  
 Coffee

### VI

Cheese Pudding (custard)  
 Apple and Celery Salad  
 Graham Bread and Butter  
 Steamed Fig Pudding, Hard Sauce  
 Coffee

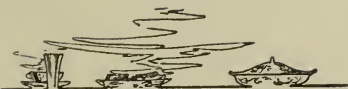
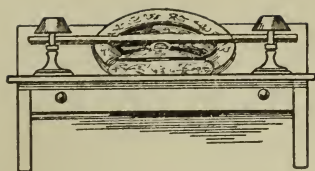
### VII

Lamb Soufflé, Tomato Sauce  
 Creamed Cauliflower  
 Baked Indian Pudding, Hard Sauce  
 or Whipped Cream

### VIII

Salted Salmon, Boiled, Egg Sauce  
 Boiled Potatoes  
 Boiled Onions  
 Cold Slaw  
 Creamy Rice Pudding, with Raisins  
 (poor man's rice pudding)  
 Coffee





# The Old-fashioned Thanksgiving Dinner, How to Vary It and Still Retain Its Characteristics

By Jessamine Chapman Williams

**I**N spite of two hundred and ninety-four years of growth and development since the first Thanksgiving Day, we Americans still cling to the ideas and forms established by our forefathers, in the celebration of this national holiday. The conventions and traditions centering about Thanksgiving Day are hallowed by memory and to depart from these, even in the general character of the dinner menu, would violate the culinary symbolism connected with the celebration.

We do not stop to analyze or consider how the customs we follow so closely come about, but the conventional Thanksgiving turkey and its accompaniments have a history. The menu for the Thanksgiving dinner of Puritan days was a fixed one, necessarily. It was after the harvest season, and hence the cranberry sauce and jelly, the fresh, home-made cider, the boiled-cider apple sauce, and the mince pies in which the boiled cider was a delectable ingredient. The wild turkey, the chestnut stuffing, the pumpkin pies, the oysters, fresh-caught from the "rock-bound" coast of Cape Cod, were the foods attainable for this feast. And from the brood of spring chickens came the choicest for the generous chicken pie; and the root vegetables, lately dug and put in the cellar for winter use, were in their prime. In contrast to the meager supply and lack of variety at other seasons of the

year November was, indeed, the harvest month.

To keep to the time-honored conventional menu, and yet introduce little surprises and variations in the serving, is the task of the housewife to-day.

The following is the old-fashioned conventional menu served in homes of every section of the country:

Oysters (Stew or Raw)  
Roast Turkey                      Chicken Pie  
Celery  
Cranberry Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes      Turnips or Baked Squash  
Creamed Onions  
Pumpkin Pie                      Mince Pie  
Pound Cake                      Cheese  
Apples, Nuts, Raisins  
Coffee, Cider

## A VARIATION OF THE ABOVE MENU

Oyster Canapés  
Giblet Soup, with Popped Corn  
Stuffed Celery  
Boiled Turkey, Bread Sauce      Chicken Pie  
(Chestnut Stuffing)      (Individual Crusts)  
Cranberry Ice  
Squash Soufflé                      Turnip Croquettes  
Glazed Silver Skins  
Horn-of-Plenty Salad  
Brown Bread Sandwiches  
Pumpkin Pie in Cups                      Mince Pie  
(Whipped Cream Garnish)      (in Ramekins)  
Stuffed Dates  
Mulled Cider                      Coffee  
Molasses Candy

## Oyster Canapés

Instead of the usual raw-oyster appetizer, oyster canapés will prove a pleasant variety. Grind the oysters and season as for oyster cocktail, with tabasco sauce, Worcestershire sauce, catsup, cel-

ery salt, and lemon juice. Spread thickly on oblong pieces of buttered toast, dot oysters with bits of butter, and moisten all with the strained oyster liquor, which has been heated carefully to the boiling point. Heat in a very hot oven. Garnish by placing, across each end of the toast, chopped olives, and place a slice of lemon covered with chopped parsley on each plate. Serve very hot.

### Giblet Soup

Cook the turkey giblets until tender in a small amount of water. Chop and force through a purée strainer. Thicken the liquor in which the giblets are cooked, season, and add giblet purée and hot cream or rich milk. Add brown stock if necessary to make up the quantity desired.

The popcorn served in place of croutons or bread will prove a successful substitute. A few kernels are put in each soup dish when served.

### Stuffed Celery

Add cream, in sufficient quantity, to one cake of Neufchâtel cheese to make it easy to mold. Add chopped olives and pimientos to taste. Fill the grooves of celery with the mixture and arrange in a circle on a plate, trimming off the leaves and end of the stalk so that they will not project from the plate. Place a little pile of olives in the center of the plate and garnish all with sprigs of parsley.

### Bread Sauce

This is a necessary accompaniment to boiled fowl or game. It may be varied greatly by adding chopped celery, chestnut purée or the chopped giblets.

2 cups milk	3 tablespoonfuls
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine bread	butter
crumbs, salt, pepper,	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarse, stale
cayenne	bread crumbs
1 onion, 6 cloves	

Cook milk with fine crumbs and onion, stuck with cloves, thirty minutes in the

double boiler. Remove onion and add seasoning and butter. Brown the coarse crumbs in butter and sprinkle over the top, after placing in the gravy boat. The water in which the turkey is boiled may be used instead of milk if desired.

### To Boil the Turkey

The turkey is stuffed with chestnut dressing, the same as for roasting, wrapped in cheese cloth, and plunged into boiling water, using as little water as possible. Cook very slowly until tender. It may be garnished as attractively as when roasted, with strings of cranberries, curled celery, and paper frills. Often sausage, in links, are used as a garnish as well.

### The Chestnut Stuffing

Blanch one pound of Italian Chestnuts, boil until tender and put through a ricer. Add one cup of bread crumbs, one-half cup of shortening, one tablespoonful and one-half of poultry seasoning and one-half cup of seeded raisins, with salt, pepper, celery salt, sugar, and cayenne to taste. Mix thoroughly. This is excellent for poultry or game.

### Cranberry Ice

This will surely appeal to all—a cool, tart, refreshing accompaniment, instead of the usual cranberry sauce or jelly. Cook the cranberries as for a sauce; strain, and add an equal amount of sugar syrup and freeze. Serve in tall champagne glasses.

### The Chicken Pie

To vary the appearance, but not detract in any way from its traditional goodness, cut the crust in form of biscuits and lay on top, serving a round of crust to each, instead of a wedge-shaped piece as when the top is covered completely. A puff-paste or plain pie-crust may be used.

### Turnip Croquettes

Boil and mash the turnips. Add one-

third or one-half the quantity of mashed potato and beaten egg in sufficient amount to make light. Add melted butter and, if too stiff, a little milk. Mold in the desired shape and roll in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat as any croquettes. They may be done early and reheated in the oven.

### Squash or Sweet Potato Soufflé

2 cups squash or sweet potato, boiled and mashed	1½ cups milk
1 tablespoonful brown sugar	2 eggs, beaten separ- ately

Beat thoroughly and pile in a baking dish and bake thirty minutes, browning the top nicely. The southerner will prefer the sweet potato.

### Glazed Silver Skins

Boil silver-skin onions until tender and sauté in butter until brown and glossy. These with the boiled turkey prove a better combination than the conventional creamed onions.

### Horn-of-Plenty-Salad

The sentiment of Thanksgiving is carried out in this artistic salad. Select uniform carrots, shaped like conucopias, and scoop out the large end to form a cup. Fill with tiny pieces of cooked potatoes, beets, peas, carrots, celery, olives and nuts, dressed with French dressing. Lay the carrots on small individual plates for serving and scatter some of the contents of the "horn" on the plate. Garnish with cress or parsley.

*The Brown Bread Sandwiches* to serve with this salad may be cut in tiny rounds, crescents, squares, and oblongs; a filling of nuts ground and mixed with salad dressing may be used.

### Pumpkin Pie in Cups

A somewhat lighter form of pie may be had and will suit those who are especially fond of the filling, if the mixture be poured into individual custard cups and a rim of pastry be put around the top. When cold garnish with whipped cream put through the pastry bag.

### Mince Pie in Ramekins

These are made with only one crust, as the deep English pies, individual ramekins being filled with the hot mince meat, and the pie crust placed on top. A piece of Edam cheese is placed on the ramekin saucer when served.

### Mulled Cider

To every two quarts of cider add one nutmeg crushed, not grated, fine; six whole cloves, and a few strips of cinnamon bark. If the cider is sharp, add half a cup of light brown sugar. Simmer gently, never allowing it to boil. Keep it lightly covered and cook fifteen minutes. Serve while steaming hot.

The dates may be stuffed with dates or fondant as preferred. The candy is the old-fashioned pulled candy, which is such a splendid accompaniment to nuts and dried fruits.

Such a Thanksgiving dinner, in which the sentiment is kept even in the foods selected, yet varied somewhat in preparation and serving, should prove a success.

As a centerpiece, there is none more attractive than a variety of harvest fruits and vegetables. Often the grains in sheaf can be used, a miniature sheaf being arranged effectively. Small bouquets of wheat make attractive favors.





# Food Combinations

By Grace Viall Gray

THERE is scarcely a housewife, unless she has made a scientific study of food combinations, who knows just what vegetables, sauces and garnishes should be served with certain meats.

Miss Ruth Michaels, Associate Professor of Home Economics at the Iowa State College, has outlined the following proper food combinations, which are invaluable to housewives in planning the three meals a day.

MEATS	VEGETABLES	SAUCES	GARNISHES
Pork	White Potatoes Sweet Potatoes Spinach Beets Cauliflower Cabbage	Champagne for Ham Pepper Sauce Cider Apple Sauce	Baked Apple Apple Rings Parsley Sour Jelly Glazed Potatoes
Lamb Mutton	White Potatoes Sweet Potatoes Rice Croquettes Farina Croquettes Cucumbers Spinach Squash	Madeira Mushroom Onion Currant Horseradish Cherry Caper	Glazed Potatoes Parsley Endive Mint or Currant Jelly
Veal	Creamed Spinach White Potatoes Sweet Potatoes Beets, Sour Sauce Cauliflower	Cream Brown Tomato Onion Hollandaise	Parsley Macaroni Hard-Boiled Eggs
Poultry	White Potatoes Sweet Potatoes Rice Croquettes Hominy Croquettes	White Bechamel Olive Curry Giblet	Celery Tips Parsley Lettuce French Fried Potatoes
Beef	White Potatoes Sweet Potatoes Mushrooms Hominy Farina Rice Macaroni Cauliflower Brussels Sprouts Beets Spinach Egg Plant Peas	Brown Mustard Mushroom Tomato	Rice Border Apple Fritters Parsley Lemon Rings Green Peppers
Croquettes			Currant Jelly
FISH	VEGETABLES	SAUCES	DESSERTS
Fried Fish Smelts	Rice Boiled Potatoes and Peas	Tartar Bearnaise	Chocolate Bread Pudding Apple Tapioca Pudding
Halibut	Shredded Potatoes and Hot Slaw	Cream Sauce	Lemon Pie
Lobster Cutlets Fish Cutlets Hot Boiled Cod Salmon Salt Mackerel (boiled)	Rice Rice Scalloped Potatoes Cucumbers, Peas Cucumber and Lettuce Salad, Peas, Potato Balls	Tartare Hollandaise Egg Sauce Egg Sauce Lemon Juice and Melted Butter or Parsley Sauce	Bavarian Cream Ice Cream Cottage Pudding Strawberries Custard Soufflé
Baked Fish	Shadow Potatoes and Cold Slaw	Hollandaise Sauce	Lemon Soufflé
Broiled Shad	Asparagus on Toast, Cucumber & Lettuce Salad	White Sauce	Prune Whip
Fish Croquettes	Radishes	Tomato	Steamed Pudding

After a short study of the preceding outline a housekeeper will quickly note that with pork the flavor vegetables, such as cabbage or cauliflower, are recommended. The vegetables that are usually served with vinegar are desirable with pork.

There are really six general rules to remember in serving all forms of pork.

1. Use acid fruits, such as apples, with pork.
2. Use acid vegetables, such as beets with pork (beets are a sweet vegetable.)
3. Use flavor vegetables, cabbage or cauliflower.
4. Use only one starchy vegetable—potatoes.
5. Use simple desserts—gelatine or fruits.
6. Use sour jelly—currant.

If such rules are followed, you will have a well-balanced meal.

Here is a suggestive well-balanced dinner:

Roast Pork	Currant Jelly (sour jelly)
Browned Potatoes (starchy vegetable)	
Gravy	Sliced Tomatoes (sour vegetable)
Apples Baked in Casserole (simple dessert)	

The following is a dinner too rich in fat and starch and lacks acid:

Roast Pork	Grape Jelly
Browned Potatoes	Rice Croquettes
Gravy	Suet Pudding

If a more elaborate dinner were desired, cabbage or beet salad could be added.

The well-balanced dinner requires nothing but the oven heat, as the pork and apples can be cooking at the same time.

In serving a slice of boiled ham, try pineapple as a garnish instead of apple. Pineapple, canned in slices, is excellent, fried in the pan in which the ham was prepared. Turn the slices until tender and browned to a golden color. Use no sugar. Home canned pineapple are just as good fried this way, in which case sugar must be sprinkled over the pineapple to make it brown.

If you wish mint jelly to serve with lamb or mutton and cannot procure the fresh mint, you can purchase the mint flavor in jello form, so that boiling water is all that is needed to make an appetizing, good-flavored green jelly.

To those vegetables mentioned in the outline, we can add carrots, pease and onions, as mutton is improved by the addition of any of these.

Dumplings go well with mutton, and if they are used consider them as the starchy vegetable.

Here is a suggestive mutton dinner:

	Cream of Pea Soup	
Boiled Mutton.	Dumplings	Caper Sauce
	Spanish Rice	
	Caramel Custard	

Rice with tomatoes, such as Spanish rice, is an excellent combination for mutton. Potatoes should not be served in that case.

Veal also is good with dumplings and horseradish sauce. The following would do for a veal dinner:

	Vegetable Soup	
Veal Cutlets	Tomato Sauce	Mashed Potatoes
	Lima Beans	Celery
	Rice Pudding	

A pleasing change in serving poultry is to use rice in place of white potatoes. Both are starchy vegetables, and if rice is used as a vegetable the gravy is served with it. Rice should be used more than it is to take the place of potato.

A good combination is:

	Potato Soup	
Stewed Chicken	Gravy	Boiled Rice
	Mashed Turnips	
Celery	Combination Salad	
	Orange Ice	

We should object to following potato soup with stewed chicken; the combination is about equivalent to two hearty soups.—*Editor*.

Or another could be:

	Roast Chicken	
Baked Sweet Potatoes	Creamed Cauliflower	
	Cranberry Sauce	
	Peach Short Cake	

To the outline for poultry we can add, as vegetables, turnips, cauliflower, lettuce, sliced tomatoes, shell beans, and lima beans. Egg sauce goes well with boiled fowl, and cranberry sauce with chicken, turkey and duck. Pork and duck are both fatty food. In serving duck follow the same rules as pork.

Broiled steak is delicious served with horseradish sauce or with the pineapple rings mentioned in connection with pork.

An excellent combination is:

	Tomato Soup without stock
Roast Beef	Yorkshire Pudding
	Browned Potatoes
	Brown Gravy Currant Jelly
	Squash
Tomato and Lettuce Salad (not necessary)	
	Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding

In the outline corn seems to be omitted. One rule to be observed, in planning meat, is to consider whether a certain vegetable is served as a daily ration

to the animal that is to grace our board. For instance, we should never be guilty of serving corn at the same time we serve chicken, for as we see the chicken on the platter and the corn in the dish our thought is "corn-fed chicken." Corn should not appear with poultry of any kind, but can be used with any other meat. It is best with beef or mutton.

Corn custard or corn croquettes with poultry is a favorite combination with which we see no fault.—EDITOR.

## Breakfast Parties

HERE in the South where the hot weather makes daytime festivities impossible during several months of the year, the pretty custom of breakfast parties has sprung up and become one of the favorite forms of entertainment.

A breakfast party may be as elaborate as a luncheon and as gay as a tea, and there are many dishes peculiar to breakfast which make a pleasant variation in the usual menu of luncheons and dinners. The party may be any time from nine to eleven, as large or as small, as formal or as unconventional as one pleases, and certainly a house with white woodwork, long French windows and bright chintz hangings and old mahogany furnishings never looks lovelier than in the morning sunshine, nor a table more appetizing than when spread with a simple cloth and with the coffee percolating in its glass globe beside the hostess' place.

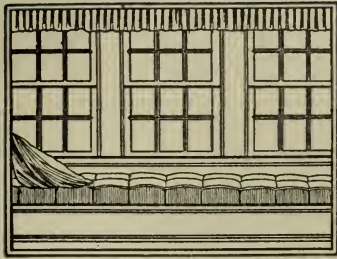
One may start a breakfast party with fruit, and of course there must be a cereal served in the finest of china and with thick cream passed on a silver plate by a smiling darkey. The main dish may be an omelette, perhaps a sweetbread omelette served in pattie cups, with thin bacon, hot bread, freshly made coffee and jam.

Then, since you are in the South, you must end with waffles, hot waffles with powdered sugar and whipped cream—a breakfast that inflicts an irreparable injury upon luncheon but which justifies its name by its menu if not by its hour.

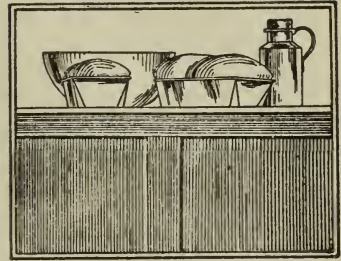
The Southern woman not only prides herself upon her social gifts but upon her efficiency as a housekeeper, and surely there never were more gracious and spontaneous hostesses than the Southern ones. In some towns Lent is very strictly observed, but the exchange of hospitality, although curtailed, loses only in elaborateness and not in artistry. A luncheon of four, with a simple soup, followed by fish croquettes and lentils, plain hot beaten biscuits and a fresh lettuce salad with tea and crackers and cheese conforms to the austerity befitting the season, and yet maintains the daintiness that makes a meal a ceremony instead of a duty.

There is an easy leisure to the Southern dinner party that doubles its beauty, and the spacious houses and quietly moving colored servants suggest old-time romances where domestic science and household efficiency were a part of women's consciousness rather than of their education.—*Agnes Edwards.*





## HOME IDEAS & ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### Tango Salad

**T**ANGO SALAD was invented by George Kinsman of the Cave Grill, at The Mount Washington Hotel, Bretton Woods, who has served it as the piece de resistance of the season. Juicy pears of uniform size are selected, and they are pared and cored. The cavity in the centre is filled with cheese, and some white heart lettuce leaves are arranged upon each salad plate; the pears are laid on these and Tango Dressing is poured over them. Tango dressing is a twin sister to Russian Dressing; it is a little more highly colored and seasoned with mustard and chili sauce. A little practise is necessary, and each person can add his own individual touch, not forgetting to have plenty of minced pimientos. The combination of mayonnaise and French dressing with the various hot seasonings is delicious with the pear and cheese.

### Eggs Marchesa

**A** CHARMING Italian Marchesa, whose circumstances were so much reduced that she was obliged to "make her own menage" as the French say, threw up her hands in mock horror, when we happened to call around luncheon time.

"Dio, mio!" she ejaculated. "If we were in Italy, I could manage; but in this London, where there is nothing, what shall I do, my friends? But wait; we shall see"—for she had insisted up-

on our remaining.

Fifteen minutes later, we sat down to a luncheon that was perfection in its simplicity—bread and wine, a salad, cheese, fruit and a platter of delicious eggs, unlike any we had ever tasted before. We said as much. "Neither have I ever tasted them before," laughed the Marchesa. In fact, I invented them today, an invention born of necessity," And this is how they were done:—

Muffin tins were buttered and set upon the range to warm. In the bottom of each, she put a teaspoonful of soft bread crumbs. In each was put a dessertspoonful of milk, then an egg was carefully broken in, and seasoned with salt, pepper, and paprika. Over this a dessertspoonful of milk and a small lump of butter were put; a few more bread crumbs were sprinkled over, and, last, grated cheese—in this case, Parmesan and Swiss cheese mixed in equal quantities—topped the eggs, which were whisked into a hot oven and baked about ten minutes. They should be golden brown. A knife was run around the edge and they were turned out upon a platter, looking like little brown puff balls, and melting into deliciousness in one's mouth.

G. B. P.

\* \* \*

### Pacific Salad

**O**NE cup of sphagetti, broken small, boiled and blanched as usual. Then add one good-sized stalk of tender celery, cut in bits; remove seeds from two green peppers, cut fine, and add to

the sphagetti and celery; add two sweet cucumber pickles, cut in circles, and plenty of good boiled salad dressing. Lay the mixture on lettuce leaves, set slices of hard-boiled egg above, then more salad, and garnish the top with a few slices of egg. For this quantity four eggs should be boiled.

### New-Style Pumpkin Pie

I had a baked pie shell, and I experimented with a filling, and every one said the result was delicious. Put one-half pint of rich milk on to scald; beat the yolks of two eggs, and a little cold water, with one level teaspoonful of cornstarch, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, one-third cup of sugar and one well-rounded tablespoonful and a half of pumpkin, a little nutmeg, cinnamon, and ginger. When well mixed, add to the hot milk, and cook until thick enough to be of the right consistency to hold its shape; put in the baked crust, and cover with a meringue made of the two egg-whites; cook just long enough to cook the meringue. I never heard of a pumpkin pie like this, and it's not only fine, but, if the shell is baked Saturday, a fresh pie may easily be served on Sunday.

S. J. E.

\* \* \*

### A New Vegetable

**T**HIS summer a man, much interested in gardening, brought me a new vegetable to try. It is called Summer Asparagus, and is shaped somewhat like a summer squash; it has a thin green skin, resembling that of a watermelon in coloring and smoothness. Inside it is fleshy, the seeds being very small and white, smaller than those of a young cucumber. To cook, I cut it in inch and one-half length pieces, and when tender, drained, and dressed with melted butter, white pepper and salt. The flavor is delicious and I should class the new product as a very superior variety of summer squash. Unlike squash, however, it is best served unmashed.

My donor procured his seed from a well-known seedhouse in Rochester, New York.

Next year I intend to have some grown on my own place. E. R. W.

\* \* \*

### A Substitute for Whipped Cream

**A**DD one-third a cup of boiling water to one cup of confectioners' sugar. Stir over fire until sugar dissolves; let it boil until it forms a soft ball in cold water, pour slowly and whip into the white of one egg, beaten stiff. Add four marshmallows, and continue whipping until cool.

This looks almost like whipped cream, and is of about the same consistency. It is delicious served on fruit or short-cakes, and will keep perfectly in the refrigerator for several days. E. G. B.

\* \* \*

### Canned Goods by the Case

**T**HE entire matter of the supply of canned goods from year to year is a difficult one. One season a certain brand of vegetables will be almost as good as fresh ones, and another the same brand will be hard and flavorless. This can probably be explained by the various climatic conditions which beset the canners, but, since it is so, we have found it wise every autumn to purchase one can each of three or four different brands of peas, corn, tomatoes, &c. of that particular season's picking and, after deciding which is best, to lodge an order for the winter's supply. There is no question whatever that there is a saving in buying canned goods by the case and in this way one is sure to obtain the best possible returns for the money invested.

### Garnished Vegetables

Every housekeeper who travels in Europe is sure to be impressed by the universality of the custom of garnishing cold meats. Wherever one goes, even up in the mountains or back in the for-

ests, the European housewife has not allowed a scrap of vegetable to escape her. If it is only one slice of cold beet or tomato, one-half a pepper, two sprigs of cress, or a single leaf of lettuce, the vegetable is either sliced or cut in squares and heaped at the end of the platter. A small cucumber pickle will be thin-sliced, a yolk of a hard-boiled egg will be sliced, or a small sweet pickle will be cut in pieces, to add the desired garnish, and to the bulk of the dish as well. It is claimed that this is an actual economy, for one eats bread with the relish, and is likely to eat less of the meat, which is always the more expensive item. It certainly adds greatly to the attractiveness of the table.

### Nuremburg Lebkuchen

Outside the great cities one never sees the Nuremburg Lebkuchen, those cakes so famous that for scores of years they have maintained an international reputation. However, it is very simple to decorate any cookies in the way in which they are adorned, simply by rolling out the cooky mixture thin, cutting it in oblongs about three and one-half by two inches, placing four blanched almonds diagonally at the corners like the petals of an opened flower, and setting an inch-long slice of crystallized fruit in the centre, it is possible to make cakes that look exactly as if they had come out of a foreign delicatessen shop. Treated in this manner they are both pretty and unusual for serving with afternoon tea or coffee.

M. V.

\* \* \*

### Egg Facts

**A**N egg is one of the things that is not improved by a bath. The surface is a ready lodging-place for bacteria of various kinds, and water drives them through the pores of the shell and infects the contents. Contrary to popular belief, eggs absorb odors almost as readily as does milk or butter. They should not be placed near onions or other food

substances that would taint dairy products. In the household, eggs should be kept in a dry, cool place. They are soon affected by damp and mold.

Never buy dirty-looking eggs. It is economical in the end to pay a few cents per dozen extra for large, clean eggs that have a reliable dealer's guarantee of being strictly fresh. Eggs known to have come from a modern poultry farm are to be preferred, as the hens here have been fed a well-balanced ration, of which grain forms the principal part. This gives the eggs greater nourishment, finer flavor, and increased healthfulness as human food, as contrasted with eggs from hens that are compelled to forage, with bugs, worms and grasses is the chief reliance.

Storage eggs, if in right condition, when put away and kept under proper temperature conditions, are wholesome, but when taken out of cold air, deteriorate more rapidly than fresh eggs. The housewife who buys storage eggs should keep them in the refrigerator until used. Good eggs rank with the most valuable of foods in supplying energy to the human system, but infected or diseased eggs are a menace.

Analysis tells us that an egg contains the same constituents, practically, as corn and wheat, but has a larger per cent. of protein. To the chemist the egg is simply water, protein, fat, ash, etc., the same as wheat and corn. The only vital food distinction between a bushel of wheat and a bushel of eggs is that the eggs are more palatable and nutritious. They are also more valuable when placed upon the market.

Without the shells, one dozen eggs of average size contain 13.57 ounces of water, 2.32 ounces of protein, 2.26 ounces of fat, and 0.22 ounces of ash. In buying eggs at 40 cents per dozen, we are paying 25 cents for water. But, even at that, eggs are ordinarily cheaper than meat, taking prices and nutritive properties into account. To the farmer, eggs are worth, as a product of his industry,



from 10 cents a pound upward, according to the time of year, a pound of wheat being worth from one to two cents. In being fed to the hen the wheat is converted by a delicate process of manufacture, by means of a "plant" provided by nature, into a form of food so palatable and wholesome that it commands many times the price of wheat sold from the bin or sack.

C. C. J.

\* \* \*

## Ginger Sweets. A New Kind of Candy

*Needed:*

French fondant (or the common kind will do)  
Crisp candied ginger  
Few drops best Jamaica Ginger

**W**ORK the flavoring into the fondant, mould into balls, and sandwich with pieces of ginger cut to fit. The effect is not unlike that of a cream-walnut.

It may sound "painful", but it is no more so than the old-fashioned peppermint. In fact, I made them because I was tired of the old-time "stomach-warmer," which even a girl has a hankering after occasionally. It costs seven cents for a pound of sugar for the fondant. Ten cents' worth of the candied ginger would feed the whole crowd.

(N. B. This candy was made to go with ice cream, with which most candy is rather too sweet.)

B. C. N.

\* \* \*

## Apple Shortcake

Core six red apples and cook, without removing the skins, in boiling water until tender. Remove the skins carefully, replacing any red pulp removed with them. Quarter and arrange on rounds of crust. Serve with well-flavored, sweetened whipped cream.

1½ cups flour	4 tablespoonfuls butter
½ cup cornstarch	½ teaspoonful salt
2 tablespoonfuls sugar	Milk (about ¾ cup)
4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder	

Make a very soft dough, pat out and cut in rounds of desired size. Bake in hot oven.

## Autumn Salad

Seed half a pound of pink grapes; stone and quarter a dozen dates; chop rather fine a half dozen figs and add half a cup of pecan meats. Toss with four tablespoonfuls of oil, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. If arranged upon leaves of head lettuce and the grapes used without removing the skins, the salad will present the Fall colors.

## Carrot Pudding

*Practical Cooking and Serving*

1 pound carrots	1 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 pound suet	1 teaspoonful nutmeg
1 cup sugar	½ teaspoonful ground cloves
1½ cups of flour	½ a pound currants
1 teaspoonful salt	½ a pound raisins
2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder	

Weigh the carrots, after peeling and grating. Mix the suet, chopped fine, with the fruit, and then with the carrots; then add the baking-powder, spices, and flour, sifted together. Steam in a mold three hours and a half. Serve with a wine sauce. (One is unable to distinguish the taste of carrots in this pudding. Many prefer a hard sauce flavored with orange juice).

MRS. A. B. W.

\* \* \*

## Decorative Tea Tray

**I**N place of the usual cretonne or tapestry, placed under the glass of the popular mahogany tea trays, I recently saw a most effective and interesting substitute. A small photograph of the owner's bungalow had been enlarged to the required size, and, in warm brown tones, was especially attractive made up with the mahogany frame.

This tray would look well placed on the sideboard or plate rail of the dining room.

R. R.

\* \* \*

In making rhubarb, cherry, or any berry pie that is very juicy, try beating an egg light, and mixing in the sugar required by the fruit; add a little flour, mix thoroughly, and then bake.



## QUERIES & ANSWERS



**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipe; and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 2230.—"Recipe for Mixed Mustard Pickle."

### Mixed Mustard Pickle

- |                               |                        |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 quart ripe cucumbers        | 1 quart green tomatoes |
| 1 quart small green cucumbers | 1 cauliflower          |
| 1 quart onions                | 5 green peppers        |

Cut all the above in pieces, and put separately in weak salt and water for twenty-four hours. Scald each separately in same water and drain.

### For the Dressing

- |                                     |                              |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 6 tablespoonfuls white mustard seed | 4 tablespoonfuls celery seed |
| 1 tablespoonful tumeric             | 1½ cups sugar                |
| 1 tablespoonful ground mustard      | 1 cup flour                  |
|                                     | 2 quarts vinegar             |

Scald the vinegar, mix together the ground mustard, tumeric, sugar, and flour, and stir into the hot vinegar; continue to stir until the mixture thickens, set the dish into boiling water, cover and let cook fifteen or twenty minutes; add the seeds and pour, hot, over the prepared vegetables.

QUERY 2231.—"Recipe for "Velvet Cake."

### Velvet Cake

- |                  |                                    |
|------------------|------------------------------------|
| ½ cup butter     | ½ cup cornstarch                   |
| 1½ cups sugar    | 4 level teaspoonfuls baking powder |
| 4 egg-yolks      | 4 egg-whites                       |
| ½ cup cold water |                                    |
| 1½ cups flour    |                                    |

Mix in the usual manner, sifting the flour, cornstarch, and baking powder together. Bake in a sheet, and cover with a boiled frosting made of three-fourths a

cup of sugar, one-third a cup of water, and one white of egg.

QUERY 2232.—"Recipe for 'a rich light Nut Cake; something extra nice.'"

### Nut Cake

- |                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| ½ cup butter            | 1 cup milk                                     |
| 1½ cups sugar           | 2 cups flour                                   |
| 1 cup chopped nut meats | 2 slightly rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder |
| 2 eggs                  |  |

Add the nut meats to the sugar, creamed into the butter, then the eggs, beaten without separating the whites and yolks, and, alternately, the milk and flour sifted again with the baking powder. Bake in a loaf about one hour.

QUERY 2233.—"Recipe for Noisette Bread."

### Noisette Bread

- |                                |   |
|--------------------------------|---|
| ½ to 1 whole yeast cake        | ¼ cup molasses                          |
| ½ cup lukewarm water           | 1 teaspoonful salt                      |
| 2 cups scalded-and-cooled milk | 1 cup noisette or filbert meats (whole) |
| 2 tablespoonfuls shortening    | 1 cup white flour                       |
|                                | About 6 cups whole wheat flour          |

The small quantity of yeast is for mixing at night, the whole cake (compressed yeast) when mixing in the morning. Melt the shortening in the milk; add the salt, molasses, nuts, and when cooled, the yeast, mixed with the water, and stir in the flour. Knead until smooth and elastic. When light, shape into two loaves. When again light, bake about one hour.

QUERY 2234.—“To what uses can Almond Paste be put besides the making of macaroons?”

### Almond Cream Filling for Bismarck Rings

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of almond paste, then one-fourth a cup of sugar, and the yolks of two eggs. Have ready light balls of Vienna yeast mixture (dough); roll each into a thin sheet, spread with the filling, roll and bring the ends together. When light slash across the top, and bake. Eat hot with coffee or cocoa.

### Almond Fondant Sticks

2½ cups sugar	4 ozs. almond paste
¼ cup glucose	1 teaspoonful vanilla
¼ cup water	

Stir the sugar, glucose and water over the fire until the sugar is dissolved; wash down the sides of the saucepan with a brush (or fingers) wet in cold water; cover, and let boil three minutes; then uncover, and let boil to 238° F. (soft ball). Add the almond paste, cut into small pieces; let boil once, then turn on to a damp marble or platter. When about cold turn to a cream with a wooden spatula, cover, and let stand about half an hour. Knead a portion into a small ball; then roll it lightly under the fingers into a long strip, the thickness of a pencil, cut the strips into pieces about one inch and a half in length, and let stand to harden a little; dip in chocolate fondant and drop upon table oil-cloth. Other recipes for use of almond paste will be given in the December issue of this magazine.

QUERY 2235.—“Recipe for ‘Chocolate Brownies.’”

### Chocolate Brownies

1 cup sugar	¾ teaspoonful vanilla
¼ cup melted butter	½ cup flour
1 egg, unbeaten	½ cup pecan nut
2 ounces chocolate, melted	meats broken in pieces

Stir the sugar into the butter; add the egg, melted chocolate, vanilla, flour and

nuts in the order given. Line a square, seven-inch pan with waxed paper. Spread the brownie mixture evenly in the pan and bake in a slow oven. When baked turn at once upon a wire cooler, remove the paper and with a sharp knife cut the cake in strips an inch wide.

QUERY 2236.—“Recipes for Peanut Soup, Purée, and Brittle.”

### Peanut Soup

1 pint shelled-and-blanchd peanuts	¼ cup butter
¼ cup onion	2 tablespoonfuls flour
¼ cup celery	1 teaspoonful salt
¼ cup carrot	½ teaspoonful paprika
2½ cups white broth	2 cups milk

The nuts should be chopped and crushed exceedingly fine; add the vegetables and broth (water may be used), and let simmer twenty minutes. Make a sauce of the other ingredients, pour the two mixtures together, strain and serve at once.

### Peanut Purée

Chop or crush the nuts; let cook in enough water to keep them from burning (or in a double boiler) from twenty to forty minutes; press through a very fine sieve, add seasoning to taste, and reduce by longer cooking to the desired consistency.

### Peanut Brittle

1½ cups sugar	½ lb. raw, blanchd peanuts
½ cup glucose	1 teaspoonful soda in water
¾ cup water	1 tablespoonful water
2 tablespoonfuls butter	

Stir the ingredients over the fire until the sugar is dissolved; wash down the sides of the saucepan with brush (or fingers) wet in cold water, cover and let cook three minutes, then uncover and let cook without stirring to 275° F; add the butter and peanuts, and stir constantly until the peanuts are well-browned, then add the soda dissolved in the water, and stir vigorously. When the mixture is done foaming, turn it upon a warm, oiled marble or platter, and as soon as it can



## Solving the Pie Problem

In many homes pie is a problem. In almost every home it is a favorite dessert.

Many people cannot eat pie without discomfort. Mothers oftentimes do not care to have their children eat it because they consider it indigestible.

Crisco gives pastry a new wholesomeness and delicacy. Crisco pie crust is light and flaky.

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### Plain Crisco Pastry

1½ cupfuls flour      1 teaspoonful salt  
½ cupful Crisco      cold water  
(Use level measurements)

Sift flour and salt and cut Crisco into flour with knife until finely divided. Finger tips may be used to finish blending materials. Add gradually sufficient water to make stiff paste. Water should be added sparingly and mixed with knife through dry ingredients. Form lightly and quickly with hand into dough; roll out on slightly floured board, about one-quarter inch thick. Use light motion in handling rolling-pin, and roll from center outward. Sufficient for one small pie.

be handled, pull it out as thin as possible. Loosen at the center, and turn the sheet upside down, and pull again as thin as possible. Break into pieces. To blanch the nuts, cover them with boiling water, let boil once, then drain, cover with cold water, and push off the skins.

QUERY 2237.—“How should the fork be left on the plate after one is through eating; should the tines be turned up or down? Should the fork ever be put into the mouth with the tines down?”

### Customs at Table

Mrs. Learned, in “The Etiquette of New York Today,” says: “When one has finished eating, the knife and fork are placed close together in the center of the plate, the prongs of the fork turned up.”

In England food is conveyed to the mouth on a fork with the tines down, but in this country the custom of using the fork with tines upward, is universal. Having the tines down insures small mouthfuls.

QUERY 2238.—“What are the best cuts of beef for panbroiling, pot roast, oven roast, and how much of each should be purchased for four hearty adults?”

### Concerning Special Cuts of Beef

For panbroiling only tender meat is suitable; purchase a sirloin steak, what is known as Porter House, of about a pound and a half to two pounds. Hamburg steak is also suitable for panbroiling. One pound and a quarter from the top of the round will give four exceedingly generous portions; for pot roast, it is best to cook enough for two or three meals, perhaps four or five pounds from the rump or round; for oven roast buy the short fillet (under the rump, about 2½ lbs.), which is solid meat, or two ribs.

QUERY 2239.—“Recipes for Amber and Orange Marmalade.”

### Amber Marmalade

1 grapefruit	7 pints cold water
1 orange	5 lbs. (10 cups) sugar
1 lemon	

Wipe the fruit, cut each in quarters, and the quarters into very thin slices through pulp and rind, discarding all seeds. Add the water and let stand overnight. Cook until the peel is tender (about six hours). Set aside over night. Add the sugar, and cook, stirring occasionally until the syrup thickens slightly on a cold dish. When tested with a sugar thermometer the mixture should be at about 218°F.

### Orange Marmalade

Prepare any number of oranges as above. Allow one lemon to each four or five oranges. Take three pints of cold water for each pound of prepared fruit. Let the fruit stand in the water 24 hours. Cook till the peel is tender (about six hours). Let stand again 24 hours. Weigh and add one pound of sugar for each pound of material, let cook until the syrup jellies on a cold dish.

QUERY 2240.—“What is included in a Beefsteak Dinner?”

### Beefsteak Dinner

According to “*The Caterer*” a beefsteak dinner, such as is served at catering establishments which make a specialty of these repasts, consists of the following:

Canapé of Caviar	Beefsteak
Celery	Lamb Chop
Oyster Cocktail	Waffles and Syrup
Deviled Crab	Demi-tasse

The courses are handed around in the order above written, with the exception of the celery—that is served continuously. The conventional price for the above dinner is three dollars per head.

For restaurant service, at \$1.25 per cover, the “beefsteak” consists of:

Oyster Cocktails or	Olives
Steamed Oysters	Beefsteak and Baked
Celery	Potato
Radishes	Lamb Chop
Pickles-and-Pepper	Waffles and Honey
Hash	Demi-tasse

The relishes are placed on the table and each person receives one stalk of

(Continued on page 328)



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can Holbrook's Sauce.



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sauce at all than a sauce  
that is not Holbrook's."

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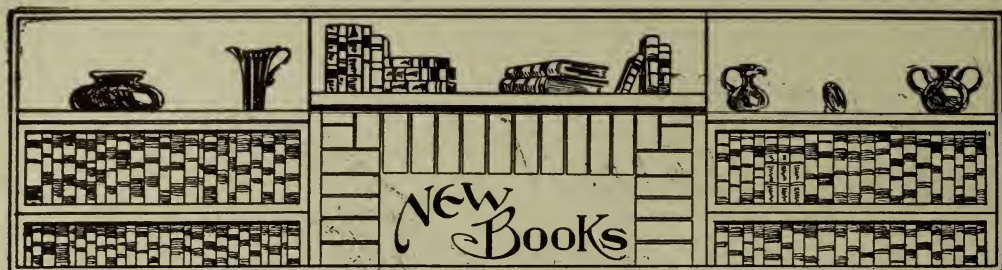
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**Milwaukee Lace Paper Co., Dep't K, Milwaukee, Wis.**





*Principles of Cooking.* By EMMA CONLEY. Price \$5.2. American Book Company, New York.

"Principles of Cooking is intended as a textbook in cooking and elementary food study for secondary and vocational schools. It is not merely a cook book.

The principles of cooking are few in number and are easily mastered, if properly presented. Foods may be grouped in less than a dozen classes, and when the principles which apply to each class are learned and practiced, each pupil will know how to prepare a variety of dishes from each food or class of foods.

The object of domestic science work in schools is that a girl may learn how to plan, cook, and serve meals at home, calculate the cost, and purchase foods in the best market at the lowest price. This includes knowing the nutritive value of each food and its place in the diet.

Unless considerable practice is given in schools in planning and preparing meals, a pupil may be able to cook one or two single foods, but she cannot prepare all the dishes needed for a meal and have them ready to serve at a stated time.

It is with this aim in mind, that all cooking in schools should lead to the preparation of attractive, appetizing, nutritious, well-balanced meals, that "Principles of Cooking" and its companion book, "Nutrition and Diet," are written.

If an intelligent study is made of the principles of cooking and their application, preparing foods will no longer be a work of uncertainty, but an interesting, scientific, and comparatively easy process, and the preparing of nutritious, wholesome, and balanced meals will be a pleasure."

Hence it may be inferred this is a pretty well-designed and well-executed textbook in Domestic Science.

*The Apsley Cookery Book.* New edition. Price \$1.40 net. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

This book is simply a cookery book for the "Uric-acid-free" diet; it is not its province to explain the medical foundations of this diet, which are explained in the scientific writings of its originator. The writers have, however, thought it advisable and helpful to give the following extracts from a useful leaflet by the author of the system:

"It is just as impossible to keep up strength and nutrition without nitrogen as without oxygen.

"We generally depend for our nitrogen upon substances containing albumens, and it is the habit of this country at the present day to get it almost entirely from animal albumens, in ignorant disregard of the poison that animal tissues contain.

"It can be calculated from the data given in works on Physiology that a man, in order to get enough nitrogen, must be supplied with from 8 to 11 grs. of albumen per day for each pound of body weight. Children require more; while old and sedentary people may require considerably less than the adult allowance.

"And now, applying the rule of the relation of albumen to body weight:—

"A young adult weighing (after deducting weight of clothing) ten stone, or 140 lbs., and leading a hard-working life, would have to consume  $140 \times 10 = 1400$  grs. of albumen per day, and these might be got as follows:—

Says Percy Pot.  
 "I now am not  
 As black as I've  
 been painted.  
 I know as much  
 Because Old Dutch  
 And I've become  
 acquainted"



On written request we will mail—free of charge—a booklet, "The Spicanspan Folks," containing six beautiful colored prints especially designed for all young folks, "Old Dutch," 145 West Monroe St. Chicago

Buy advertised Goods — do not accept substitutes



17 ozs. bread (8 per cent. albumens=34 grs. per oz.) = 578 grs.  
 2 pints milk (3 per cent. albumens=13 grs. per oz.) = 525 grs.  
 1 oz. cheese (33 per cent. albumens=140 grs. per oz.) = 140 grs.  
 2 ozs. rice (5 per cent. albumens=21 grs. per oz.) = 43 grs.  
 14 oz. vegetables and fruit (2 per cent. albumens=8 grs. per oz.) = 114 grs.  
 1400 grs.

"If this man lives and works in the open air, he may have such a good appetite for bread, macaroni, rice, potatoes, nuts and fruit, that no milk and cheese will be required; but those who live in towns and are more sedentary, will generally require to add these latter to a greater or less extent."

The book is excellent and thoroughly well-adapted to the special line of diet for which it was intended.

*The Source, Chemistry and Use of Food Products.* By E. W. S. BAILEY. Cloth. Price \$1.60 net. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The plan followed in treating of the important foods and beverages found in the markets of the world is to discuss their source, methods of preparation for the market, how they are packed, preserved and shipped, their composition and nutrient and dietetic value, and their use by people of different countries.

The book will be found sufficiently complete to serve as a text for students of foods in Colleges and High Schools, and to supplement and give more completeness to ordinary courses in Preparation of Food, Selection and Economic Use of Food, and Dietetics.

It is only by knowing what good, wholesome food is, its composition and appearance, that we can hope for an improvement in the general food supply. Our food laws are but the crystallized sentiment of the united protest of the people against unwholesome and fraudulent products.

The book is an important contribution to the scientific study of foods.

## Tidbits for the Breakfast Tray

By JEANNETTE YOUNG NORTON

THE keeping of late hours makes the breakfast a movable feast in most fashionable households, and the butler's pantry reminds one of a Sanitarium with the trays standing about to be taken upstairs as they are rung for.

New tidbits are constantly searched for to make the meal fascinatingly tempting to the jaded appetite, so that new ideas of service and odd recipes are welcome to one and all who have these breakfasts to prepare.

Whatever fruits are served should be most thoroughly washed and iced and served as nearly ready to eat as possible. The cereal, from now on, should be the lightest and least heating and can be jelled in individual molds and served cold with cream, or fresh honey.

Gluten, Imperial Granum, Wheatlet, Farina, Manioca and Cream of Wheat are all good jelled and served this way.

In the egg dishes the poached on toast, the fried ones, served on a lattice of bacon strips on a toast square, and the little omelettes of jelly, fine herbs or plain, are regular offerings. Meat of any kind, lest it be an occasional chop, calf's liver and bacon strips, kidney stew or giblett patté is rarely offered.

## REFRIGERATORS—ICE BOXES

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***The Odorless Disinfectant.***

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Comfort and Economy Use

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**1. Single Damper Control** The **Single Damper** controls fire and oven better than two dampers can. Simply push the knob to "*Kindle*," "*Bake*" or "*Check*." The Range does the rest.

**2. Cup-Joint Oven Flues** The curved **Cup-Joint Oven Flues** heat the oven in every part alike. No "cold corners," no "scorching spots."

**3. Two Hods in the Base** A deep **Ash Hod**, instead of a clumsy ash pan, catches *all* of the ashes and can be emptied without spilling. **Coal Hod** beside it.

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Coal (or Wood) Range

**WALKER & PRATT MFG. COMPANY, 31-35 Union St., Boston**

Creamed haddock or codfish on toast rounds are often served and, prettily garnished, are very dainty. And broiled squab is always acceptable. While on a cool day the small well-seasoned sausage with hot rice cakes are not to be despised.

There are, however, a few rather new things which may be worth while trying for the tray, though they may not be total strangers.

### Escaloped Crab Meat

To one cup of crab meat flaked, add a half-cup of bread crumbs, salt, pepper, three tablespoons of melted butter and two of cream, the beaten white of one egg, toss together lightly and put into well-buttered ramekins; sprinkle a few crumbs and a wee bit of grated English cheese on top and bake a delicate brown. Garnish with fresh parsley and serve tiny hot biscuits with it. Shrimps are excellent fixed in the same way.

### Cheese Pufflets

Three ounces of grated cheese, one tablespoon of flour, one egg, salt, pepper, and a cup of milk, bake ten minutes in popover tins. These are good to serve with a chop or piece of breaded cutlet.

### Stuffed Sweetbread

After the sweetbread has been par-boiled, trim it round and split it, then stuff it with this savory force meat. One teaspoon bread crumbs, one teaspoon chopped nuts, four button mushrooms chopped fine, two teaspoons of Mandalay sauce, one of cream, and two of melted butter; put in shallow baking pan, dust with pepper, salt and a few crumbs, and bake them quickly, basting with white wine which has a teaspoon of melted currant jelly and six drops of kitchen bouquet in it. Serve on toast rounds, wet with the gravy, and garnish with cress.

### Liver and Apple Rounds

Boil a half pound of calf's liver until tender, then chop fine, season with pepper, salt, and heat in a generous lump of melted butter; when hot, add two tablespoons of whipped cream and spread on a toast round, then lay another round on top with a spoonful of currant jelly in the center of it.

### Banana Fancies

Cut red bananas lengthways and roll them in egg, then in ground nut meats, and sprinkle with pepper and salt; then fry in butter a delicate brown, drain and lay on toast, pouring over them a dressing made by adding a gill of cream, a teaspoon of cornstarch mixed in a little milk, and a tablespoon of Mandalay sauce to the butter they were fried in, and when it thickens turn over the bananas and serve.

### Tongue Turnovers

Boil, skin and dice two calves' tongues; make a well-flavored tomato sauce,



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**HEALTHY** kiddies are active from morning till night at hard play that is good for their little bodies. They exercise more muscles than do grown-ups and the things they wear must stand great strain and rough service.

**Velvut Grip**

**OB LONG RUBBER BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTERS**

Child's sample pair (give age) 16c. postpaid

**Sold Everywhere**

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

# Menus for Christmas Dinner

## I

Consommé with Macaroni and Peas  
Olives Celery  
Fried Smelts, Sauce Tartare  
Young Goose Roasted, Potato-and-Onion Stuffing  
Barberry-and-Apple Jelly  
Brussels Sprouts, Buttered  
Mashed Potatoes, Vienna Fashion  
Lemon Sherbet  
Baked Ham, Cider Sauce  
Lettuce, Apple, Celery-and-Pepper Salad  
Mince Pie Nesselrode Pudding  
Tangerine Oranges, Lady Apples, Nuts  
Bonbons Coffee

## II

Clam-and-Chicken Broth, Soup Biscuit  
Boiled Halibut, Sauce Hollandaise  
French Potato Balls  
Hot House Cucumbers  
Stall Fed Squabs, Roasted  
Rice Croquettes  
Chinese Celery-and-Orange Salad  
Mince Pie Frozen Pudding  
Maple Bonbons Candied Mint Leaves  
Coffee

## III

Lobster Bouchées  
(tiny patties)  
Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon  
Fried Fillets (breaded) of Fresh Fish, Russian Salad Dressing  
Green Pepper-and-Cabbage Salad  
Saddle of Young Pig, Roasted  
Barberry Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes  
Onions Stuffed with Mushrooms and Crumbs  
Plum Pudding, Hard and Liquid Sauces  
Marquise Sherbet  
Bonbons Salted Nuts Raisins  
Coffee



## High Tea, Christmas Eve

Clam-and-Chicken Broth  
Olives Chinese Celery  
Ham-and-Rice Croquettes, Peas  
Lady Finger Rolls  
Marshmallow Cream  
Honey Cookies Springerlie  
Coffee



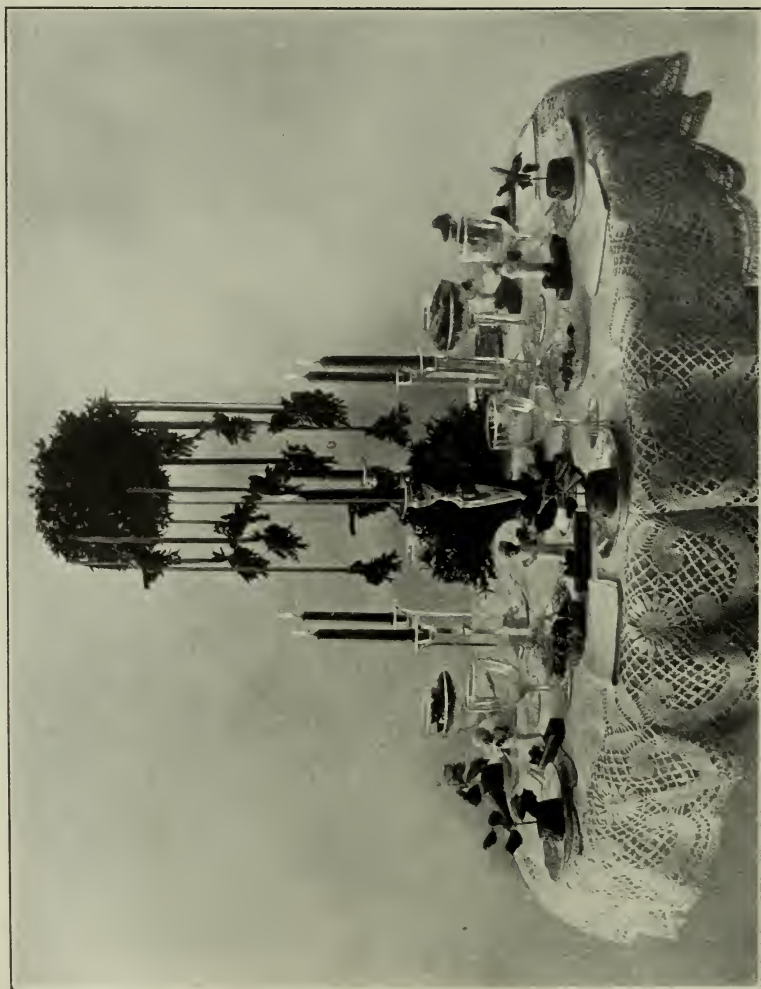


TABLE LAID FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER, SHOWING THE DESSERT SERVICE

# American Cookery

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## In Belgium

By Louisa Roberts

IT was in 57 B. C. that Caesar introduced the Belgae to the world, which just now is divided between pity and admiration for the brave descendants of those early Belgae. The people of Belgium are of two distinct races. In Southern Belgium, the manufacturing part of the kingdom, live the Walloons, descendants of the Gauls, a dark, high-strung people like the French, thrifty and pleasure-loving, the people of Brussels, Louvain and Namur. The provinces on the North Sea are inhabited by the Flemings, a sturdy, blue-eyed, fair-haired people of Teutonic origin akin to the Dutch. Their language closely resembles that of Holland. The Flemish and the Dutch can read one another's newspapers. The population is largely engaged in agriculture. The cities are Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp.

Some of us, who have found Antwerp the most convenient port at which to land in Europe and have never been able to resist "the circular tour of Belgium", are wondering if we shall ever again enjoy the singular charm of those quaint old cities, before we have to say, "Such things are no more." The first glimpse of Belgium is from the deck of a Red Star Steamer in the Scheldt River, which divides Holland from Belgium. For hours we steam along, with Holland on one side and Belgium on the other, looking down as from a gallery upon moving pictures of windmills, red-tiled or thatched-roofed cottages, green pastures where

herds of black and white cows are feeding—all below the level of the sea, but behind the dykes. Sometimes we can see only the spires of the churches, the windmills, or the chimneys. The river is full of great merchant ships from India, China, and South Africa, and of all sorts of little craft, for Antwerp has one of the finest harbors in the world.



STATUE OF RUBENS, ANTWERP

Antwerp has been known to history since the seventh century. In the sixteenth century it was one of the richest and most prosperous cities on the continent. Under Philip II of Spain and his minister, the Duke of Alva, Antwerp suffered pillage, fire and siege. But Antwerp rose triumphant over her misfortunes, and has become a flourishing, prosperous city of nearly half a million souls—ready again to endure siege for the honor of Belgium. There are two parts to the city, the prosperous modern city, and the medieval city of the Cathedral, the Hotel de Ville, the guild-houses and the quaint market places.

As soon as we are established in an old but comfortable hotel, built about an open court, we walk through the Place Verte, stopping to look at the statue of the giant who used to guard the entrance to the harbor, and who cut off the hands of those ship captains who refused to pay him tribute—hence the name, Antwerp, a corruption of "Hand werpen"—but stopping much longer with the market-women in their plain, dark, calico dresses, with their hair twisted into tight

little knots,—sitting among their baskets of vegetables, fruits and flowers, knitting when they were not busy with their customers. The women of Belgium carried the earth to build "the mound" on the Battlefield of Waterloo, carried it in baskets on their backs, knitting with their hands. Will the toil-worn hands of the women, now reaping the harvests of Belgium, rear monuments for Liege and Louvain? For ten centimes we buy sweet-smelling red roses, and for five centimes some rich, dark cherries; then we find a seat under the trees and watch the heavy low-wheeled wagons drawn by great Belgian draft horses, and the dog carts full of shining brass milk cans. And we recall Ouida's story of "The Dog of Flanders"—the story of a little boy who drove his dog in the milk cart over the cobble stones of Antwerp by day, and at night poured into the ears of the dog his longing to see the holy pictures of Rubens in the Cathedral, for he had not the franc for which the Sacristan would roll up the curtains. But one Christmas night when the pictures were unveiled, boy and dog were found dead



VIEW IN ANTWERP





AN OLD PALACE OF A COUNT OF FLANDERS, GHENT

before the pitying eyes of John and Mary as they received the sacred body from the cross.

These thoughts lead us across the Place Verte, which was once a burying ground, to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the largest and most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in the kingdom. We step softly under the great arched roof, impressed by the size and simplicity of the interior, we offer the Sacristan our franc and stand, at last, before Rubens' celebrated pictures, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Elevation of the Cross." The old house of Rubens is not far away, and in the Museum of Paintings there are so many pictures by Rubens that we almost agree with the American boy who wrote home, "Rubens was not a painter, but a factory."

It is less than an hour's ride from Antwerp to Brussels, for Belgium is a little kingdom—its greatest extent, east and west, is about 160 mile, and, north and south, about 115 miles. Oh, the beauty, the brilliance, the life of this "Little Paris," as Brussels is called! There are three ways to see Brussels,

First, follow the guide-book and see all the sights; second, just wander about the city, or sit on the balcony of your hotel and watch the life of the city flow past; third, shop, buy all the pretty things you can; don't save your money to spend in Paris or London, for you will find nothing there so pretty and stylish as in the shops of Brussels. The Hotel de Ville, with its richly decorated walls and towers, was the city hall of the wealthy Flemish burghers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the same square are the Gothic roofs and highly elaborate facades of the guild houses of the carpenters, of the printers, of the tailors, of the brewers. The more modern places of interest are the art galleries, the Palais de Justice and the Royal Palaces. Certainly, the most interesting historical sight about Brussels is the Battlefield of Waterloo; and certainly the best way to go to Waterloo is to drive through the Bois de la Cambre and the forest of Soignes, where there are smooth roads, trees with moss-covered trunks, and overhanging branches, ravines overgrown with vines and ferns—charming—as beautiful as



THE MARKET-WOMEN

the celebrated Forest of Fontainebleau. In this way, too, we escape the annoying chatter of uncongenial travelers, the glib stories of ignorant guides, and can leisurely inspect the Chateau de Hougoumont, the sunken road, and La Belle Alliance.

When we have seen sights enough to satisfy our consciences, it is pleasant to eat a meal at a sidewalk café or on the balcony of a hotel, and watch the gay life of the city stream by—handsome men, most of them dark, with pointed beards, stylishly dressed women, bright, laughing children, peasant men and women driving or drawing carts of shining brass cans, or bright colored fruits and vegetables,—enjoying, if it be breakfast, luscious red strawberries, with chocolate and rolls; if it be dinner, a delicious salad which the waiter prepares at the table by slicing tomatoes into a big blue bowl, then mincing very

fine a savory onion and tossing them together with oil and vinegar. The next day we go shopping and, while my friend vainly tries to explain in French that she wants brown silk hose, and I search the phrase book, the shop-keeper politely asks, “Can you speak English, Madame?” for although French is the language of Brussels, almost every one can speak English. The gowns, the blouses, the hats, the laces are charming—and cheap, if one does not pay the first price asked. It is not safe to stay long in Brussels, if one expects to make a tour of Europe.

Ghent, a city of nearly 200,000, dates from the ninth century. Its French name is “Gand” or glove, and Charles V, who was born here, boasted that he could put Paris into his “glove”, for in the sixteenth century Ghent was one of the largest and wealthiest cities of Europe. But it suffered under Spanish rule. Thousands of its citizens emigrated under the oppression of the Duke of Alva; half of the houses stood empty. There are churches that were four hundred years old when Columbus discovered America. We were almost afraid to walk by St. Nicholas lest it should fall upon us. In the Church of St. Bavon there is the famous painting by Jan and Hubert Van Eyck, “The Adoration of the Lamb”, one of the first pictures painted in oil, wonderful in delicate and minute detail. The verger, who seemed to adore the picture, had us stand, now here now there, to get the best light on it, to take a glass to see the beauty of the daisies in the grass and the jewels in the crown. These churches and an ancient castle of the Counts of Flanders with its dungeons, represent the medieval city. The Ghent of today is represented by its grain, vegetable and poultry markets, for Ghent is a country town in the center of the agricultural district of Belgium. Here we saw Flemish farmers in their loose blouses and wooden shoes, women, too, in wooden shoes, and lace caps—a heavy, stolid-



looking people, altogether different from the people of Brussels. Ghent is on the Scheldt River and has large shipping interests, especially of plants. Whole cargoes of azaleas, camellias, orange-trees, palms and other hot-house plants are shipped to Holland, Germany, France, Russia and America. Ghent is not unfitly called "The City of Flowers."

In Bruges, the city of bridges, we go back to the past. The clocks stopped there about the time Columbus discovered America. The Belfry, sung by Longfellow, is five hundred years old, the Cathedral, the palace of the Count of Flanders, the Hospital of St. John, look as if they might crumble to dust at a touch. Not only are there a few old buildings, everything seems to belong to the past—the centuries-tall trees, the long grass growing among the stones of the streets. Before America was dreamed of, Bruges looked much as it does now, only that it was young and full of life; for in the thirteenth century Bruges outstripped Venice and Genoa. Its seaport was crowded with ships. Now there is no sign of a har-

bor, the sea has receded, and the river is choked with sand. When London had fewer than 50,000 people, Bruges had 100,000. Cloth weaving was the principal industry. Splendid guild-houses were erected. When Philip I of France and his queen visited Bruges, she was so much impressed by the splendor of the dress of the women that she said, "I thought myself the only queen here, but I see hundreds of others around me." Feudal masters humiliated the people; they were defeated in war, the most independent of them emigrated, the splendor of the city faded and the grass grew in the streets.

Belgium is a land of strange contrasts. Twenty minutes' ride from Bruges is Ostend, the gayest, the most fashionable, most splendid watering-place in Europe with its royal villa, its kursaal, its esplanade and the most beautifully dressed women in Europe—today a landing place for British and Russian troops, come to help brave little Belgium defend her honor.

Unconsciously, in recalling our visits to Belgium, we have drifted into the



IN BRUGES



present, hoping that these cities of northern Belgium have escaped the destruction that has overtaken Liege and Louvain; that the grass of Place Verte may not be stained with blood, nor the holy pictures be torn from the walls of the Cathedral; that, at least, the women

may be spared to gather the flowers that will bloom in Ghent next summer; that Bruges may be allowed to dream on of its past; and that these brave liberty-loving people may soon be allowed to sheathe the swords they have drawn in defense of their rights.

---

## Christmas

The snow-flakes are drifting o'er mead and  
o'er mountain,  
The sun plunges on through a cloud drift of  
white,  
There's ice in the lakelet and frost on the  
fountain  
And chill are the winds on the prairie tonight.  
But bells gayly ringing all these are defying,  
Let winter enthrall us, we laugh at its sway,  
Hearts beating with pleasure dark thoughts  
are defying,  
Our souls hold the sunshine, 'Tis Christmas  
today.

We're some of us nearing the end of our  
travel,  
We're some of us bearing the brunt of the  
strife,  
We've youth that at age and its weakness  
may cavel,  
Our feet are just set in the pathway of life.  
But whether the morn or the even be o'er us,  
And if we be children or long on the way,  
There's hope and there's joy and there's  
promise before us,  
For God's in his Heaven, 'tis Christmas today.

We've walked with the saints by the side of  
the altar,  
We've prayed in the temple and given our  
share,  
We've known what it means to grow careless  
and falter,  
We've tasted of sorrow and doubt and  
despair.  
We're each of us human, saint, pharisee,  
sinner,  
We're each of us human, whatever we say,  
And we know we are better and somehow a  
winner,  
Because of the fact that 'tis Christmas today.

L. M. THORNTON.

# The Calories in Cabbage

By Mary D. Chambers

*Author of "Principles of Food Preparation"*

"I'M the Sewing teacher," said Miss Roberts. "Are you the Cooking teacher?"

Miss Mary Blair flashed a blighting glance at the other girl. "I am the teacher of Household Science," she said with suave frostiness.

It was depressing to be associated with a person who regarded Sewing as merely sewing, but life would be intolerable if the benighted one should continue to think of Cooking as nothing more than cooking. Miss Blair resolved to fly her flag.

"I mean," she said, with her chin well up, "that I do not teach cooking *per se*, I use it as a means to an end."

Miss Roberts said nothing, and it was hard to tell what she thought—she was one of the quiet, plain-Jane, have-nothing-much-to-say-for-themselves kind of bodies.

The housewifery arts were not yet established in the public schools of Woodbury, but they were being tentatively introduced in the Simmons Road school, where the criticism of parents—should the experiment fail—would not have much weight with the Board.

Miss Blair, college-bred and enthusiastic, seethed with ardor. She would show the unenlightened ones that this Cinderella of the curriculum was really the princess of studies, that it offered, as no other subject could, a truly magnificent, a royal opportunity for correlation, self-activity, and all the other arts and graces of pedagogy.

Her enthusiasm was infectious. The cooking-room was filled the very first week, and there was immediately a waiting list of forty-two. Miss Roberts managed to keep her classes full only by setting her girls to make cooking aprons for hoped-for use in the future.

To a girl on the waiting list a cooking apron was a kind of Ascension robe. It was to be lovingly worked on and made fine and beautiful in anticipation of the great call. Meantime, since the girls in possession of the privilege "held fast to that which was good", the candidates-in-waiting had plenty of time to put on the aprons.

Miss Blair, all this time, was "stimulating self-activity," and "developing the intellectual content" of her subject. She spent inspired hours framing problems such as: "Describe how a thin white sauce may be converted into American ice cream"; or, "Given one-quarter of a yeast cake, name the other ingredients needed to make a Sally Lunn." The words Protein, Fats, and Carbohydrates—the shibboleth of the initiate—were glib on every tongue. Common foods were separated into the "nutrients and the non-nutrients,"—the sheep and the goats of dietetics. Miss Blair was having a grand time! Her cup ran over so that the saucer was in danger of overflow.

Miss Roberts did a good deal of visiting in the homes of the children. It was not required, but she said she liked to know the girls and their families. Miss Blair had not time for works of supererogation—she took a writing pad into the park and concocted problems, "designed to stimulate," etc.

The two teachers roomed together, and when Miss Blair was not exalted to the clouds in the process of developing the "intellectual content," "disciplinary value," and what-not-besides of her subject, she would sometimes lend an ear to Miss Roberts' trivial discourse. During such a pliant hour Miss Roberts insinuated some facts about Lizzie McCurdy.

Lizzie, it appeared, had until recently been disqualified for Cook—for the study of Household Science, because she had not made an apron. But now that the apron was made—and Miss Roberts had never seen a child so proud of anything as Lizzie was of that apron—it would be a great thing for the little girl, if the lure of the housewifery arts might prove more potent than the call of the streets. It would also be a great help to the poor mother who worked out all day, if Lizzie could be taught—

"Is she an intelligent child?" inquired Miss Blair, interrupting these sordid and irrelevant details. "For it is doubtful whether a girl who enters the class so late can grasp—"

Miss Roberts, who knew what was coming, hastily interposed with the assurance that Lizzie was very intelligent, quite remarkably so.

One of the girls in Miss Blair's class had sprained her arm, so there was a vacancy, as Miss Roberts had learned. Hence, on the following Monday, Lizzie McCurdy with her sparkling, sallow little face, her sudden little nose, and her mouthful of large, merry white teeth, was admitted to the study of Household Science.

Potatoes had been chosen that day as the humble means to a great educational end. The "Pupil's Aim," according to Miss Blair's Lesson Plan, was to make Baked and Stuffed Potatoes; the "Teacher's Aim" was to review the Balanced Ration. To this end, while the unconscious potatoes were bursting their starch cells in the oven, the class was invited to solve the following problem:

Assuming the weight of an average potato to be 120 grams, how much protein and how much fat should be combined with it in order to make a balanced ration?

The girls who got the answer right were given protein, which seemed to be a new name for chopped ham, and fat, which was really good creamery butter, to combine with the potato. The bril-

liant pupils won both ham and butter; the mediocre, only one of the two. Lizzie ate her potato with salt—and stoicism.

Miss Blair kept her an hour after class for private tutoring, to bring her up with the others. Lizzie endured this hardship with patience, and then offered to tidy up the room for "Teacher." Which courtesy "Teacher" vaguely resented, feeling it to be something of an anticlimax.

Miss Blair was used to having her children follow her lead, and inspired by her ardor perform mental feats such as nobody in Simmons Road had ever heard of—much less attempted. But with the advent of Lizzie Miss Blair found her own problem hard to solve. Lizzie steadfastly refused to be beguiled into mental effort. She appeared every morning with the rest of the class, arrayed in the admired cooking apron. This, a kind of symbolic ornament, used to be religiously worn by the pupils all through the class instruction, the solving of "problems," and the copying of the recipe from the blackboard, but was always taken off—to keep it clean—as soon as the manual work began. Since Lizzie was never able to tell how many grams of sugar should be added to the apple sauce to bring up the calories, or how much beaten egg was required to balance the carbohydrates in rice pudding, the joy of the looker-on was her only portion—save and except the compensation of wearing her apron throughout the entire lesson without fear of defiling it by marks of honorable toil.

But Lizzie was the kind of girl who could put up a good bluff. She always looked happy, never failed to applaud the doubtful successes of her comrades, and pronounced everything she tasted to be "scrumptious."

Hypercritical observers might say of Miss Blair's methods that the result of her devotion to intellectual activity was not always successful from the mundane point of view of plain cookery. But



Miss Blair had a fine scorn of the merely practical. She was heart and soul after the brain processes. So Lizzie was detained, day after day, in that vain effort to "bring her up with the class", which the incorrigible one blandly resisted.

"The calories in a pound o' cabbage! Land, Miss Blair, I couldn't ever do no stunt like that." This with a flash of her good-humored teeth.

Then, "Did you know cabbage is down, 'm? Yes'm, 'tis cheap now, ten cents a head at Meyerse's groc'ry, redooed frum fifteen. Say, Miss Blair, did you know they're havin' bargain sales at the groc'ry stores now, same as bargain sales of underwear?"

This was plainly a diversion. Miss Blair looked reproachful, but she would not be thus lightly swerved from her purpose.

"Now, Lizzie, let us work this out together, and then I'll give you a very easy one to do by yourself."

Lizzie wriggled. "My ma, she'll be wantin' me. I had otta go home, ma'am. Honest, ma'am, my ma she'll be most back f'um Stokeses Builidin' an' the fire is out. Lemme go 'm, please 'm. I gotta go, honest."

Thus was Miss Blair always defeated.

After long patience Lizzie was brought to recognize what she persistently called the "kerbohydrants." Since the word got on Miss Blair's nerves—she said it implied vicious association—her victory, even in this small matter, was doubtful.

But hope springs eternal in the human breast. Her teacher still expected and desired the miracle of a problem solved by Lizzie. School would close next week. The Household Science girls had been promised they should make whatever they liked for the last lesson. Chocolate layer-cake was unanimously chosen. The choice was granted, but with a string attached. It should be a reward of merit.

"Girls," said Miss Blair, "everyone who can answer the problem I shall give tomorrow may make a small, individual,

chocolate layer-cake on Friday."

Murmurs of ecstatic anticipation.

Lizzie had recently in some subtle fashion managed to convert the period of detention after class into an opportunity to play assistant-in-ordinary to the teacher. She put away left-overs, scrubbed off the blackboard, and made gratuitous comment on current events.

Today, "Say, Miss Blair, why don't you let us make somethin' of canned tomatoes? They're three cans for a quarter down to Meyerses."

Usually Miss Blair allowed Lizzie's tongue to run unheeded, while she busied herself with the intellectual content of her subject. But today she had troubles of a different kind. Woefully little money remained from her allowance for food supplies, and the estimate for chocolate layer-cake was alarming. Three cans of tomatoes for twenty-five cents seemed a special Providence. But what could she combine with the tomatoes to make a "balanced ration?" She thought of cheese, but alas, the cost was prohibitive! Cabbage, at ten cents a head, would go farthest for the money. But they had already had a lesson on cabbage! No matter, she could make a delicious combination of the two vegetables, sprinkle a small amount of cheese on the top for a relish, and—best of all—frame a review problem for Lizzie's special benefit, on the calorific value of cabbage.

In the relief from financial strain, she evolved a very masterpiece of problems. It ran:

A girl whose weight is eighty pounds needs six calories of energy to mount the stairs to the Household Science room. How many times could she mount them on the energy derived from twenty-four grams of cabbage?

"Lizzie, I want you to try this problem in advance. Let us read it together and see whether you understand it."

"Lordy, Miss Blair, I kin go up an' down them stairs 'thout eatin' no cabbage."

"You couldn't do it without energy, Lizzie, and you have to get your energy from your food."

Lizzie, the guileful, as usual essayed entertaining digression.

"Say, Miss Blair, Agnes Amelia Brown, she near fell downstairs yeste'day, an' she got the sleeve of her blue waist all tore. 'Twas her sister's waist that she got at the second-hand ladies' clothes parlor—"

"But Lizzie," with severity, "this is not the time to discuss waists—"

"No'm, sure tisn't, 'm. But say, Miss Blair, what d'you think 'm?" Lizzie was desperately seeking outlet from the present stress—"Lemme tell you, 'm, I found Maggie Joneses note-book that she lost, an' what d'you think? She had her name writ up in it, 'Margareet Looize Jones.' Wouldn't that faze you? I guess every girl here 'cep you'n me, has a middle name, ma'am. Have you any middle name, Miss Blair?"

"Perhaps I'll tell you, Lizzie, if you tell me how many—"

But Lizzie was voluble. "I guess I *know* you haven't no middle name, Miss Blair! I never see no name but 'Mary' writ up in your books. 'Mary' is a nice name, Miss Blair, just be itself, a nice quick name. An' now'm I gotta go quick too 'm."

And she squirmed off without further ceremony, the white teeth flashing a mocking smile from the door.

Miss Blair got hot and red. She felt inexperienced. And Lizzie had been nothing short of flippantly impertinent.

Next day every girl except Rozanne Mildred Brown got the problem right, and Rozanne got it half-way. Lizzie did not even attempt it. Rozanne was allowed to make tomato sauce. Lizzie was not even permitted to wipe off the blackboard. Miss Blair was deaf to her good-bye.

But the unquenchable one was on hand next morning before anybody else. She was divested of symbolic ornament, was brown-ginghamed, patched, and shabby-

looking—but her sallow little face was glorified, every separate tooth laughed for joy, she was brimful of great news.

Artistically she led up to it.

"I sole me apurn, ma'am, to Mrs. Kennedy for her Katy. Soon's I got home yeste'day I washed it out—I med it as white as the drivellin' snow—you know I never got no spots on it—an' Mrs. Kennedy, she gimme what I ast for it, twenty-five cents."

Miss Blair had meant to show coldness to Lizzie on account of her atrocious behavior, but such joy as she radiated could not be resisted. Her eyes begged a question.

"What did you do with the twenty-five cents, Lizzie?"

"I'll give you three guesses, Miss Blair. But I'm sure you couldn't ever think, Miss Blair. I guess I'll tell you 'm. Well ma'am, I bought wan head o' cabbage—an' wan can o' tomatoes—an' five cents wuth o' cheese. An', an' I med—you can guess now, can't you, Miss Blair?"

She was swinging up and down on a chair rung, in rhythmic transport.

"You made cabbage au gratin."

"Yes 'm, I med cabbage o gratting. Lemme tell you, Miss Blair. Ma she had a big job down to Newmann's. 'Twas her awful hard day, an' I knew she'd come home all wore out. An' she do love cabbage, an' she do sure love tomatoes, an' I never see no one but you to put the two of 'em together, an' so I med cabbage o' gratting to 'sprise her."

"And were you able to make it?"

"Yes 'm. I watched the girls yeste'day, 'm. I had it all planned. I can make lots o' the things they learned—but that cabbage was the grandest ever!"

Her face was shining.

"When ma kem home she hadn't a leg to stand on, hardly 'm, an' she said that all the ways down the hall she could smell the grandest smell—'twis sure like a banquet—an' she couldn't b'lieve her senses that 'twas comin' from our rooms.

"I told her about me apurn, an' she

began to cry 'm."

Lizzie's own voice was husky, and bright drops stood in the bright eyes, but she was smiling in beatitude.

"She bragged on me to all the neighbors. She sent me round wit saucers o' the cabbage to every fam'ly in the tenement. She did say," and the white teeth were mirthful, "that she wisht she could purr an' wag her tail, she was that pleased."

The other girls began to file in, white-aproned and expectant. Lizzie looked down at her shrunken brown gingham frock.

"I don't want no apurn," she asserted valiantly. "'Tis the last day today—and anyway I'm growin', 'twould be too small for me next year."

Miss Blair went around the class, directing operations, but her thoughts kept picturing that scene in the tenement. How vividly she could imagine it all, the poor room, the tired woman, the savory smell of the food, the "surprise" planned in sacrifice and love—the pride of the mother in the child—

And she had been shutting this child out from opportunity—

Happy faces were bent over the saucepans. The odor of the chocolate filling rose like sweet incense to Heaven. Some of the children were rapturously tasting it.

"Lordy, I wisht—" began Lizzie with a longing look. But she checked herself quickly. "My cabbage," she said, "smelled all down the hall, an' it riz up to the third floor, an' Mrs. Mulcahy she said it scented up her kitchen until her mouth watered."

The chocolate icing was in progress,

thick, brown, luscious. Lizzie was a little pale, the happy teeth not so much in evidence, but she clung to the last vestige of her joy.

"Ma, she bragged on me to Mrs. Houlihan—that's the lady acrost the hall—an' Mrs. Houlihan, she said she guessed the smell was enough for her, an' that enough was as good as a feast. But ma, she said the smell was nothing to the taste."

Rozanne Mildred Brown came up with something brown and odorous and delectable on a plate.

"No, Rozanne, I don't want none o' your choc'late layer-cake. I et the last o' me cabbage o grating this morning. Say, Miss Blair, I learned lots in this class—not problems, o' course, I couldn't ever do them—but I guess I could make sev'ral o' the things. I'm goin' to try. Ma, she says I have a reel turn for cookin'. I'll sure have a grand supper for her every night now, against she comes home."

School was over. Miss Blair was in her class-room, putting away her Lesson Plans. She ought to have been happy, for she had just seen the Superintendent, who told her she had been appointed instructor in Household Science at the William Winship High School, in the best residential district of the city.

"They want someone there," he had said, "who can develop the theoretical side of the subject, who can show that it has not only a practical but a disciplinary value in education."

"Serve me right," thought Miss Blair. "'Theoretical side,' 'disciplinary value.' Why didn't he say I wasn't good for anything else?"





# Woman's Place

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

S O often I am asked my candid opinion of Women's Clubs. If the harmonious progress which they purport to symbolize is not a flimsy cloak for much social intrigue, and if the ideals of clubdom, like the heart of the rose, do not often harbor something as damaging to the domestic circle as the proverbial canker worm?

My answer is, that, unqualifiedly, I believe in the mission of the Women's Club, and that the woman who fails to interpret its individual message to her is in some way misplaced. Like the misguided man in church, she may be in the right building but the wrong pew.

We talk much of that prodigious undertaking, the opening of the Panama Canal, the direct connecting link in the commerce of two hemispheres; but, in a way, has not that forward movement, known as Women's Clubs, cleft a similar barrier? Has it not opened a channel of long-suppressed feminine energy, to bear the salutary imprint of woman's ideals to a man's world?

For so long a time woman had drummed into her that the term "wife" meant weaver,—a mistress of the domestic realm, who, in a sheltered way, had something to do with weaving a man's fortune. Now, thanks to an eye-opening attack of clubitis, she has roused to the full significance of her position and is lending a helping hand to interests of national import.

Scarcely a day passes but that we read of her ladyship's success in handling municipal problems. Especially has her aid proven timely in the larger civic house-cleaning. Look at that pioneer in this field, Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane. Several more than half a hundred cities have invited Mrs. Crane to make them what she terms, "a sanitary survey," paying her one hundred dollars a day for

her services; and, moreover, they consider "the servant worthy of her hire." And it is now common history that it was left for the ingenuity of a woman, Mrs. Francis Kinnicutt, wife of a New York physician, to invent the indispensable little hand-cart for removing street sweepings that aided so materially in maintaining cleaner streets in the metropolis. Nor did she rest here. She went up to Albany, with other important suggestions for street cleaning, and persuaded the legislature to incorporate them in a law. So, when we read of the wonderful New York system, mentally, at least, we may give credit where credit is due.

Then right here in Boston, how did it come about that we have no more inland dumping? Here, again, like Cock-Robin, woman may answer, "I did it." For it was through the instrumentality of the Women's Municipal League that the City Council agreed to prohibit it.

Not only in matters of sanitation and hygiene have the towns and cities welcomed a woman's insight; the world is, at last, placing the mothering instinct at its true valuation. Slowly, but surely, the light of maternalism is extending from the home into less fortunate by-ways, to brighten and perfect all man-made corrective measures.

In a recent copy of the Yale Review, Professor Vida D. Scudder of Wellesley says: "Paternalism has become an obnoxious epithet; it carries with it, from patriarchal days, an unpleasant hint of autocracy. Maternalism is better. The word stands for an authority more tender, a discipline more intimate, fostering care more humble. To carry out this great idea the Mother-State of which we dream will need the help of its women."

Unquestionably, the feminine factor in the State has come to stay. Already, maternalism, with its deft adjustments, has wrought magic with some of our most baffling conditions. What man could secure the results that America's only woman judge, Miss Mary Bartelme of Chicago's Court for Delinquent Girls, has? What man might equal the motherly authority of Dr. Katherine Bement Davis that makes her so invaluable as New York's Commissioner of Corrections? She it was, you remember, who recently quelled the mutiny of 1400 men at Blackwell's Island by maternal methods. It is this selfsame spirit of motherhood, speaking through Frances Keller, that founded the North American Civic League for Immigrants. This same enfolding maternalism, reaching out in race-saving, that has made the work of Jane Addams monumental, and keeps Miss Lathrop of the Children's Bureau at Washington a unique and praiseworthy figure of modern progress.

And now comes the glad news that women have found their way into America's Academy of Immortals. New York University has announced that by Decoration Day, 1915, a building in the form of a Greek temple will stand on its campus as a memorial to famous American women.

Such are a few of the tell-tale straws which show how the wind of progress is blowing. And in moving toward the Mother-State, do not let us forget that we owe much of our advancement to the solidarity and unity of purpose of the Women's Club, the medium that has helped to bring us from public indifference to present-day prominence. It gave women an unmolested field in which to try out Burbanking social conditions by feminine methods, and the result has been the betterment of many laws. Every state federation now has its legislative committee, whose duty it is to assist in getting good laws before and through the legislature. The enlight-

ened home-maker has learned to look out as well as in for the making of domestic success; hence, her persistent demands for good school laws, pure food, housing reforms and sanitation, regulation or abolition of child labor, decent conditions in factories where women are employed, laws relating to the social evil and white slavery, fire protection, clean streets, etc., in short, she has become interested in all matters which, directly or indirectly, touch the welfare of the home.

Perhaps our real indebtedness to club-women could be summed up most effectively, as one of our much-quoted writers puts it: "The woman's club has set women to work in their own attics. They have at last discovered lots of valuable old furniture there, and are now using it." For no observant mortal can deny that such affiliation has given the biggest impetus to to-day's feminist movement, brought much latent talent into the limelight, and afforded unparalleled educative opportunities to ambitious women.

Yet, to my mind, the brunt of the work of these clubs should be done by the four types of women most eminently fitted for the position. First and foremost is the middle-aged woman who has reared her family, and whose ripened judgment seeks new avenues of expression. This is the woman who is active, mentally and physically, and to whom enforced idleness is slow torture. Invariably she makes a pilot in civic improvements that is hard to equal. Her best allies will be found to be the childless woman, the spinster, and the lonely widow, all of whom can, and do find, rejuvenation in helpful industry.

Seldom does the Woman's Club receive full meed of praise for its youthful propensities. As a tonic for ennui and a panacea for disappointment its benefit should not be too lightly estimated. Any movement which, by placing worth-while work in a woman's hands, can write enthusiasm on a coun-

tenance that formerly spelled boredom, is worth investigating. And, by the way, what has become of our melancholy sisters, the sniveling, hopelessly forlorn-looking women who used to grouch around, nursing some secret disappointment? Surely, they are conspicuous by their absence. With the birth of broadening feminine interests, moping seems to have gone out of fashion. All the old-time Niobes, who formerly ran a perpetual wet-wash with their handkerchiefs, have dried them. And why? They are using them to keep their specs bright, while they sit up and take notice at Jaytown's Civic Club or Bingville's Housewives' League.

And how about that flower of femininity, the purely domestic woman, who is busy catering to young America? Shall she continue to Cinderella away all her days, or shall the fairy godmother of the future bear her away, occasionally, for a peep into club-life, which she needs for social reasons, for recreation, to enlarge her mental horizon, and most of all to keep her from becoming warped in her views? Surely the club needs her, too, for both sanction and support.

In the Church that I attended when a girl there was a section dignified as the "Amen Corner." Here the deacons were wont to gather, and whenever the minister tore off anything with a semblance of "punch" to it, he was always backed up by sonorous "Amens" from this quarter.

In every club for women there is, or should be, a corresponding position for the home-abiding woman, the woman whose present, large, home cares only warrant her in giving her hearty approval to the honest efforts of others. And for the success of her particular

club let us hope that she will not forget her duty in this respect.

Now what of the damage done by Women's Clubs? So far, the only women I have seen injured were the women who had lost their sense of perspective, due, perhaps, to personal aggrandizement, or what Oliver Wendell Holmes so aptly termed a little "mental squinting." Such women are often led to believe that a club belongs to them, instead of their belonging to a club; and, again, such distorted vision is often responsible for entirely losing sight of true valuations.

Not long ago a woman, very active in clubdom, came to me with a sympathy-stirring tale of the complete wreckage of her marital happiness. Somehow, as I listened, memories freshened in my mind of her innumerable absences from home in the interests of various clubs, mornings and afternoons given to class work and board meetings, whole days and even weeks, when she was a delegate to far-away conventions. I couldn't but wonder if all this heart-ache might not have been avoided, if the recorder had been contented with membership in just one club and to sit in the "Amen corner." I know one contented woman who sits there. At present her club activities are written in minus quantities, but down on Cottage street she is fashioning a heritage for the gods,—a pleasant and peaceful dwelling place, which one good American citizen and some embryo ones lovingly refer to as "home."

All of which goes to prove that woman, like water, still seeks her own level, rising, whenever opportunity affords, to that height of aspiration urged by the mysterious influence of her own heart.





# Cookery and the Masculine Mind

By Ladd Plumley

THERE are five boys and one little girl in the family. The father is a teacher and they live out in Westchester County, in an old-fashioned house that was built in Revolutionary days. The small rent for the old house was the initial attraction, but now the merry household would not exchange even the big fireplace of the living room for the most modern arrangement of steam heat. It was my good luck to be invited out there to dinner.

"The 'teenth maid objected to the pump—it's outside—the best water ever. She hit the trail of the others. But there'll be something scrambled up," explained the teacher.

There certainly was something scrambled up and to spare. For one thing, creamed mushrooms of the freshest at my New York club are not obtainable. Even the dark metropolitan mushroom is a viand that is rather beyond my pocket-book.

The entire dinner was said not to have cost very much—in dollars and cents. It must have cost a good deal in the way of care in preparation, although I was assured that the family had studied the wondrous art of, cookery and that "knowing just how," as little Everett put it, "makes it a dead cinch."

My palate was amazed with various delights that are worthy and much more than worthy of record. We had a large platter of ox-tail ragout with mashed rutabaga turnips and boiled carrots as a sort of provoker for another generous helping. The creamed mushrooms were served with the ox-tail, but on separate dishes. I discover that my typewriter is a miserably inefficient device. It is not equal to telling about those mushrooms. Imagine ambrosia stewed in nectar and served on triangles of amber-browned toast. Let it go at that. The salad that

followed was a combination of the heart of lettuce—as the lower strata, cucumber, thin-sliced sour apples, and three little pyramids of grape fruit as a kind of yellow ornamentation.

The faces of the boys, and of the little girl at my side, grew merrily luminous as Ed. and Will, the middle-sized of the working dinner crew, removed the empty salad plates and brushed off the table.

"What's comin' is awful nice," confided the little maid. "Sam made 'em. Of course Mother helped with the sauce, but Sam,—well, we folks think just everything of Sam's cooking."

I glanced across the table toward Sam. His face was almost the color of his bright red necktie.

"Cut it out, Margy!" he remarked. "What's a feller good for if he can't do simple cooking?"

Perhaps Sam called it simple cooking—the making of the crispest and most mouth-meltable, baked apple dumplings that were ever eaten. The dumplings brought so many compliments from all that Sam's face became even rosier, if that were a possibility. There are many chefs who would envy that kind of simplicity in cooking.

The dinner ended with browned crackers, cream cheese, and black coffee.

"Don't say anything about the coffee," whispered my small neighbor. "You see, Bub's a boy scout, and he's starting on coffee. He makes it in a tin pot, just as he does in the woods—Father taught him."

What I did say about the coffee was to state what was the truth; that it was good, very good.

As my host and I sat before the great fireplace—it was late September and the night was too chilly for the porch—I asked about the excellent dinner.

"It's hard to get help for what I can

afford to pay," explained the teacher. "As the babies came along and Margaret's time was given up to them, I taught Sam—the eldest, you know—to cook. Then, as the other boys got larger he taught them. I'm a fair cook; learned it in camp. I used to spend my summers in the woods. So my instruction to Sam was the real thing. And we have three boys who are more efficient in simple home dishes than many professional cooks. Of course, except when we have a guest or in emergencies, Margaret doesn't depend on them to the extent of interfering much with their studies or sports. But there's one thing certain: The girl who is fortunate enough to get Sam for a husband will be decidedly lucky. And you can say almost as much for the other boys. They're out in the kitchen. The dishes will be washed and wiped in a jiffy. And what I cannot understand is why it is not considered almost as important to teach boys the art of cookery as it is to teach it to girls. There are emergencies, and in most households they come very frequently, when, if the husband could broil chops and boil potatoes, it would ease up things amazingly. My own boys look upon cookery as an interesting craft that must be studied and practiced in precisely the same way as base-ball and tennis."

"But how about the mushrooms?" I asked. "Mushrooms like those wonders couldn't be obtained in any New York hotel."

The teacher laughed. "They cost us nothing," he said. "We've had a rainy September. Every day you can see scores of Italians hunting the meadows for mushrooms. The boys know the *agarics* as they know their multiplication tables. We don't try experiments; we limit ourselves to the *agarics*. And this morning the fellows picked very nearly a couple of pecks, and they didn't go a quarter-mile from the house."

Sam's remark at little Margaret's compliment, "What's a fellow good for if he can't do simple cooking?" is almost

worthy to be carved in stone and placed over the entrance of refectories and commons of every school and college in the country. The amazing wonder is that boys' schools and men's colleges do not have classes in cookery. At this time in the history of household economics, when many things connected with eatables are receiving the closest attention of the masculine mind, surely it would be in keeping to know with scientific accuracy how to roast a leg of mutton and how to make and bake a good loaf of bread. When all the world is talking about the Eiffel-tower high cost of living, it would seem that it was about time for men and boys to find out, and by their own experiments, the relative value of different methods for cooking standard foods. A laboratory course in plain home cookery would be a popular course in any school or college. Let us hope that before very long one of our large boys' preparatory schools will require that a couple of hours a week should be devoted to the craft. Is it too much to hope that one of our great universities will deem such a course as not unworthy to be duly set forth in its programme of studies?

Until that time comes, mothers should instruct the growing boys of the household how to make coffee and do the other simple things that in the future will enable them to meet with philosophy the emergency of a sick wife and a vanished maid. Indeed, a girl would hardly be unreasonable if, before she accepted the ring of a young man, she should require him to prove that he is equal to such an emergency.

There is another aspect to this matter. Not infrequently the modern worker takes his vacations in the woods, far from womankind. Those of us who have depended upon the unassisted cookery of an Indian or a Canadian guide know full well that, did we possess even the rudiments of the art of cookery, we could give such hints and instruction as would make the outing far more enjoy-



able and healthful. To urge upon a city palate a slab of half-raw salt pork and some chunks of soggy, sour bread is hardly the trail to renewed health and vigor. In the woods a man needs the simplest of food; that is not saying but that its preparation should have most careful attention. Coffee, if left to the carelessness of the average guide, is a thing of thickness and rankness that the camper drinks only because he knows as little about making the clear and brown juice of the stimulating bean as he does about boiling potatoes to the bursting open of their skins.

Most masculine palates are rather sensitive. Men like good food. And if the usual man knew that the preparation of simple food was an exceedingly interesting study and not beyond the capacity of any one, he would make haste to join the nearest cooking school or seek the instruction of his sister, mother, aunt, or wife. To cook simple dishes so that they are appetizing and healthful is no mean art. It is worthy the attention of everybody. Because he is a shaving and trousered individual is no reason why a human being should be absolutely ignorant of the craft. Sometime he may find himself where a little knowledge, even a very little knowledge, will add immeasurably to his own comfort and to the comfort of others. Man can not live without food. To be ignorant of the preparation of what he can not live without should be, at least for those who count themselves educated, considered a disgrace. That he should go through his life with not a thought of how many hours it takes to boil corned beef to the tender point is an evasion of responsi-

bility. Many men even take an absurd pride in knowing absolutely nothing of the food that is set before them. They are altogether equal to the negative art of criticism, but as to any idea of what basis there is for their criticism, they are as ignorant as the Indian who beheld a great painter busy with his maul stick and brush. Said the Indian,

"Um, um! Him all wrong. Take um and tear um up!"

In regard to his wife's cookery the ordinary husband is over-mighty in destructive advice and weak to nothingness in any helpful suggestion. That he in his fatuous ignorance should actually regard himself as a capable critic is the wonder of wonders. He knows that the pudding does not taste as he thinks it should; the females of his family have coddled his palate to that juncture, but what is the matter, or whether the matter is not with his own palate, he is as ignorant as the Indian before the sketch that was destined to be the painter's masterpiece.

Cookery is a noble art. Good cooking will add years to any man's life. It is worthy the serious attention of the masculine mind. This being so, there is no boy in the land whose education would not be more complete, if he had instruction in simple home cooking. As to men? Doubtless many of them regard cookery as altogether beyond their powers. It is not. There are few of us who, if we gave it the attention it deserves, could not master, and with great ease, the rudiments of an art that is one of the oldest arts of the world, as it is certainly one of the most important, also the most fundamental.

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### Inference

Le Verrier, knowing the celestial law,  
 Could certify the orb he never saw:  
 I know God love; and, pitying human strife  
 With Time and Death, foresee immortal life!

STOKELY S. FISHER.



# Censoring the Christmas Dinner

By Stella Burke May

A STATE of war existed in the hitherto peaceful household of the American John Smith, for Mrs. John Smith, generalissimo of the kitchen, had declared war on foreign food products.

Among the causes which led to this declaration were, first; that the Smith household was being constantly menaced by the air fleet of Imported Products, which had dropped a High-Cost-Of-Living bomb on its commissary department, and, second; that foreign invasion, during the past twelve months, had well-nigh wrecked the John Smith treasury.

In proof of this latter accusation, Mrs. Smith produced her Christmas menu from the previous year, which showed the foreign element in strong supremacy.

Feeling the need of support from a strong ally, she called her husband from his evening newspaper, and showed him the line-up of his last year's Yuletide dinner.

"Shades of the Father of His Country," exclaimed John, as he glanced over the card. "No wonder they had war in Europe!"

This is what he read:

CHRISTMAS DINNER, 1913.

Anchovy Canapés  
Mushroom Consommé  
Salted Wafers Celery Spanish Olives  
Broiled Smelts Maître d'hôtel butter  
Roast Turkey  
Plain Dressing  
Duchesse Potatoes  
Buttered Brussels Sprouts  
French Peas  
Creamed Onions  
Cranberry Frappé  
Chinese Celery Prune, Apple-and-Nut Salad  
Neufchatel Cheese  
English Plum Pudding Hard Sauce  
Mandarin Oranges  
English Walnuts  
Malaga Grapes  
Café Demi-Tasse

So, even as the European press censor, pencil in hand, goes over his war dis-

patches, deleting a word here, a phrase there, lest his own particular country appear at a disadvantage or the enemy profit by the context, did Mrs. John Smith go over her Christmas bill of fare, eliding every foreign combination and condiment, and, steering clear of the high C's of yester-year, such as "canapés, consommés and cafés," this American censor effaced all evidence of foreign domination, and launched her transport upon neutral waters from cocktail to coffee.

With patriotism coupled with ingenuity, she set herself to the task of preparing a dinner that might stand uncovered as the flag goes by.

"I will avoid even the appearance of partizanship," she told herself, "and not even call this a *ménù*. It shall be a bill-of-fare this year."

"And there must be no foreign flavor, no paprika, no French or Italian olive oil in the salad, no imported wines or brandies."

They both agreed that a canapé was decidedly contraband, and, while it might serve if disguised under the title of "appetizer," felt that Baltimore oysters served on their native shell, with Iowa horseradish, Oklahoma catsup, and thin slices of California lemon would be in strict neutrality.

The consommé must become a soup; not even a bouillon, but a plain vegetable soup, and asparagus seemed to meet all the maritime laws.

If the market afforded fresh radishes, they would be added to the soup course, but in no event would Spanish olives pass muster. In fact all "hors-d'oeuvres" were now "hors de combat."

The fish course was abandoned as an extravagance, since oysters were to open the meal, so the maître d'hôtel butter was thus disposed of.

"How would it be to buy the turkey on the 'hoof' this year?" queried her husband. "I will kill and dry-pick it and you can hang it in the refrigerator for a couple of days before Christmas."

"Turkey! Turkey!" exclaimed his wife in supreme astonishment. "Why, John Smith, we're not going to have a fowl with a foreign name like that. We're to have roast goose, with chestnut stuffing."

For the main course, then, it would be roast goose, with chestnut stuffing and potatoes.

"Remember," cautioned John, "there will be no vegetable with a foreign name like Irish potatoes." So avoiding the belligerent waters in which sailed 'potatoes a la Hollandaise,' French fried, German fried, au gratin, O'Brien, Hon-groise" she landed at sweet potatoes, Southern style, and added this to her card.

Brussels sprouts came under the same indictment. "I always have thought Brussels sprouts are just sort of 'babes-in-the-wood' cabbages that lost their way, so I think we will just have creamed cabbage and be done with it."

"Onions ought to pass without an investigation," John said, as he watched her writing "baked onions," "but be sure they're not Bermudas and have no foreign flavor."

Next, cranberry frappé was shorn of its alien looks and appeared in homespun as "cranberry jelly moulded," and the understanding was that they were to be Wisconsin grown.

Small light rolls made with Minneapolis flour would be served with the meat course.

The salad course was quickly disposed of. Following the dinner of the previous year, she chose a salad of apples, celery-and-walnuts in heart lettuce cups. She would insist on New York Jonathan apples, Michigan celery, Illinois walnuts and Florida lettuce, served with a cream dressing. In place of the Neufchatel cheese, she would serve cottage cheese

spread between thin slices of brown bread, along with the salad. The "yellow peril" celery was, of course, taboo.

"I don't see why they always have English plum pudding, when New England minced pie contains all the 'stuff that dreams are made of,'" said John, and, his Commissary General agreeing with him, resolved to have New England minced pie with frozen pudding.

For nuts she selected Georgia paper-shell pecans. These, with Florida tangerine oranges and California raisins would seem sufficiently "censored."

And, lastly, of course, coffee in half cups, with Louisiana cut-loaf sugar and home-grown cream. She realized she must call upon her neighbors in South America for the coffee, but they both agreed that Brazil coffee in a Connecticut percolator should pass the most capacious critic.

Assembling her national dinner, this was what she produced:

#### CHRISTMAS DINNER, 1914.

##### *American Plan.*

Baltimore Oysters on Half Shell  
Served with horseradish, catsup and thin  
sliced lemon  
Asparagus Soup  
Salted Wafers Fresh Radishes  
Roast Goose  
Chestnut Stuffing  
Alabama Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style  
Baked Onions Creamed Cabbage  
Cranberry Jelly in Moulds  
Small Light Rolls  
Apple-Celery-Walnut Salad in Heart Lettuce  
Cups  
Brown Bread-and-Cottage Cheese Sandwiches  
New England Minced Pie  
Frozen Pudding  
Florida Tangerines  
Georgia Paper Shelled Pecans  
California Raisins  
Half Cups of Coffee  
Louisiana Sugar Cream

So, stripped of her foreign garments, and clothed in a brand new gown with a fine domestic finish, we behold the American Christmas dinner for the Americans at home, and while we greet our guests, the American John Smith will insert a new needle and start "The Star Spangled Banner."



# AMERICAN COOKERY

## FORMERLY THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

Culinary Science and Domestic Economics

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### PAST AND PRESENT

**O**CCASIONALLY we are reminded that we once were engaged in teaching in the public schools. During that time we subscribed regularly to the best educational papers, bought and read carefully many books on Education and Pedagogy, always in fear and anxiety lest we fail to keep well-informed and practice the latest and best methods of instruction. Our steadfast aim and motive were to do one thing, viz., the work at hand, and to do that well.

Today no one thing is more surprising to us than the marked contrast in educational methods, as they are now practiced, and as they were practiced a generation or two ago. Instead of the general, theoretical education then in vogue, a more common and practical training is now everywhere demanded. And certainly at some time every young man or woman must face the question, "What can you do?" Hence, wisely perhaps, the tendency of the age is strongly towards industrial and vocational training.

To fit into the ever-changing conditions of life and perform a good work, one must of necessity be not only well-informed, but also specially and thoroughly trained for his work or calling in life; and it follows that the transition from school to lifework should be as natural and free from friction as possible.

But amid all the changes that have taken place in our educational systems and ideals the old saying still remains true and unchanged: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Likewise our motive in the conduct of this journal remains ever the same; that is, to do one thing and to do that well.

A few people seem to think still that because of our new title the magazine has been changed in other respects. Nothing is farther from the fact. No other change than in title has been made or contemplated. It is the same periodical, identical in content, texture and color, as well as in management. We only hope to grow larger, better and more useful.

**A**NOTHER room has been added to the publication and business office of this journal. Here we are always glad to receive subscribers and other visitors. We have for examination, or purchase, a large assortment of books on cooking and Domestic Science, also many utensils and special appliances that are interesting to housekeepers. Here, by appointment, the editor of the magazine



can be met at any time. The office is open until five o'clock P. M. daily. Teachers, visitors, subscribers, readers, all will receive hearty welcome and such information and assistance in sight-seeing as we are able to give.

**T**HIS number includes the annual Christmas season which, instead of being an occasion of universal good cheer, must be tintured everywhere with sadness and gloom. While the status of American homes fortunately remains quite normal, thought of the conditions in so many homes abroad must affect the spirits of all those who are in any way capable of thought and outlook. The long-cherished hope that the spirit of good-will to all men was soon to prevail far and wide has received, it would seem, an awful set-back. But let us not permit our interest in home life to lessen, with which the welfare of humanity is so intimately connected. The Christmas season this year might well be made by us an occasion for manifesting the spirit of good-will outside of American homes.

### NEUTRALITY

**N**EUTRALITY does not require quite so much of us as is sometimes assumed. It does not mean that we must neutralize our minds, and suspend our judgments till they are choked. It is not the negation of opinion and the suppression of thinking. It is simple reserve in expression, care of speech, and such constraint as will prevent friction and avoid embarrassing complications. It does not require of a man that he be on neither side. Such a man could not claim the name. It requires only that he take the side he takes only at times and in a manner which will not involve himself or others in hostility or prejudice. It must be clear that Americans as well as America must be strict in preserving neutrality; but they need not neutralize the help of their influence, nor put their judgment to sleep. It must not be un-

certain where we stand, though while we stand there we keep quiet and stand for fair play. The sympathy of the American people may be of great help to make its neutrality effective. If its position should be mistaken by other nations, its neutrality might be harmful. C. R.

**I**N a recent talk to college women students, Prof. Bliss Perry said:

"At this hour the force of college training ought to be a potent factor. The fall of dynasties or the victory of one nation or another are things which the American public is indifferent about. But there are other things about which they are not indifferent.

"Without trespassing on neutrality it is fitting to say that they are not indifferent to the rights of smaller states, the sacredness of treaties, or the question as to whether might makes right."

### THE MIRACLE OF DIGESTION

**H**AVE you considered how like a miracle is the process of digestion. We put a dead looking brown bulb into the ground and when from it rises a stately white lily we say, "Behold a miracle." We give a man a bit of toast and bacon for breakfast and when it appears later in a wonderful bit of statesmanship or a great war maneuver, we fail to behold the miracle. Through what wonderful processes, all unplanned by us, unaided by our hands, that bit of food has been changed into thinking, moving, heating power!

Ground up by the teeth, changed by the chemical action of the gastric juices, it is sent on its way into the blood stream that is the veritable river of life. Other mills to grind, other chemists along the way, exert their influence on the bit of food, and slowly, but surely, it becomes the man himself, seeing, hearing, feeling, walking, thinking, doing. Whether we will it or not, the processes go on and our food is changed into muscle and bone, nerve and brain cell. In and out, up and down, it is tossed by merry red

corpuscles, until at last it is fit to become a part of our personality and has its influence on our work.

Without our willing to, without our planning it, without the aid of our hands, this process goes on, but we can will whether or not the food is the kind that nourishes, and sustains and strengthens, and does its work at last with a cry of pain or a song of cheer. We can plan the kind and the amount of food that is to make up brain and muscle and make our work produce the energies and achievement of a useful man.

It is a miracle of bringing the dead to life. What was yesterday merely food powerless to act or think or feel, is now writing an essay or editing a newspaper, teaching a roomful of boys and girls, or managing a shopful of men, or caring for the home and making it the center of happiness and usefulness. Whether these things shall be done well or ill, whether one has the power to be useful in any of these directions or merely an idler, depends far more than we are apt to believe on the kind and the amount of food that we pour into the mill that grinds out living and working force.

### OPPORTUNITY

**N**EITHER war, famine or other calamity threatens our land. Unless all signs fail the resources of this country, both natural and industrial, are to be called upon as never before in our history. It is just and right that we respond to the exigencies of the day and the occasion in a fair and business-like manner. By so doing the greatest good will be done, at home and abroad. The imprudent and slothful alone fail to avail themselves of their opportunities. At the same time we are well aware that enduring peace and prosperity at home are dependent upon the prevalence of similar conditions throughout the world.

This Magazine has never claimed to be the original and sole champion of pure food. Such pretentions could not be

maintained. All respectable publications are advocates of pure foods. Certainly this journal has always advocated the cause of pure food as well as that of scrupulous cleanliness and sanitation in home life. It advertises no other than pure foods and standard articles for household use. In matters of diet we would choose to be regarded as a learner, a progressive, than as a faddist.

Health, cheerfulness and activity are best conducive to prosperity and contentment. It is said the introduction of baseball has done more to pacify and civilize the Fillipinos than any other agency the United States has been able to employ in the islands.

Two new subscriptions insures the renewal of your own subscription for one year; it, also, is a way to make Christmas presents that are a continued satisfaction and reminder.

If this journal has pleased or helped you in any wise, will you not tell about it to one or more of the most appreciative persons you know?

### THE WINNER

Chance may seem to favor  
The coward in the strife,  
And give the base heart guerdons  
That crown a noble life;  
But in the end truth conquers,  
The false-won laurel thins:  
Ever the years are proving—  
Only the brave heart wins!

Oft may the tide of effort  
Turn, and a cause seem lost,  
And deeds of earnest striving  
On failure's rocks be tossed;  
But when strong hands are guiding,  
The doomed vessel spins,  
And rides the storm to harbor:  
Only the brave heart wins!

Not always the brave can master  
The strife of the moiling years,  
But if in a smiling silence  
He hears the victorious cheers,  
Stands calm 'mid a lifetime's wreckage,  
And vows that he shall begin  
Anew, a greater battle—  
Then, too, does the brave heart win!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.



MARSHMALLOWS (SEE PAGE 374)

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Goose Liver Canapés

**C**OVER one or more goose livers with boiling water, and let simmer until tender; drain, chop fine and press through a sieve; add the sifted yolk (cooked) of an egg, a teaspoonful of onion juice, half a teaspoonful of paprika, a few grains of salt, and a little mixed mustard, if desired; mix all together thoroughly, then beat the mixture into two tablespoonfuls of creamed butter and use to spread rounds of toast two inches and a half in diameter. Set a slice of cooked egg above the mixture and serve as an appetizer at luncheon or dinner.

### Soup from Remnants of a Roast Goose

Break up the body bones of a cold roast goose; add about a pound of beef or veal in small pieces, cover with cold water and let simmer about two hours; add half a can of tomatoes, two onions, cut in slices, a carrot sliced, one or two stalks of celery, five or six branches of parsley, and two or three sage leaves,

also a red chili pepper; cover half way and let simmer half an hour, then strain, pressing out all the liquid possible. When cold remove the fat and reheat to the boiling point; stir in two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, smoothed in cold water, and let boil ten minutes.

### Roast Goose

Scrub and wash thoroughly outside and in. Wipe dry. Season inside with salt and pepper. Cut the neck, do not cut the skin, on a line with the top of the wing bones, then turn the skin down over the back and truss through the wings and the legs in the same manner as a turkey is trussed for roasting. Cook about an hour, turning to cook on all sides; then pour off the fat from the pan, dredge with flour, and lay slices of salt pork over the breast and let cook, basting with salt pork fat, until the joints will separate easily. The time depends on the age of the goose, and will vary from one hour and a half to three hours. A goose from four to six months old is the best. The goose a year old should be steamed before browning in the oven.

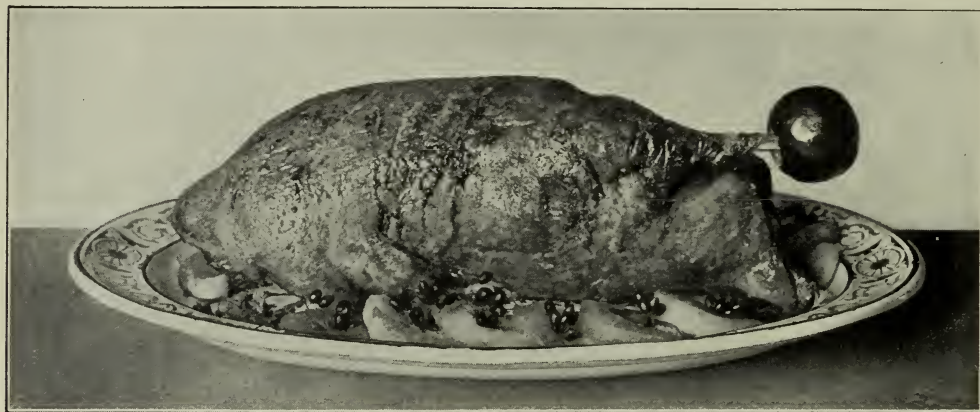


Serve with apple or apple and barberry sauce. If desired, the goose may be stuffed. Apple rings with barberries are a pleasing garnish for the platter. Apple salad is appropriate with either roast goose or pork.

### Potato Stuffing for Roast Goose

Take two cups of mashed potato, one cup of soft white bread crumbs, about one-third a cup of butter and onion juice, powdered sage, salt and pepper to season to taste; mix thoroughly.

barberries and one dozen large sour apples with just enough water to cover the apples. Let drain overnight. Measure the juice, and set sugar, equal in measure to the juice, in pans, in the oven to become hot. Put over the fire the juice, drained from the apples and berries, the juice of three oranges, a little of the orange rind and half a pound of seedless raisins. Let boil until the raisins are soft, then skim them out for other use; add the hot sugar and let boil about fifteen minutes.



ROAST GOOSE, GARNISH APPLE RINGS AND BARBERRIES

### Apple Rings

Core tart apples, cut them in rings, and pare the rings; make a syrup of a cup, each, of sugar and boiling water and the juice of half a lemon, and in it cook the rings, turning often to keep them whole.

### Barberry Sauce

Pare and slice three pears, nearly cover with boiling water, and let cook until tender; add one quart of molasses, one pound of brown sugar, and two quarts of barberries, and let boil fifteen minutes. Pumpkin may be used in place of the pears. Strain the sauce or not as is desired.

### Barberry Jelly

Boil together until soft four quarts of

### Apple, Celery-and-Green Pepper Salad

Cut choice pared, tart apples in julienne shreds, and mix with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice to keep from discoloring. Cut inner, tender, white stalks of celery also in julienne shreds an inch and a half long. Cut a crisp, chilled green pepper in the same sort of shreds, but cut them narrower than the others. There should be about a pint of apple, a cup or more of celery to a large green pepper. Season with a teaspoonful and a half of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, and four tablespoonfuls of oil—the acid was added in the first place to the apple), mix all together thoroughly. Have ready a head of tender, hot-house lettuce, washed and dried very carefully. Have the stem cut so



APPLE, CELERY-AND-GREEN PEPPER SALAD

that the head of lettuce will set well on the plate. Dispose the seasoned salad between the lettuce leaves and serve at once.

### Mock Crab Toast

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a double boiler or the blazer of a chafing-dish (over hot water). Put in eight ounces of cheese and a tablespoonful of anchovy paste, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of mustard, if desired. Stir constantly until the cheese is melted. Then stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, diluted with half a cup of cream, and continue stirring until the mixture becomes smooth and thick. Then serve at once on slices of toast or crackers.

### Oregon Salmon, Baked

Butter an earthen baking dish, and in it set a thick piece of salmon. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook

half a green pepper, cut in shreds, and half an onion cut in thin slices and separated into rings; cook until softened a little, but not in the least browned; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and one cup of tomato purée (stewed tomatoes strained) and let cook until boiling, then pour over the salmon; set into the oven and let cook, basting often with the tomato until the fish, when tested, separates from the bone. Serve in the baking dish.

### Sirloin Steak, Carte Blanche

*(A substitute for planked steak)*

Remove the flank end, and superfluous fat and bone from a Porter House steak of size suitable for two to four people. Broil in the usual way and dispose on a hot china or silver platter; spread with sauce, Marrow sauce; garnish with two to four, each, stuffed tomatoes, duxelles,



SIRLOIN STEAK, CARTE BLANCHE

bell peppers, stuffed with Risotto, broiled fresh mushrooms, grilled sweet potatoes, and strips of bacon. Serve at once.

### Marrow Sauce

Cut beef marrow in half-inch cubes; over half a cup of cubes pour a cup of hot brown stock, and let stand ten minutes to keep hot without boiling. Prepare a cup of brown sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and one cup of rich brown and highly-seasoned brown stock, and stir until boiling; add one tablespoonful, each, of chopped onion and parsley, one

cup (or more) of brown stock and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and let cook, over boiling water, until the rice is tender; add one-fourth a cup of grated cheese and one tablespoonful of butter, lift the rice with two forks to mix in the cheese and butter, and use to fill the peppers. Let stand in the oven a few minutes to become very hot.

### Broiled Fresh Mushrooms

Remove stems and peel the caps; set, cup side downwards, in a hot, well-oiled broiler, and cook over the coals, cup side down, about two minutes; turn and cook, cup side upwards, about three minutes.



A SATISFYING LUNCHEON, CREAMED FRESH FISH, PHILADELPHIA RELISH,  
RYE BREAD

tablespoonful, each, of lemon juice and claret, and strain over the marrow.

### Bell Peppers Stuffed with Risotto

Remove the seeds from the peppers in such a manner that the peppers may be used as a receptacle for cooked rice. Cover them with boiling water and let simmer about ten minutes, then drain and rinse in cold water and wipe dry. For the filling, set half a cup of rice over the fire, cover with boiling water, let heat quickly to the boiling point, stir and let cook two minutes, drain, and rinse in cold water. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan; add a slice of onion, and let cook until yellowed and softened, then add the rice and stir and cook until the rice has absorbed the butter; add a cup of tomato purée, half a

Remove to the steak with care to retain the juice in the cups.

### Stuffed Tomatoes, Duxelles

For two to four tomatoes chop half an onion, about two tablespoonfuls of cooked ham, and four fresh mushrooms; cook these in one or two tablespoonfuls of butter until the moisture is evaporated and the onion is yellowed; add an equal bulk of sifted, soft bread crumbs, the tomato scooped from the tomatoes to form cups, cut in bits, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and salt and pepper as needed. Use to fill the tomatoes; cover the top with cracker crumbs mixed with melted butter, and let cook until the tomatoes are tender and the crumbs are browned, (about twelve minutes). In like manner stuff onions.





OLD ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

### Grilled Sweet Potatoes

Brush over sliced, cooked sweet potatoes with melted butter or bacon fat and set in a well-oiled broiler; cook about four minutes, or until hot throughout, turning often to avoid burning. Fresh cooked or cold potatoes may be used.

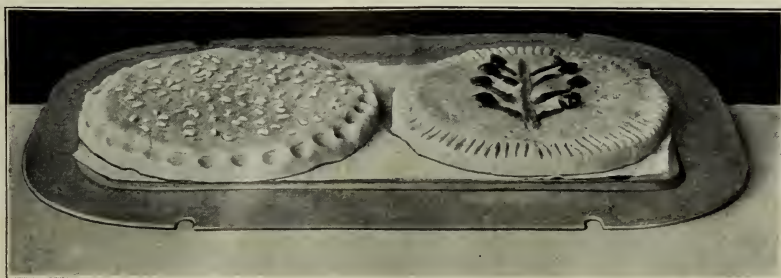
### Potato Soufflé or Omelet

Press one cup of hot or cold mashed potatoes through a ricer; beat in half a cup of rich milk and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper. Beat the whites of three eggs dry and the yolks until thick; beat the yolks into the potato mixture, then fold in the whites evenly. Have ready, a hot well-buttered omelet pan (7 or 8 inches in diameter); in this spread the potato and egg-mixture, let stand on the range two

or three minutes, to "set" the mixture on the bottom, then transfer to the oven (moderate heat) until cooked throughout. Score across the top at right angles to the handle of the pan, fold at the scoring and turn upon a hot platter; grated onion, a tablespoonful or more, with a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley or two or three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese may be used to give variety.

### Old English Plum Pudding

Pour one cup of milk on one cup of soft, sifted bread crumbs. Mix one cup of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one cup of fine-chopped suet, one pound raisins, one-half a pound of currants, one-half a cup of nut meats, one-fourth a pound of mixed citron and candied orange peel. Beat the yolks of four eggs;



SCOTCH SHORT BREAD

add these to the softened crumbs, then add the sugar and fruit mixture, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful, each, of cinnamon, nutmeg, clove and mace sifted together, and, lastly, the whites of four eggs beaten dry. Steam in a buttered mold four hours.

### Scotch Short Bread

Beat half a pound, or one cup, of butter to a cream; beat in one-fourth a pound (half a cup) of coffee "A" sugar, then work in one pound (four cups) of pastry flour. If the flour be warmed, it may be worked in more easily. Form

may replace the maple sugar, if the quantity of milk be reduced to one cup.

### Christmas Walnut Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream. Then gradually beat in one cup and a half of granulated sugar. Add, alternately, three-fourths a cup of water and two and one-fourth cups of sifted flour, sifted a second time with two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the whites of four eggs dry. Beat part of the eggs into the cake mixture, also one cup of walnut meats, broken in pieces



CHRISTMAS WALNUT CAKE

the mixture into two flat, round cakes about seven or eight inches in diameter and half an inch in thickness; decorate the edge by pressing the thumb upon it at regular intervals, or a knife or spoon handle may be used for this purpose. Sprinkle the top with caraway "comfits" or make a design upon it with strips of preserved citron and halves of candied cherries. Bake in a rather slow oven.

### Pumpkin Pie, Christmas Style

Mix one cup and a half of strained pumpkin, one egg, beaten light, three-fourths a cup of maple sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful cinnamon, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and ginger, and one cup and a half of rich milk, and use to fill a pie plate lined with pastry. Bake about forty minutes. A cup of maple syrup

and floured, and, lastly, the rest of the egg-whites. Bake in a round loaf in a moderate oven about fifty minutes. When cold cover with boiled icing, decorate the icing with candied or maraschino cherries, cut in points to resemble petals of a flower; fill the center of the flowers with yellow candies, first dipped in frosting to make them stay in place. Use narrow strips of anjelica or citron for stems. Finish the lower edge with fine-chopped pistachio nuts, pressed in place before the frosting is firm.

### Marshmallows

Drain off some of the clear liquid from cooked tomatoes. Do not take any pulp, simply uncolored liquid. Cook half a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of this liquid to 230° F. Stir occasionally while cooking. Strain this over one cup



MARSHMALLOW CREAM

and a half of sugar and three-fourths a cup of boiling water. Cook to 240° F. Remove from the fire and add one tablespoonful and a half of granulated gelatine, softened in half a cup of cold water and dissolved by standing in a dish of boiling water. Mix and strain into a bowl. Beat until it is white and spongy, then gradually beat in the white of one egg beaten dry, and a teaspoonful of vanilla, and continue the beating until the mixture will almost "set" on the beater. Pour into biscuit pans, dredged with confectioner's sugar. Let stand about twelve hours. Cut in cubes and roll in confectioner's sugar.

### Marshmallow Cream

*(To serve five)*

Soften one teaspoonful of gelatine in two or three tablespoonfuls of cold milk,

then dissolve by setting the dish in boiling water; add half a cup of sugar and one cup of double cream, and beat until firm throughout. Beat the white of a small egg dry, then fold it into the cream with half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, half a quarter-pound box of marshmallows cut in quarters, half a cup of skinned and seeded white grapes (cut in halves) one banana, peeled cut in cubes and mixed with a tablespoonful of lemon juice (to keep the pieces from discoloring). Dispose in glass cups with a few bits of red cherry here and there. Set one-fourth a marshmallow on the top of the mixture in each glass, sprinkle with fine-chopped nuts and set aside in a cold place until ready to serve.

### Tapioca-and-Pineapple Sponge

Scald two cups of grated pineapple and half a cup of boiling water in a



TAPIOCA-AND-PINEAPPLE SPONGE





FIG CAKE (SEE PAGE 377)

double boiler; stir in one-fourth a cup of any quick-cooking, fine tapioca, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; stir occasionally and let cook about half an hour, then add the juice of half a lemon and one-fourth a cup of sugar, and fold in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry; cover and let cook two or three minutes or until the egg is set. Serve hot or cold in glass cups, with whipped cream piped above. Sweeten the cream with two tablespoonfuls of sugar to a cup of cream, before whipping.

### Grape-Juice Turkish Paste

Soften three and one-half level tablespoonfuls of gelatine in half a cup of cold water; dissolve two cups of granulated sugar in two-thirds a cup of grape juice; combine the two mixtures and let boil twenty minutes after boiling begins; add the juice of half a lemon and turn into an *unbuttered* bread pan and set

aside overnight. Sift confectioner's sugar over the candy, loosen the candy from the tin at one edge, then gently and slowly pull it from the pan to a board dredged with confectioner's sugar. Press candy cutter into the candy to score it for cutting. If the candy is cut through, press the cubes from the cutter, roll in the sugar and set aside. If the cubes are cut only part way through, finish cutting with a knife, then roll in confectioner's sugar and set aside.

Raspberry juice or orange juice may replace the grape juice. Candied cherries, chopped fine, or nuts, also chopped fine, may be added to any of these pastes. The candy can not, however, be cut as well and does not come from the pan as easily, if these additions are made.

On the following pages we give, by request, additional recipes for inexpensive cakes.



GRAPE-JUICE TURKISH PASTE

# For Inexpensive Cakes

## Dudley Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour
1 cup sugar	3 level teaspoonfuls
1 cup currants	baking powder
1 egg and 1 yolk	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mace
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	

Add the currants to the creamed butter and sugar; beat in the unbeaten yolk, then the whole egg, and finish in the usual manner. Bake in a sheet in a pan about eight and one-half inches square. If desired, use one egg and one white. One square of melted chocolate, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth a teaspoonful of cloves and currants and citron as desired may be added to make a fruit cake.

## Icing for Dudley Cake

2 tablespoonfuls of syrup	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups (about) con- fectioner's sugar
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and stir into the dry ingredients. Beat the mixture thoroughly. Bake in two layers. Put the layers together with chopped figs, dates or pineapple, cooked with a little sugar; sift a little confectioner's sugar over the top layer. Or, beat the white of egg left over, one cup of grated apple or sifted banana, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, and one cup and a half of confectioner's sugar twenty minutes, and use as both filling and frosting.

## Apple Sauce Cake (two eggs)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	2 cups sifted flour
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoonful cinna- mon
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cloves
1 cup thin, well- sweetened and strained apple sauce	2 tablespoonfuls cocoa
1 level teaspoonful soda	1 cup mixed nut meats and raisins, dredged with flour

Cream the butter, gradually add the sugar, then the eggs, beaten without separating. Stir the soda into the apple sauce and add it to the first ingredients, alternately, with the flour, spices and cocoa sifted together. Lastly, add fruit and nuts. Turn into the pan and sift granulated sugar over the top. Bake about half an hour in a sheet, a longer time in a loaf.

## Apple Sauce Cake (one egg)

cup butter	1 teaspoonful cinna- mon
cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cloves
egg beaten light	1 cup hot, thick, strained apple sauce
$\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted flour	1 cup raisins
level teaspoonful soda	1 cup currants

Mix in the usual manner, bake in a tube pan about an hour and one-fourth.

## Coffee Cake

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup strong coffee
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar	1 level teaspoonful soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses	2 cups flour
1 yolk of egg	

2 cups flour	1 egg and 1 yolk
2 <i>slightly</i> rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder	3 tablespoonfuls melted butter
1 cup sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Sift all the dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs, add the milk and butter

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup dried currants  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sliced citron  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful cinnamon

$\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful ground  
 cloves

Beat the butter to a cream; add the other ingredients in the order given; roll and sift the sugar, before adding it to the butter; sift the soda before measuring, then add to the flour and sift again with the flour. Bake in a large shallow pan about twenty minutes. Cover with Divinity Frosting. Serve cut in cubes. If preferred, bake in a brick-loaf bread pan about forty minutes. Sift two or three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar over the top of the mixture in the pan before baking, then omit the frosting.

### Divinity Frosting

1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup glucose or corn  
 syrup  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup boiling water

1 egg-white  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful extract  
 of vanilla

Melt the sugar in the glucose and water; with the fingers, or a cloth wet in cold water, wash down the sides of the pan, cover and let cook two or three minutes, to dissolve any grains of sugar, then uncover and let boil rapidly to 238° F. or until a soft ball may be formed in cold water. Pour in a fine stream on the white of egg, beaten light, beating constantly meanwhile; return to the fire over hot water and beat until the mixture thickens perceptibly. Add the vanilla before using.

### Chocolate Cake for Thirty People

2 cups of sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  a cup of butter  
 2 egg-yolks  
 1 cup of hot water  
 3 cups of sifted flour

3 teaspoonfuls of  
 baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  a cake of chocolate  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  a teaspoonful of  
 salt

Cream the butter; add one cup of sugar and the egg-yolks, beaten very light. Dissolve the chocolate in a dish placed over a pan of hot water; add one cup of sugar, the hot water, and let come to a boil; stir into first mixture. Sift in flour, baking powder, and salt. Beat mixture thoroughly until air bubbles appear. Fill buttered cake pans about one

and one-half inches thick with cake dough. If thicker than this, too hot an oven will be required to bake it, and it will burn. Bake in a moderate oven thirty to forty minutes, or until when pressed lightly with the finger the cake will spring back.

### Frosting

Cook two cups of sugar and one cup of water until syrup will make a thread three inches long when dropped from tip of spoon. Beat the whites of two eggs very stiff. Pour syrup in tiny stream over beaten whites, beating mixture constantly; add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and continue beating until of right consistency to spread.

One ounce of melted chocolate may be mixed with one-half of the frosting as soon as a syrup is poured over beaten eggs. Cover cake first with white frosting and allow to dry; meanwhile, keep dish containing chocolate frosting in a pan of warm water to prevent becoming too hard. When first frosting is dry,

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup butter  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 egg  
 3 level teaspoonfuls  
 baking powder  
 2 tablespoonfuls  
 cocoa

1 cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raisins, chopped  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts  
 1 teaspoonful cinnamon  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  nutmeg, grated

Bake in small tins.



# Menus for a Week in December

*"The family table is an educational fact or of greatest importance to the children."  
"An overdose of condiments kills the finer tastes."*

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Whole Milk  
Broiled Bacon, Fried Bananas  
Broiled Potatoes Nut Bread  
Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Roast Duck (domestic) Apple Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes, Boiled Onions  
Apple, Celery-and-Green Pepper Salad  
Pineapple Tapioca, Whipped Cream  
Almond Biscuit  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Hot Ham Sandwiches  
Quince-and-Sweet Apple Preserves  
Dudley Cake Cocoa

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Sausage Creamed Potatoes  
Fried Apples  
Dry Toast Doughnuts  
Cocoa Coffee

## Luncheon

Cream of Celery Soup  
Risotto (with bits of duck)  
Chocolate Nut Cake  
Sliced Bananas with Lemon Jelly  
Tea

## Dinner

Oregon Salmon Baked with Tomato  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Cabbage, Hollandaise  
Lemon Sherbet Cookies  
Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream  
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup  
Cocoa Coffee

## Luncheon

Oyster Stew, Pickles  
Cranberry Pie  
Coffee

## Dinner

Hamburg Steak  
Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce  
Mashed Turnips Sweet Potatoes, Baked  
Sweet Rice Croquettes, Sabayon Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Plum Porridge, Thin Cream  
(Cereal Cooked with Raisins)  
Broiled Ham Fried Potatoes  
Cornmeal Muffins  
Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Roasted Spare Ribs of Pork  
Apple Sauce  
Franconia Potatoes  
Baked Squash Mock Cherry Pie  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Hot Boiled Rice, Thin Cream  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Canned Pears Cottage Cheese  
Caramels Tea

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Salmon-and-Potato Cakes  
Pickles  
Yeast Biscuit (reheated)  
Zwieback Cocoa Coffee

## Luncheon

Succotash (dried beans, etc.)  
Boston Brown Bread  
German Apple Cake  
Coffee

## Dinner

Neck of Lamb Stew  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Lettuce-and-Celery Salad  
Steamed Fig Pudding, Hard Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash  
Pickled Beets  
Yeast Doughnuts  
Cocoa Coffee

## Luncheon

Welsh Rabbit  
Apple, Celery-and-Green Pepper Salad  
Baking Powder Biscuit, Toasted  
Pumpkin Pie (with Maple Syrup)  
Coffee

## Dinner

Lamb Chops Canned String Beans  
French Fried Potatoes  
Celery  
Marshmallow Cream  
Oatmeal Macaroons Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Creamed Salt Codfish  
Small Potatoes Boiled or Baked  
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup  
Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Cream of Lima Bean Soup  
Oregon Salmon, Baked with Tomato  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Philadelphia Relish  
Poor Man's Rice Pudding  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Mock Crab Toast  
Hot Apple Sauce  
Currant Cake Tea

# More Simple Menus for a Week in December

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Whole Milk  
German Coffee Cake, Butter  
Apple Marmalade  
Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Pork Chops, Baked  
Sweet Potatoes Baked Mashed Turnips  
Hot Cornstarch Pudding, Milk, Sugar  
Tea

## Supper

Mock Bisque Soup, Croutons  
Emergency Cake  
Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal with Dates, Whole Milk  
Cornmeal Breakfast Cake  
Dry Toast  
Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Potato Soup  
Cabbage Creamed with Cheese  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Steamed Suet Fruit Pudding, Syrup Sauce  
Coffee

## Supper

Risotto  
Stewed Crab Apples  
Gingerbread  
Tea

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Sliced Bananas, Whole Milk  
Frizzled Dried Beef  
German Fried Potatoes  
Graham or Rye Bread  
Coffee

## Dinner

Cream of Celery Soup  
Cold Head Cheese (pork)  
Baked Potatoes Baked Squash  
Piccalilli  
Baked Apple Tapioca Pudding  
Tea

## Supper

Macaroni, Tomatoes and Cheese  
Graham Bread and Butter  
Honey Tea

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Whole Milk  
Remnants of Fresh Fish, Curried  
Mashed Potato Cakes  
Bread and Butter  
Coffee

## Dinner

Sausage, Fried Apples  
Mashed Potatoes Kale  
Baked Indian Pudding  
Coffee

## Supper

Boston Baked Beans  
Boston Brown Bread  
Pickles  
Cookies Tea

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Broiled Bacon Fried Bananas  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Glazed Currant Buns  
Cocoa

## Dinner

Hamburg Steak  
Scalloped Potatoes Boiled Onions  
Baked Indian Pudding, Hard Sauce  
Coffee

## Supper

Baked Potatoes, Butter  
Smoked Halibut  
Canned Fruit  
Cookies  
Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Oatmeal with Raisins, whole Milk  
Hashed Beef Round Stirred in  
Hot Frying Pan  
Small Baked Potatoes  
Bread Coffee

## Dinner

Shoulder of Lamb, Boiled  
Boiled Turnips Boiled Cabbage  
Pumpkin Pie  
Coffee

## Supper

Stewed Lima Beans  
Graham Bread and Butter  
Apple Marmalade Toasted Crackers  
Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

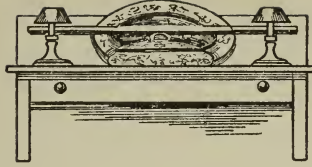
Cereal, Whole Milk  
Salt Codfish Balls  
Pickles  
Doughnuts Coffee

## Dinner

Fresh Fish Fillets, Baked  
Bread Dressing Drawn Butter Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets  
Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce  
Coffee

## Supper

Cheese Pudding  
Bread and Butter  
Baked Apples  
Tea



## Our Daily Bread

### or Preparation in Detail of the Meals of One Day in December

*Family of Two Adults and Two School Children*

By Janet M. Hill

#### SUNDAY

##### *Breakfast*

Plum Porridge, Thin Cream  
German Apple Cake, Butter  
Cocoa Coffee

##### *Dinner*

Creole Chicken En Casserole  
Baked Sweet Potatoes Piccalilli  
Marshmallow Cream  
Orange Cookies Coffee

##### *Supper*

Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad,  
Whipped Cream Dressing  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Orange Cookies Tea

**B**REAKFAST on Sunday is usually served a little later than on week days and, if full justice is to be done to a midday dinner, it is well that the breakfast be light. Much of the preliminary work for the dishes suggested in the above menu can be done on Saturday and the housewife, while presenting to her family appetizing, well-prepared dishes, can attend church and read, rest or take a walk. Easily prepared meals on Sunday should be worked out in advance, by each housekeeper, for there are psychological reasons why each and every one should indulge, once in a while, in a day of comparative rest, and also, occasionally, in a day of complete rest.

Plum porridge seems a fitting breakfast dish for any morning in the month

in which Christmas occurs. As soon as boiling water is at hand, put one pint of it and a generous half-cup of choice large raisins over the fire to boil; add half a teaspoonful of salt and, as soon as boiling is again resumed, stir in the cereal. The quantity will vary with the kind of cereal selected and is usually indicated on the package, if cereal purchased by the package be used. It is well known that cereals in bulk are cheaper than cereals in packages. For a slight change in flavor, particularly in winter, a tablespoonful of butter may be added with the salt. After the cereal has boiled vigorously two or three minutes, set it into the hot water receptacle, cover and let cook undisturbed until breakfast is ready. Saturday evening sift together the dry ingredients for the apple cake, measure the butter and milk, butter the baking pan, and see that the egg, bowl and beater, also the currants, sugar and apples and knife are close at hand, then the mixing will be the work of a very few minutes and the cake will soon be baking. To mix work the butter (with two knives) into the dry ingredients, then stir in the beaten egg with the milk; spread the mixture in a buttered pan about 6 x 12 inches in size. Pare the apples, cut into eighths, cover and set them in parallel rows, sharp edge downward in the cake; sprinkle over the cur-



## AMERICAN COOKERY

s and dredge with sugar: When the e is in the oven, cream the butter for custard; beat in the sugar, then the en egg and the milk. When the bak- is nearly completed, pour over the ard, without removing the cake from oven, and finish the baking. Make coffee and cocoa and complete the ng of the table begun the night be-

### German Apple Cake

1 cup flour	1 egg
1 teaspoonful salt	1 cup milk
1 level teaspoonfuls	3 apples
1 baking powder	3 tablespoonfuls cur-
1/2 cup butter	rants

#### Custard Part

1/2 cup milk	3 tablespoonfuls but-
1 egg, well-beaten	sugar
	1/2 cup milk

n Saturday separate the chicken, or l, into pieces at the joints, strain the atoes, slice an onion, and chop or d a green pepper, for the casserole ; remove skins and seeds (cut in es) from the grapes; cut the marsh- lows in quarters and chop the nuts the marshmallow cream. Make the ries. Cook the prunes and cut them eat, lengthwise slices, and slice the n nuts for the salad. Bake rye bread. Keep occupied every moment while breakfast is cooking; work is done h more easily in the early part of the than it is later on. Of course, the ool children will clear the breakfast e and wash, wipe and set away the es, leaving the housewife free to set chicken to cook, prepare the potatoes make the dessert. The recipe for chicken follows:

### Creole Chicken en Casserole

Roll the pieces of chicken in flour sea- ed with a little salt and pepper, then cook brown in hot salt pork or bacon

Do not let the fat become too hot ore using it, and cook the chicken to ather light brown color. Transfer the ces as soon as they are cooked to a serole, add the sliced onion and shred- d pepper, with one pint of tomato

purée and about one cup of boiling water, or enough to cover the pieces; let stand on the top of the range until the liquid boils, then cover and set to cook in the oven. Let cook very slowly. The time will depend on the age of the chicken; this will be from one hour and a half to two hours and a half or three hours. When ready to serve, melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, then add about half a teaspoon, each, of salt and pepper and the liquid drained from the chicken; stir until boiling, then return to the casserole. The sweet potatoes will bake in from thirty to forty-five minutes, according to size and temperature of the oven.

The recipe for marshmallow cream will be found on another page in the Seasonable menus. This is best after it has stood a short time and can be prepared after breakfast and set aside in the refrigerator. When putting the kitchen in order after dinner, wash each leaf of a head of lettuce with care, shake in a cloth, pack closely in a covered dish and set aside in the refrigerator. At night whatever is left to do for supper can be accomplished in ten or fifteen minutes. The ingredients for the salad dressing are one cup of double cream, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or red wine vinegar. Beat all together until very light; sprinkle a little salt over half a pound, each, of sliced prunes and pecan nuts, then mix with the dressing and serve on the lettuce leaves carefully dried.

### Orange Cookies

1/2 cup butter	1/2 cup orange juice
1 cup granulated sugar	2 cups or more flour
Grated rind 1 orange	4 level teaspoonfuls
1 egg, beaten light	baking powder

Beat the butter to a cream; add the other ingredients in the order enumerated. Roll into a sheet, cut into shapes, set into a baking pan, dredge with granulated sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

### Two Loaves Rye Bread

2 cups scalded milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses
$\frac{1}{2}$ cake compressed yeast	2 tablespoonfuls butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalded milk, cooled	5 cups rye flour
1 teaspoonful salt	About 3 cups white bread flour

On Friday or Saturday night mix the yeast in the half-cup of liquid; dissolve

the salt and butter in the hot liquid, add the molasses, and when lukewarm the yeast and flour, and mix to a dough. Knead until elastic, then cover and set aside overnight, to become light. In the morning, cut down and shape into two loaves, cover and let stand until again light. Bake one hour.

## "Savouries"

By Anna Sawyer

**J**UST how long the much-talked-of "cost of living" has been rising only a statistician can say, and he only approximately, but no one knows better than the housekeeper that during the last decade that cost has soared to an appalling extent, and that in no direction is the fact more plainly evidenced than in the provisioning of the family table. It is the housewife who, with no increase of income,—too often with a decrease,—must contrive to set forth the everyday, as well as the festive board, with food as nutritious, as varied, and as tempting as she was formerly able to do on half the money. Pater familias may find it difficult to do his part in providing the wherewithal, but let him not under-rate the task of his better half! She it is who must not only solve the problem of making both ends meet, but another, perennially exacting, of pleasing everybody.

Fortunate, indeed, is the woman whose family does not regard meat, rather than bread, as the staff of life, but even with our modern theories as to diet, these are in the minority, and meat, in some form, is expected to take a prominent place in not less than one, and too often all of the three meals. Where it is expected three times, the housekeeper may well call hygiene to the aid of economy, and sternly refuse to indulge inordinate demands, but should she be forced to yield

a meat dish at two meals, she may well insist that that provided at lunch or supper shall be of the lightest sort. For the principle meal of the day she even then confronts an apparent necessity for that meat course which is, she well knows, one of the greatest strains on her table allowance.

Now there was a time, not long since, when the household economist might take refuge in the purchase of "cheaper cuts". Indeed, so general was the reliance on this economy that necessity appeared as virtue, and the cry for these became almost a slogan. Teachers of cooking took up the good cause. We were instructed that, as a rule, inferior cuts contained more nourishment than expensive ones, and it became the fashion to learn how to prepare these temptingly. Then, alas, all too soon did economic forces, too complicated to be discussed in a paper of the scope of this one, dictate a rising scale all along the line,—a scale not only including our cheaper cuts, but every other known foodstuff, until even the old platitude about living on "mush and milk", for economy's sake, became an empty dream.

And so it has gone on until the average housekeeper looks on the roast which she once considered, as a matter of course, as a luxury to be infrequently indulged in, while she now regards the pieces she was wont, as an economist, to

make into stews, ragouts and the like, as rather extravagant, though necessary.

It is in this emergency that American housewives may well take a leaf out of the note-books of their English cousins.

Not that we are advising the adoption, in toto, of the bills of fare usual among the class of English people of whom we speak. Far from it. As a rule, the English are probably the largest meat-eaters in the world, and in the average well-to-do household more meat would be used in a day than would suffice an American family of the same size for several. Neither do we allude to the food partaken of by tourists in the mongrel, French-British hotel, or, on the other hand, the essentially British one. As a matter of fact, as an English friend once remarked to the writer, "The table in the ordinary hotel is very, very *dull*!" That expresses it exactly. It is dominated by dried-up meat—nothing being more a *rara avis* than the "*rare* roast beef of old England—" vegetables chiefly of the turnip-cabbage-cauliflower type, swimming in warm, greasy water, together with heavy bread, excellent fish, good bacon, and fowls, no salads to speak of, and desserts too tasteless to mention.

In the middle class home, however, and among the delightful little country inns where the cooking is truly "home cooking", it is quite different. Here will be found a most appetizing, and tempting table, though its courses are perhaps to our change-loving tastes rather "cut and dried"; yet there are certain points which, in our attempts to make up for the lessened importance of meats, may serve us well, by adding variety, and one might almost say "color", which will go a long way to atone for the lack. In the English lunch, dinner, supper "High Tea" even breakfast, meats still predominate in meals which would seem without them sufficient in point of nutriment. To the average American it would seem incredible that so many dishes should be considered essential, but the very fact that they are so consid-

ered is probably the reason why there is almost invariably served among them one or more so-called "Savouries," which, served as entrées between heartier courses, probably whet the faltering appetite for the succeeding ones.

Now in her grappling with the conundrum, it seems to us, the American housewife may, with benefit, make use of the English "Savoury", not to increase an already too hearty meal, but to take a prominent part in one otherwise, perhaps, at least so far as the palate is concerned, not quite hearty enough. By use of one or more she may give character to a meal of which the main meat dish is very simple, also zest, and variety to the whole menu.

Just what a "Savoury" is, it is a little difficult to define. As definitely as may be stated, it is what its name implies, a dish of "savor", of "smack" of "zest". Whether as an accompaniment of dinner, lunch, "High Tea", it fills its part to perfection, and, as the *pièce de résistance* of a light meal, stands the housekeeper in good stead.

To give some idea of the importance the Savoury plays in the British household, the writer gives an account of her first meeting with a charming old English lady from whose note-book she has been privileged to take the recipes given below.

The meeting happened, by chance, on the veranda of a hotel in California, for the time being occupied only by a daintily prim little person engaged in knitting a "Shetland shawl", and the writer. Through the friendly courtesy of the former a conversation began which almost immediately drifted into domestic channels. Now had a lady of our own nation, on first acquaintance, opened such a subject, some surprise would have been felt, but a little experience with our transatlantic relations, English or German, teaches that this is the usual outcome of even a chance meeting, therefore, we were not surprised when, with much interest on her sweet, placid face, our new acquaint-





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Work the unbeaten white of an egg gradually into the paste; then beat in the sugar, and when thoroughly blended beat in the other unbeaten white of egg. Sift confectioner's sugar on to a board, and on it shape the mixture, into crescents, then roll in the nuts. Bake on tins covered with paper. Use a slightly rounding teaspoonful for each crescent. To shape, roll into a ball in the hands, then lengthen this on the board under the fingers, pressing more firmly on the ends than the center. Use the chopped nuts, with or without powdered sugar, on the board when shaping the balls into crescents.

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QUERY No. 2446.—"Recipes for use of Honey."

### Honey in Salad Dressing

In any salad dressing calling for sugar, use strained honey in the place of sugar. In mayonnaise for tomatoes use a teaspoonful of honey to each cup of oil employed in the dressing.

### Honey Cookies

Cream half a cup of butter; beat in three-fourths a cup of sugar, one egg and one yolk, beaten together, half a cup of strained honey, the grated rind of a lemon and three cups of flour sifted with four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. More flour may be required. The dough should be firm enough to be easily handled. Knead slightly (a little at a time), roll into a thin sheet and cut into cakes. Set the shapes in a buttered pan; beat the white of an egg (left for the purpose) a little, and use it to brush over the cookies in the pan, then at once sprinkle on some fine-chopped, blanched almonds and dredge with granulated sugar. Bake in a moderate oven.

### Honey Wafers

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	1 cup strained honey
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	2 cups flour
Grated rind 1 lemon	

Cream the butter and beat in the sugar, lemon rind, honey and flour. Spread the

mixture on tin baking sheets to form very thin rounds about two inches in diameter. Use a palette knife to spread the mixture. Bake in a moderately heated oven. About one minute after removal from the oven, lift the wafers from the tins with a palette knife and shape them over a piece of clean broom handle. Let them remain on the handle until cool; store in tin when cold.

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QUERY No. 2447.—"Recipe for Cooked Fondant."

### Fondant, Latest Method

Stir two pounds (four cups) of sugar and a cup and a half of water over the fire until the sugar is melted. Just before the syrup begins to boil, with a hand, a brush, or a cloth dampened in cold water, wash down the sides of the kettle, to remove any grains of sugar from the sides of the pan. Cover the kettle, and let boil for two or three minutes, to remove any grains of sugar that may yet remain on the saucepan. Now remove the cover, and set a sugar thermometer into the syrup, letting it lean against the side of the kettle. Put the thermometer in gently, to avoid sugaring the syrup; for the same reason do not move or jar the kettle in any way. Have ready a marble slab or a large platter set in a cool place, and, when the mercury in the thermometer begins to approach 240°, dampen the slab or platter with the hand wet in cold water. The moment the thermometer registers 240° (see page 270), take it from the saucepan, and take up the saucepan carefully and without shaking, and pour the syrup onto the slab or platter. *Do not scrape the saucepan or allow the syrup to drip from it*, as all sugary portions must be removed from the fondant, or it will be grainy when worked. Let the syrup remain undisturbed until it is absolutely cold. This is an important point to remember. When there is no heat left in the syrup, with a scraper (such as is used in removing wall paper) or a



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wooden spatula, turn the outside of the fondant towards the center until the mass begins to look creamy; gradually knead it into a ball, scraping the marble clean with the spatula. Lay a damp cloth over the ball, closing it in around the edges; let stand about an hour. Cut it into pieces and press into a deep bowl, cover close with a damp cloth that does not touch the candy. When ready to use, take out such portion as is desired, let melt, stirring constantly, over hot water, adding a very little hot water, if needed, and flavoring and color paste as desired. Melted chocolate and a flavoring of vanilla is often used. In this drop, one by one, centers made of the fondant, mixed with nuts and candied fruit and a little confectioner's sugar, to obviate the stickiness of the fondant. When a centre is covered, take out with a hook, and drop onto paraffin paper or a tin sheet. Halved or chopped pistachio nuts make a pretty decoration for such bonbons. For maple fondant use two pounds of maple sugar, one pound of white granulated sugar, and a pint of water, and proceed as for the white fondant.

The flavoring used should correspond with the tint. Rose is appropriate for rose-tinted, almond and vanilla for green tinted candies.

After the centers are shaped, let them stand several hours or overnight to harden on the outside a little.

---

QUERY No. 2448.—"Recipe for Adams House Meringue for puddings and pies given in The Boston Cooking School Magazine in December-January number 1898-9. Also recipe for Angel Pudding given in same number of the magazine."

### Adams House Meringue

3 egg-whites	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful vanilla
$7\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls	extract
granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful lemon
	extract

Beat the whites of eggs until dry; gradually beat in half the sugar, then fold in the other half of the sugar and the extract. Set the meringue on the

cooked dish, cooled a little, heaping it high in the center. Smooth and score it with a knife, dredge lightly with granulated sugar, and let bake in a very moderate oven ten minutes, without coloring; then let color delicately.

### Angel Puddings

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated bread
1 cup scalded milk	crumbs
2 eggs	

Cream the butter, beat in the flour and let cook in the hot milk, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, and stir into the hot mixture; stir in the crumbs—(measured rather solid) and turn into individual tins, carefully buttered and dredged, with sugar. Bake until firm. Turn on to a serving dish, sift powdered sugar over them and serve with hard or royal sauce in a bowl.

### Royal Sauce

Beat one tablespoonful of butter to a cream and beat into it two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch; add one cup of boiling water, half a cup of jam or jelly and the juice of half a lemon, and stir until boiling; let simmer five minutes, strain, and add a tablespoonful of brandy if desired.

---

QUERY No. 2449.—"Am not successful with frosting made of fondant; it hardens too quickly. Which sugar is the best for fondant, granulated or powdered?"

### Fondant for Frosting

See recipe for fondant given in answer to Query 2447. This fondant makes excellent, soft, creamy frosting for cake. To use, set the portion needed in a dish of hot water; to it add about a teaspoonful (or more) of boiling water or hot sugar syrup, and at once beat thoroughly while it softens; add the flavoring and, if the cake has a large surface, pour the fondant over it. Dip small cakes into the fondant. Think granulated or coffee "A" sugar better than powdered sugar for cooked fondant.

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QUERY No. 2450.—"Recipe for Chocolate Filling for meringue shells, cream puffs, etc., something soft and creamy, and of the consistency of firm-whipped cream."

### Chocolate Filling

1 or 2 ounces chocolate	2 tablespoonfuls sugar
	1 cup double cream

Melt the chocolate, add the sugar and two tablespoonfuls of the cream, and stir until smooth and boiling; add to the rest of the cream and let chill thoroughly, then beat until firm.

### Chocolate Filling No. 2

1½ cups hot milk	½ teaspoonful vanilla
½ cup flour	2 eggs
⅓ cup cold milk	¾ cup sugar
	½ teaspoonful salt

Mix the flour and salt with the cold milk and stir into the hot milk; continue stirring until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the sugar and beat again, then stir into the hot mixture; continue to cook until the egg is "set," then fold in the eggs, beaten dry; when the white is "set," remove from the fire and beat occasionally until cold, then add the vanilla.

QUERY No. 2451.—"Recipe for *Chou Farci*."

### Stuffed Cabbage

Use a head of savory cabbage. Set the cabbage in cold water, stem end up, to stand about an hour. Cover with boiling water and let simmer about fifteen minutes; drain and chill a little in cold water. Set the cabbage stem end down on a piece of cheese-cloth. Have ready about half a cup of rice, boiled to have the grains whole, a cup of chopped cooked ham, or ham and veal mixed, a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley and a teaspoonful of grated onion if desired; mix these all together with half a teaspoonful of paprika or one chili pepper chopped fine, and half a teaspoonful of salt. A little tomato catsup may be used to hold the mixture together. Put a tablespoonful of the mixture at the center of the cabbage, and fold the leaves over it; put a layer of the mixture on

these leaves and fold other leaves over it—continue in this way until all the ingredients are used. Bring the cheese-cloth up around the cabbage, tie with a string, and set into a saucepan of boiling water; let cook from three-fourths to a whole hour. Remove carefully to a dish, take off the cloth, and pour over a pint of Hollandaise or cream sauce.

QUERY No. 2452.—"Recipe for Brine to be used for pickled tongues and corned beef."

### Brine for Pickling Meats

1 quart salt	½ cup brown sugar
1 ounce saltpetre	1 gallon cold water

Rub part of the salt into the meat; dissolve the rest of the salt, the sugar and the saltpetre in the water, put in the meat and set a weight above to keep the meat under the brine. Let stand in a cool place. Thin pieces of meat and tongues will be ready to cook in three or four days. For less salt meat, shorten the time in the brine.

QUERY No. 2453.—"How may squash and pumpkin pies be baked to avoid a pasty undercrust?"

### Baking Squash and Pumpkin Pies

Use a tin or agate rather than an earthen plate. Have an oven with strong heat at the bottom when the pie is set into it; lower the heat before the filling begins to bubble. By this means the crust is baked considerably before the filling is heated through.

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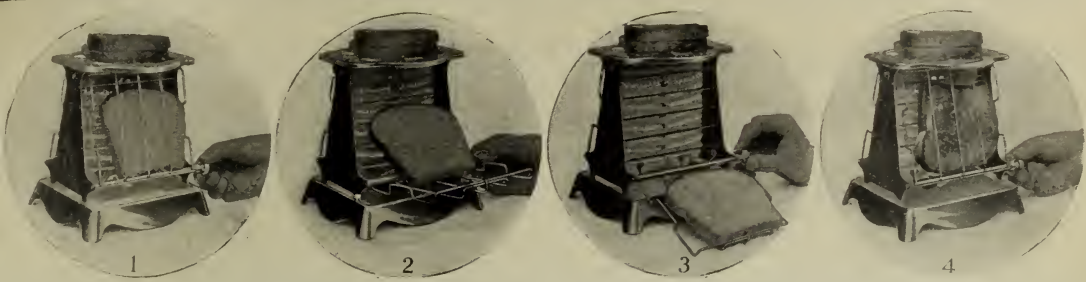
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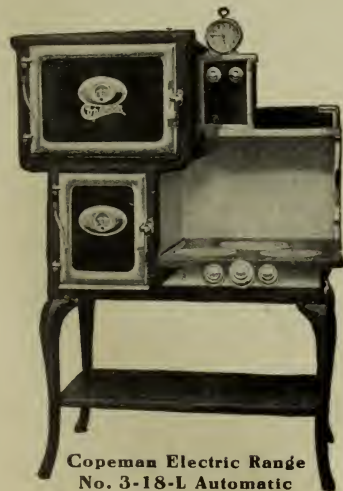
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## New Books

*How to Cook and Why.* By ELIZABETH CONDIT and JESSIE A. LONG. Price \$1.00 net. Harper and Brothers, New York.

The book presents in simple, untechnical language for the average housekeeper the scientific principles underlying cookery. It does not give recipes, but it does give in a direct, practical way the facts, principles, and general directions which enable the housekeeper to use cook-books and to learn to be somewhat independent of them also. This book has been written to meet the needs of two classes—the girl of high-school age and the average housekeeper.

As the title itself indicates, the book is intended to impart information, to instruct, that is, to serve as guide to intelligent and prudent housekeeping.

From this point of view it is a simple, concise and pleasing contribution. This is not a cook book, but how and why to cook and serve the several kinds of foods is made intelligent to the average housewife who has had neither time nor opportunity for scientific research and training.

*Planning and Furnishing the Home.* By MARY J. QUINN. Price \$1.00 net. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This book is intended for the everyday homemaker. General principles, details, and warnings are given for practical help in house or apartment.

In an introductory note Miss Isabel Ely Lord, of Pratt Institute, says:

"The book differs from other available books on the subject. There is a group of valuable books on historic furniture, intended chiefly for the connoisseur, and another group of practical books which either give nothing on the historic side or deal with expensive furnishings. Miss Quinn has written a book between these two classes, with a statement of principles and a rapid review of historic furniture because these are necessary as a basis, but with the practical side of details, directions, and prices that will assist the buyer of average means. Perhaps the main purpose of the book is to show that the family whose purse is slim can nevertheless have a beautiful setting if intelligence, interest, a reasonable amount of time, and the knowledge this book gives can be added to the money available."

*Diet For the Sick.* By SARAH TYSON RORER. Price \$2.00 net. Arnold & Company, Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Rorer has had large experience. She is an excellent dietician and a well-known practitioner, as far as diet is concerned. Perhaps this will be the most



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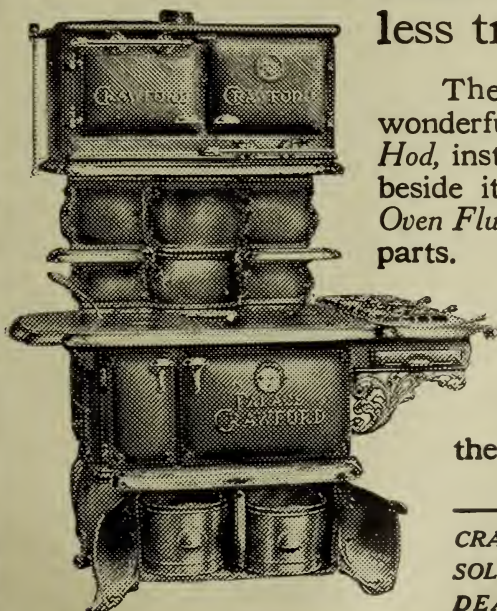
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The CRAWFORD Gas Ovens are safe from explosion and the end oven has an extra set of burners at the top for broiling.

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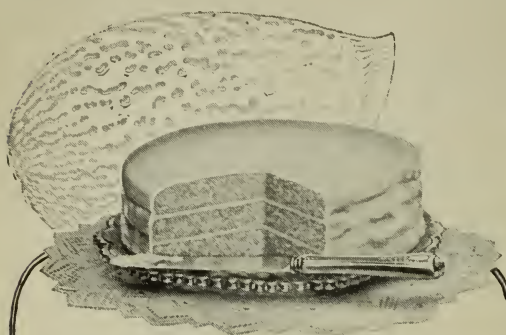
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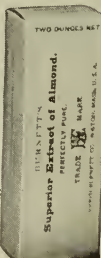
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*A Study of Foods.* By RUTH A. WARDALL and EDNA NOBLE WHITE.  
Price .70. Ginn & Company, Boston.

The object of this work is not to provide training for a finished cook, for skill comes only with experience and practice; neither is there an attempt to make a food expert. A serious consideration of the subjects of chemistry, the physiology of digestion and dietetics, belongs to a university course. The work as outlined will give some knowledge of food materials, of the effect of heat upon them, of methods of manipulation, and of comparative cost of commercial and domestic production.

As a guide to the study of the subject of foods, this is an excellent text book for schools. The illustrations of this book are especially interesting and instructive. They are a distinct addition to the value of the work.

*Janice Day.* By HELEN BEECHER LONG.  
12 mo. cloth, \$1.25 net. Sully and Kleinteich, New York.

This is the story of a young girl, "a new-fashioned girl," whose circumstances impel her to do her utmost to improve her surroundings. Of course she succeeds and wins for herself recognition and an enviable place in the community. There is nothing deep or sensational in the narrative. It is a simple, wholesome story that is likely to interest young people and inspire them to unselfish, noble lives.



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This recipe shows you how  
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## KNOX FRENCH Dainties

2 envelopes KNOX Acidulated Gelatine

4 cups granulated sugar  
1½ cups boiling water  
1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one-half teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavor, found in separate envelope, dissolved in one tablespoonful water and one tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add one tablespoonful brandy, if desired, one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize.

Vary this recipe by using different flavors and colors, and if desired, add chopped nuts, figs, dates, raisins or peanuts to the lemon mixture.

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A pessimist, said Representative Fess, asks, "Is there any milk in that pitcher?" But an optimist says, "Pass the cream, please."—*Washington Star*.

## Certainly He Knew

A well-known Bishop who has a wife of pronounced temperament one day caught a small boy stealing grapes from his vine. He reproved the offender sternly, and concluded:

"Do you know, my boy, why I tell you this? There is One before Whom even I am a crawling worm. Do you know Who it is?"

"Sure," said the boy unhesitatingly, "the missus."

A gentleman and lady came out of the Albert Hall one night to find it raining, while they were without an umbrella. "Why, Charles!" the lady cried, "it's raining." "So I see," said Charles, calmly. "Well, what shall we do?" "I rather think we shall have to let it rain," replied the matter-of-fact husband. Excited by the disaster, the lady amused the bystanders by saying, "Why, Charles, how can we, when I have on this light dress and bonnet?"—*Tit-Bits*.

## He Knew His People

At the end of the first six months of his pastorate in Kentucky the Reverend Silas Johns had learned the ways of his flock so thoroughly that he knew exactly how to deal with them.

One Sunday the collection was deplorably small. The next week he made a short and telling speech at the close of his sermon.

"I don't want any man to gib more dan his share, bredren," he said, gently bending towards the congregation; "but



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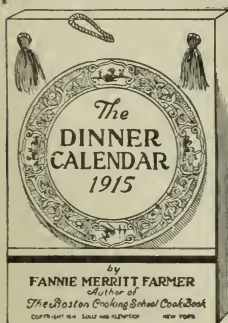
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we must all gib according as we are favored and according to what we rightly hab. I say rightly hab, bredren," he went on, after a short pause, "because we don' want any tainted money in de box. Squire Blinks told me dat he missed some chickens dis week. Now, if any one ob my pore benighted bredren has fallen by de way in connections wid dose chickens, let him stay his hand from de box when it comes to him.

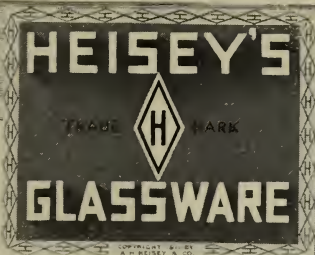
"Brudder Mose, will you pass de box while I watch de signs an' see if dere's one in de congregation dat needs me to wrastle in prayer for him?"

After his first lecturing tour in this country Matthew Arnold visited old Mrs. Procter, the widow of the poet Barry Cornwall, and mother of 'Adelaide Procter. Mrs. Procter, giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea, asked him, "And what did they say about you in America?" "Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me." "Well, now," said the old lady, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes."

A Hoosier lad of twelve years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate. "Hello, Ben!" said the youngster, "do you get anything fer cuttin' the wood?" "Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a cent a day fer doin' it." "What you goin' to do with yer money?" "Oh, she's savin' it fer me; and when I get enough, she's goin' to get me a new axe."

Senator Martin of New Jersey tells of a farm-hand who philosophizes. One morning, when the Senator was wandering over the farm, he came upon his man feeding the chickens. Alexander stopped him with: "Good mawnin', suh! I been thinkin' this mawnin', and I made up my mind, suh, as I's lookin' at these heah chickens, that they's the usefulest animal they is. You c'n eat 'em 'fo' they's bo'n, and aftah they's daid!"





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is the lovely water set shown below. It isn't an ornament that you'll use for a time and then discard—it's a practical "water jug and tumbler" set. Moreover, it has that simple, crystal-like freshness and purity of design and delightful brilliance that stamps

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Your dealer has Heisey's Diamond H water sets in this design and in many others just as attractive.

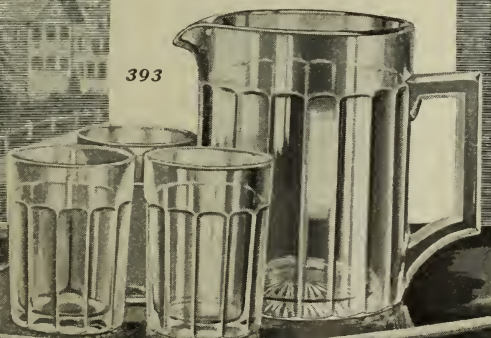
If you especially like the design shown here and your dealer should not have it, we will deliver it direct to you by Parcel Post, prepaid, at the following price: 1 jug and ½ dozen tumblers, \$2.00; 1 jug and 1 dozen tumblers, \$2.75. West of the Mississippi River add \$1.50 to cover delivery.

Write today for "Table Glass and How to Use it." See how many other beautiful things for the table and home you can buy in Heisey's Diamond H Glassware.

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*Keeps after  
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**DELICIOUS  
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SATISFYING**

*—down to the  
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Choicest red-ripe tomatoes, cooked lightly—thus retaining the natural flavor—and pure spices for delicate seasoning, produce this tempting relish with true tomato taste.

**Contains only those ingredients  
Recognized and Endorsed  
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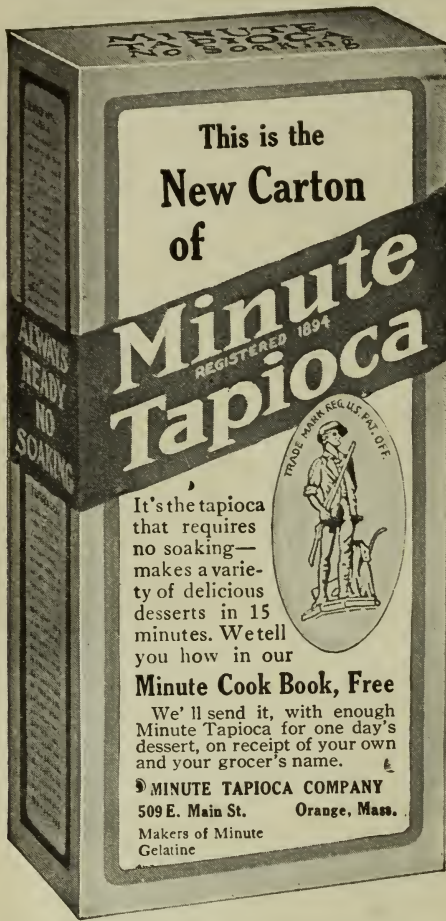
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Learn to Make Delicious Unfermented Bread without yeast, baking powder or chemicals; 25 cents brings recipe

JESSIE L. DUETSCHER, Food Expert, Dept. A.C., Woodbury Heights, N. J.

## Sentiment vs. Sense

I sent them into the world,  
My stories, my poems, my all;  
Some came back in the spring-time,  
Some were returned in the fall.

And still I kept on writing  
With courage undismayed;  
I wrote of heroes without compare,  
And dreamed of love-lorn maids.

At last I had a change of thought,  
More practical I would be:  
A recipe to the paper I sent,  
And rejoiced in my first fee.

LIDA AGNESE LITTLE.

When Mr. Peaslee asked for his fourth cup of coffee the waitress brought it, but remarked, "You seem to be fond of coffee." Mr. Peaslee, nothing abashed, smiled upon her benignly. "I *be* fond of coffee," he admitted, placidly. "Ain't you quick to notice things! I'm dretful fond of it. If I wa'n't," he concluded slowly, "I don't believe I'd drink so much water for the sake of getting a little."—*Youth's Companion*.

The Youngs unexpectedly dropped in on the Baileys for dinner, and Mrs. Bailey explained privately to little Helen that there would not be enough oysters, "so you and I will just have some broth and say nothing." Little Helen promised to remember, but when she discovered a small oyster in her plate, she could not recall any instructions. She dipped up the oyster and, holding it well in view, she piped out, "Mother, Mother, shouldn't Mrs. Young have this oyster too?"



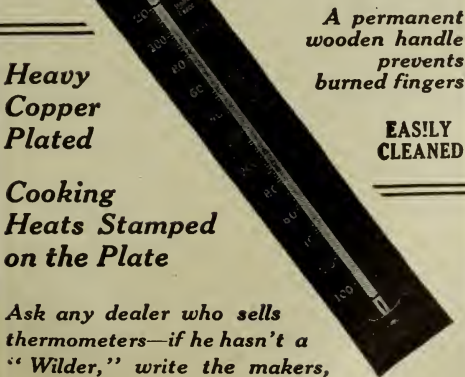
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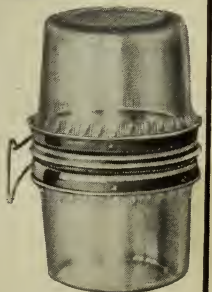
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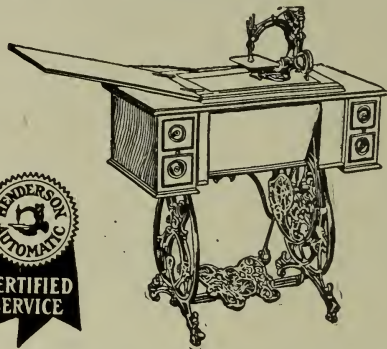
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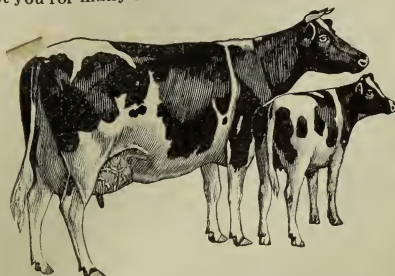
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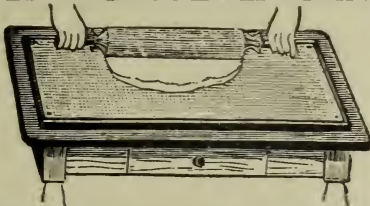
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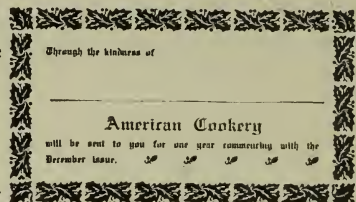
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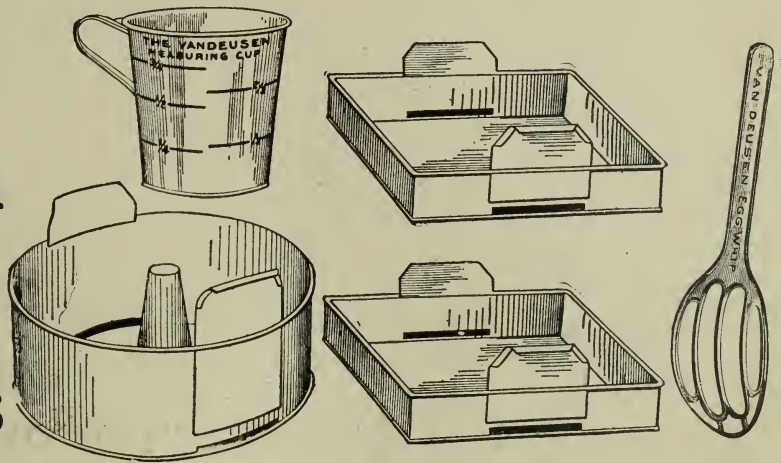
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## I

Cress Sandwiches  
Small Souvaroff  
Candied Grapefruit Peel  
White Grapes Glacé  
Tea  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream

## II

Assorted Sandwiches  
Assorted Cakes (small)  
Ginger Chips, Salted Nuts, Nuts Glacé  
Tea      Coffee

## III

Cheese-and-Nut Sandwiches  
Cracker-and-Cheese Canapés  
Tiny Cream Cakes, fondant dipped  
Tea, with Sliced Oranges and  
Candied Cherries

## IV

(Small Tea)

English Muffins Toasted  
Cress Sandwiches  
Small Souvaroff  
Tea, with Orange Slices and  
Candied Pineapple

## V

Orange Bread-and-Marmalade Sandwiches  
Cheese-and-Cress Sandwiches  
Macaroons, Lady Fingers  
Small Souvaroff  
Cocoa, with Marshmallows  
Tea with Mint Cubes



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# American Cookery

VOL. XIX

JANUARY, 1915

No. 6

## The Selection of Furniture for the Small Reception Room

By Jessamine Chapman Williams

**T**WO mistakes are frequently made in furnishing the small reception-room. It is often furnished as a large drawing-room in a mansion might be,—too formal and dignified to be in keeping with the size of the room or house, or it is too often characterless,—its purpose being forgotten.

There are three forms or ideas used to-day in the planning of a reception-room. It may be a part of the hall—the familiar type of reception-hall; it may be the conventional parlor which still exists in many houses; or it may be a reception-room proper.

Nothing will help to solve the problem of furniture for the small reception-room so well—as to keep in mind its function or purpose and then to avoid everything that does not aid in this or act in harmony with it.

The true purpose of the reception-room is to receive guests,—callers of all kinds and descriptions—and guests who are invited for some special occasion. This room is a gathering place to serve only until the real entertainment is provided. It is a room that is not used for any long space of time. It is simply for the receiving of people, thus avoiding intrusion upon the family in their privacy, or disturbing all or requiring the attention of all when perhaps only one is sought. A small room will serve this purpose, thus avoiding the crowding of the family in a small living space and

lessening their comforts for the sake of the caller or for guests of special occasions. The function of the home would be lost sight of, if a large reception-room were planned for the average-size house.

Since it is a place to receive guests, it must possess a welcoming atmosphere, a bright and cheery appearance. The chief problem to solve is how to avoid the usual stiffness,—the cold and characterless look that the room, as a rule, possesses. Forget the name "parlor"



KING GEORGE ARM CHAIR



and the sombre significance it has gained through the horse-hair parlor suite, wax flowers, and the other relics of its ancestor, the New England parlor of a hundred years ago, and express in its decoration and furniture the manner in which you greet your friends, or the manner in which you enjoy being received yourself in other homes.

The caller often spends the time, while waiting to be received, in gazing at the walls or rug, absent-mindedly tracing out some intricate pattern in wall decoration or in the design of the rug. It would be better to give the caller a beautiful picture to study, hung on a quiet plain background of wall space.

If the room is shut off from the hall and the remainder of the house, as the true reception-room should be, a more independent treatment in its furnishing can be made.

If it is possible to carry out the "period" idea in decoration and furniture, it is in this room above all others that the effect is most charming, provided it is in harmony with the rest of the house. "Period furniture" if rightly used is eminently fitted for the modern small reception-room.

If this plan is not expedient, the room may be furnished in excellent taste and made to fit its purpose by using miscellaneous types of furniture, harmonizing with the walls, wood work and floor treatment.

The floor is the foundation of one's color-scheme, and if a bad start is made here, it is hard to hold harmony of color for the room. The lighting of the room, the sunshine and shadow effects influence the brightness of color decoration.

It is well to remember that all back-



WILLIAM AND MARY SETTEE

grounds or settings must be subdued in color and design, if one wishes the figures in that setting to show off to the best advantage. Hence, the floors and walls of a room, if the pictures, ornaments, and furniture are to be prominent features, should be less vivid in color and design than they.

There is nothing more satisfactory for the walls than the quiet, dignified tones of grey, and, if a touch of color is wanted, introduce it in a simply designed frieze. The tints and shades of red or blue are particularly pleasing, if mahogany furniture is used. A deep cream or a buff with quite a bit of life in it harmonizes best with fumed oak, and the brown and tan wicker furniture. With the grey and mahogany color-scheme the wood work is best in white or light cream, with doors of mahogany, perhaps. The fireplace of colonial type in white also harmonizes with this scheme. A mirror over or set in the

mantle is always in good taste in the colonial type of fireplace.

In "Period" furniture the styles that are especially suited for this room are the Adam, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, and certain Colonial types—not all. The Queen Ann, William and Mary, and Flanders styles are suitable in some forms, but they are far more difficult to obtain,—a good reason for the selection, perhaps, giving always an assurance of the independence of the selector.

Too dignified and formal types must be avoided in this small room, yet they are the sort for the large drawing-room of a mansion. For example, the heavily-carved Italian Renaissance, Elizabethan, or Jacobean styles have a distinct place in the latter type of room, but are almost absurd for the former. A mistake equally bad would be choosing Louis XV. style with all its gilt, its delicate upholstery, its decorative festoons



WILLIAM AND MARY CHAIRS

and garlands, and its frail construction. The true mission type with its massiveness and severity of line would be the opposite extreme and equally inappropriate.

The average home maker must resort usually to the types of furniture found in our ordinary furniture stores, which are modified forms of the real old, mixed up promiscuously with modern types. To select from the conglomerate requires much care.

Avoid the usual parlor suite. It is too monotonous and characterless and leaves places for nothing else in the room. With the background in quiet tones, plain or of simple design, make the cheer of the room come from the lighting, from the window seat and its upholstery and cushions, from the hangings and pictures and plants. A two-toned color-harmony or complimentary colors lend cheer, while one-tone is almost too subdued and monotonous to give the welcoming air it should.

Avoid rocking chairs. They are not suited to the purpose of the room. One's callers do not come to pay a visit, and other guests will soon be taken to the living rooms of the house. They

occupy too much space also. Avoid the hall-chair type with its high, straight back and small seat, for the caller must be made comfortable while seated. The arm chair of light weight is desirable. The Windsor type, also, with its many slender spokes, and curved back, is one that shows both lightness and ease. A few pieces of upholstered furniture of good design or of suitable "Period" add color, and a feeling of comfortableness.

An important consideration in selection is the question of weight. How one scoffs at the spindle-legged, gilt and brocaded chair, far too frail to sit upon, that had a day in parlors a while ago. A heavy, mission Morris Chair of to-day is often seen as a substitute, but it is equally inappropriate. Mahogany furniture of average weight is admirably suited in quality and appearance for this room. Modified forms of Colonial furniture are suitable in line and dignity, yet they lack character to some extent, because they are neither one thing nor the other.

In selecting a table for this room, avoid the library or desk type. A lighter, easily-moved table, yet not one so small and light that it will hold nothing but a



GATE-LEG TABLE



card tray or be easily tipped over at a reception when the room is full of guests. The pie-crust table or drop-leaf Colonial type or the Sheraton tables with drop leaves and one small drawer are all in good form.

Plants add much to the cheer of a room of any kind, but they, too, must be carefully selected. Palms are too stiff and dignified for the small reception-room and occupy too much space. They need classic pedestals, large spaces, to produce the effect desired. Small plants in a deep window sill, out of the way, or a fine, not too spreading, fern on a taboret would be in keeping with the character of the room.

It is impossible to state definitely just what pieces of furniture to select, just what color-scheme to use, what kind of rugs, pictures and ornaments to choose for such a room. These considerations are closely involved with the general size and plan of the house, the plan of the room, its lighting, the decoration and furnishing of the whole house and the means the home maker has at her disposal.

The following plan of decoration and furnishing is only given as an illustration of what points must be thought of and worked out by the furnisher, what pieces of furniture are suitable for almost any small reception-room that is not a part of the hall, and what furnishing will give a welcoming and cheerful appearance sufficiently dignified yet not stiff and cold.

*Color-scheme*—Grey and red, (pinks, to normal, greyed in tone). Wall-space — light grey — simple stenciled frieze in greyed tints of red (pinks).

*Wood-work*—White or light cream, doors mahogany.

*Fireplace*—Colonial — in white or cream; red brick.

*Floor*—Light, hard oak.

*Rug*—Greyed, red-plain center. Simple border in tones of the same color, or several small Oriental rugs in reds and greys.



PIE-CRUST TABLE

*Window hangings*—Fine white scrim for inner curtains. Greyed red silk over-hangings.

*Window seat*—Grey velour upholstery. Cushions—Grey, with pink design.

*Plants*—Red geraniums on the deep window sills. Fin-leaf fern on taboret.

*Pictures*—Gilt frames—some with mahogany.

*Furniture*—Mahogany, William and Mary settle, arm chair and straight chair (see illustration).

*Gate-leg table*—light—with turned legs—one small drawer.

Guilford arm chair.



SHERATON TABLE

Chippendale straight chair.

Small writing table (if desired), Queen Anne style.

*Another Selection in Style.*

Sheraton tete and two chairs (arm and straight).

Pie-crust table.

King George arm chair upholstered in dark red.

Curio cabinet—Sheraton.

Sheraton writing table.

The details, the touches in ornamentation have as much influence in producing effects as the few simple pieces of furniture. And these are the very things that can not be chosen until the whole plan of the house, room, and all the conditions are known. Only a few general rules or cautions can be given. There must never be a crowded appearance in furniture or an over-abundance of ornaments. This applies especially to a

small reception-room. Do not try to furnish or ornament the room with books. Neither guests nor hostess will use them in this room. Avoid the very large ornaments—small vases, busts, and large brass pieces—they tend to make the room look smaller and show lack of proportion. Very small ornaments give a feeling of "knick-knacks" and take away dignity from the room.

There is no room in the house that is more difficult to furnish properly. One reason for this is that it is furnished for the guest,—the stranger,—not for one's self, or family,—to be used for short periods of time, not for constant occupancy. This gives a feeling of uncertainty in efforts to please all who enter, and yet to express one's self as well, in its furnishings. If its purpose be kept ever in mind, some of the difficulties, at least, will be solved.



TABLE LAID FOR RECEPTION

Menu: Tea, Chocolate, Assorted Sandwiches, Little Cakes, White Grapes, Glacé, Nut Meats, Glacé.

# The Evolution of Sarah

By Barbara Erwin

SARAH was an enthusiast, as her family discovered before she was out of short dresses. At fifteen she joined a "Band of Mercy," whose members made a vow to struggle against all cruelty to animals. She brought home lame dogs and sick cats, until the Pearson premises overflowed with quadrupeds and her father, a man of angelic temper, actually swore, when, for the third time, he found a mangy, blind kitten in one of his shoes. At length, Sarah came to the point where she refused beefsteak and chicken, because she could not bear to think that they had been killed. She grew anemic, "pale as a tallow candle," the cook said, and Mrs. Pearson was obliged to assert her authority. In a night-time the cats and dogs disappeared, and Sarah was sent to the sea-side to recuperate and forget.

She came back full of her natural vigor, and contrived, within a fortnight, to organize a dancing-class. Lessons were on Saturday, but the class practiced interminably, before school, after school, and, when it was possible, in the evening. Sarah danced to her meals, and dusted the parlor at a waltz tempo, and beat time in her sleep. She wore out three pairs of shoes in quick succession, and, finally, one day, danced off the front steps and sprained her ankle. After came a Sunday-school class; then chickens (two hens and a hybrid rooster); then slum-work, Delsarte and other fads, at the rate of one a month, until, finally, Sarah went to college.

The day after she left, her mother, awaking to an unearthly calm and an orderly house, breathed a sigh of relief. But the sigh soon changed its nature, and she began to wonder why the time between September and Christmas had not, in other years, passed so slowly.

"Sarah's such fun," her father said. "How I do miss the dear child and her freaks."

"I wonder what she's up to now. Probably fertilizing the campus with coffee-grounds." This was her brother's contribution, but her mother's eyes filled with tears.

"I wish we'd been more sympathetic," she said. Then, because she was a very sensible person, she laughed, whisked her eyes dry, and went to make a gorgeous fruit-cake to send to Sarah.

The weeks and months passed, as weeks and months have a habit of doing, and one bright June day, Sarah graduated and came home. "To stay for a while, I hope," her father said.

Rather remarkably, aside from her own father and brother, Sarah's enthusiasms had never included man, of any shape, sort, or description.

"What will you do next?" her brother asked her at the breakfast table the morning after her arrival.

She glanced about her with bright eyes. "Oh, it's good to be home," she sighed. "I shall just stay here and help mother."

Her mother gave a little start and tried not to appear apprehensive. "Oh, you mustn't tie yourself down to the drudgery of house-work, dear. I really need very little help."

"Is it drudgery?" asked Sarah, and she began to ponder, with an absent look in her eyes. Her mother remembered, rather uncomfortably, times in the past, when she had noticed that same look.

But for a few days affairs ran smoothly enough. Sarah was engaged in inaugurating an impossibly enormous correspondence with her numerous college friends, to each of whom she had promised to write twice a week. Then letter-writing began to pall, and she, to



look about her, seeking other outlets for her energies. One morning her mother came into her room and found her absorbed in a pamphlet. Mrs. Pearson groaned inwardly and resigned herself to the worst. Pamphlets had always been the undoing of Sarah.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "you must read this. It's all about house-work and how it ought to be made lighter, and all the improved methods. See—this is a fireless cooker and electric washing machine and irons and a dish-washer and automatic egg-beater."

"Automatic what—" gasped Mrs. Pearson.

"Egg-beater. All you have to do is to insert the eggs, it cracks and beats them and throws the shells away."

"Oh, Sarah," Mrs. Pearson felt herself quite helpless beneath this astonishing deluge of facts.

"Really, mother, you ought to have some of these things. It would make house-keeping so much easier. And you could join a club and—everything."

"But I already belong to the Friday Club. I don't want to join another," her mother weakly protested.

"And it brings house-work up to date, like any business. I think it's splendid. Do let us buy some of them."

"Well, we'll see."

But Sarah would not let the matter rest there; good-naturedly she stuck to her point; she wrote to various firms that manufactured the articles she coveted, so that finally an electric washing-machine, dish-washer, and oven were installed, to be left, as the advertisements promised, for thirty days' trial.

"Then, if you don't like them, they'll take them away," Sarah explained, "but I'm sure you will."

"I may, but I'm afraid Mary won't."

Mary was their one servant, an Irish woman, and a privileged character, having lived with the family for ten years.

"But she'll have to learn sometime. Every kitchen will have these things in the future." Sarah was quite uncon-

scious of quoting.

"I suppose so," Mrs. Pearson replied dubiously.

For a day the machines ran splendidly; even Mr. Pearson became interested, and Jim declared the washing-machine "a bird." On the third day, however, Mary came to her mistress, and, with tears in her eyes, gave up her place.

"I can't work any longer with thim divil machines," she declared, and upon this statement she stood firm; protests, persuasions, and promises could not move her. She only wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron and asked to be allowed to depart in peace.

"Let her go, mother," Sarah advised excitedly. "And while she is gone you may hire me. I'll run those satanic machines myself and make a success of it, too."

"Good gracious, Sarah, you'll never be able to do it."

"Yes, I will. Do let me just try. You can discharge me whenever you like."

"Very well," there was a note of laughter in Mrs. Pearson's voice. To herself she said, "We'll live through it, I suppose, and it will be good for Sarah—very good."

Mary left at noon the next day, and that afternoon Sarah entered her kingdom.

"The queen is dead. Long live the queen," her brother cried, when, with very red cheeks, she announced that dinner was served.

The chops were a little burned and the coffee queer, but Sarah's family, as the meal progressed, felt themselves pleasantly surprised. It was distinctly eatable.

"This is fine, Sal. Sorry I have to be on the road for the next two weeks," her brother remarked.

"Oh, Jim, that's mean of you."

"No,—honest. Cross my heart. The office doesn't know a thing about our new cook, and they gave me my orders."

Later Sarah thrust her head into the

room where Jim sat reading and smoking. "Jim, do come and look at this dish-washer. It's stuck. And all the plates right in it."

After a struggle of ten minutes, Jim was able to start the machine, and the plates began to appear. Then he spent ten more minutes explaining the nature of the thing to Sarah, who was not of a mechanical turn of mind. He explained it clearly, carefully and concisely, for, in the realm of machinery, Mr. Pearson was helpless as a baby, and Sarah would have to depend on her own ingenuity while her brother was away.

Monday morning he departed. Monday was wash-day. Sarah rose early and found it dark and cold; she felt very sleepy, and, it must be confessed, cross. She sorted the clothes, and gave her family coffee and toast for breakfast.

"I'll clear up these dishes," her mother said. "You turn your attention entirely to the 'osculator.'"

That was what the man who brought the washing-machine had called the swinging metal tub. Sarah filled this tub with hot water and put in soap, referring frequently to the printed directions, and added the clothes. Then, rather timorously, she turned on the switch that set the machine in motion. It made a horrible noise, she thought. The whole basement was filled with a terrific clatter and roar. The clothes were to be left in the tub twelve minutes; after fourteen minutes she decided they must be clean and pushed back the lever of the switch. The noise, if possible, grew louder, and the "osculator" continued to oscillate. Sarah pushed the lever the other way, then, desperately, tried all the levers on the machine, one after the other. The speed and the noise only increased.

"I can't stop it," she shouted to her mother, who came half way down the stairs and stood aghast at the sounds from below.

"I'll phone Mrs. Fairbank," her mother called, "she has one," and she

disappeared. In a few minutes she came back. "Cheer up, Sarah," she shrieked above the turmoil, "Mrs. Washburn's going to send over her son. He's an electrical engineer, home for his vacation."

The Fairbanks had moved in next door while Sarah was away at college, and she had never met them. But that fact did not trouble her now. Her cheeks were scarlet, her hair awry, and she was attired in a voluminous blue apron with the sleeves rolled far up away from her slender arms. Glancing at the stairs that descended from the upper regions, she gave a sigh of relief when Mrs. Pearson's skirts appeared, accompanied by a pair of masculine legs.

"I can't stop it," she shouted, even before she could see their faces.

Young Mr. Fairbank's countenance wore a look of due concern. He put his finger on a certain place on that machine, and, at once, the noise was stilled; the ensuing silence seemed by contrast almost uncanny.

The young man smiled a little, he had a whimsical smile, but he was very quiet and efficient. He told her what he had done, and, rolling up his sleeves, helped her to take out the clean clothes. Then he stayed while she did the next two tubs full, to see that everything ran in perfect order. He also manipulated various parts, so that the fearful racket was diminished until it became a whirling hum.

"I'm ever so much obliged," Sarah told him before he departed. "It's perfectly simple, isn't it,—when you know how?"

At noon the washing was almost finished; there were only three tubs full of clothes left. Sarah rested a little after lunch and then went back to the laundry. But this time, the washing-machine, instead of setting up an unholy clatter, remained stubbornly silent. She worked over it, but could not make it budge. Then she decided to hang up the clothes that she had finished and let the rest go

until after her father came home. She felt ashamed to appeal to the neighbors again. But while she was in the backyard, her mouth full of clothes-pins, Mrs. Fairbank's electrical engineering son came and leaned over the fence. "How's she running?" he called.

Sarah removed the clothes-pins. "She isn't," was her sententious answer.

So the electrical engineer leaped the fence with his long legs and came to start the machine. He stayed this time until the washing was finished.

"Next Monday I shall know how perfectly," Sarah said.

"Sure," he agreed, and carried into the yard her last basketful of clean, wet garments.

Sarah was tired that night, very tired, and she wondered how much more tired she would have been if she had done her day's work without the labor-saving devices. "They're a responsibility," she confessed to herself, and felt a tiny stab of compunction when she remembered the departed Mary.

On the next day the electric oven fell to pieces, literally fell to pieces, while she was in the act of inserting into it a somewhat wobbly apple-pie. The agent, extolling its merits, had explained how simple a feat it was to set up the oven and take it down again. Sarah put her pie to one side, and, picking up the shining metal plates, adjusted them this way and that, her pretty forehead drawn into an anxious frown. She got out a sheet of directions and read them sedulously, peering now and then at the clock, whose short hand was ominously near the figure five. Then voices floated to her from the dining-room.

"You might like it. Sarah does," her mother was saying, as she and Mrs. Fairbank, arrayed for afternoon calls, appeared in the doorway. "I want to show Mrs. Fairbank the oven, dear. She's thinking of getting one. Why, where is it?"

"Here," and Sarah pointed with a tragic gesture to the floor, where the

pieces of oven presented a disgracefully disheveled appearance.

"Mrs. Fairbank was blessed with a sense of humor, and at sight of Sarah with floury arms, the forlorn pie and the oven, she burst into laughter so kindly and contagious that the others joined her, perforce, and Sarah felt, somehow, greatly comforted.

"You poor child," Mrs. Fairbank said, "I'll run right home—I'm on my way as it is—and send Henry over. He'll have it fixed for you in a jiffy. There'll be time to finish your pie before dinner. It's nice warm."

"Oh, please,—you mustn't," Sarah protested weakly.

But Mrs. Fairbank was already on her way, and in an impossibly short time her son appeared at the kitchen door.

"It's a shame to bother you," Sarah said, feeling hot and miserable.

He kneeled down near the pieces on the floor. "No bother at all. These ovens are tricky sometimes." But within five minutes this one became miraculously whole and the pie was baking.

At the end of a Maryless week, Mrs. Pearson told her husband that Sarah was really getting to be an excellent cook. "She is persisting as she never has in anything else."

"Of course, she is. Sarah'll succeed yet," her father said. "Nice young chap, that Henry Fairbank," he added rather irrelevantly.

His wife gave him a sharp look. "Now don't you go to imagining things, Will," she said. "Of course, he's been here quite a little, but then he's interested in her machines."

Mr. Pearson laughed and said that, of course, he was interested. Not a bit of doubt about that.

When Jim came back from his business trip, he found waiting for him what he termed a "perfectly corking dinner."

"By Jove, Sal, you sure have done wonders! Look at these biscuits. How'd your modern implements work?"



"Not very well, at first," Sarah admitted, blushing. "But Henry fixed them."

"Henry fixed—Help! Who's Henry?"

"Mrs. Fairbank's son—he's an electrical engineer. He's been awfully nice—and I'll thank you not to laugh, James Pearson." Sarah actually blazed at her brother, startling him so that he choked on a bit of biscuit.

"He's a splendid fellow. You must meet him, Jim," said his mother, giving him a significant little nod.

"Fine. Like to, I'm sure. When can I have the pleasure?"

"He's coming over tonight," Sarah told him, partially mollified.

After dinner Jim and his father were smoking on the piazza. "Say, dad, what about this Henry Fairbank, anyway?"

Mr. Pearson sighed. "I fear, my dear son," he said, "that he is going to prove Sally's last and only enduring fad."

This prophecy was not quite correct. Two years later Henry Fairbank, Jr., made his appearance in the world. His mother adored him, but Sarah's enthusiasm was equal to the drain upon it, for it embraced not only her long husband, her father, mother, and brother; it included, also, her little home, which was the talk of the neighborhood, being completely equipped with every sort of labor-saving device for the housekeeper.

## The Big Days of Life

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

THESE are the days toward which we are instinctively drawn. Whether they bide with the past, present or future, they each hold a magnet for the emotions. Like the walls of heaven they are fortified by many gates, and the paths leading thereto are as various and devious as the caprices of human will.

Yet, far and wide, these beacons of endeavor shine out in the lives of all the world's doers, and always somewhere back in the gray days of obscurity was fashioned the kindling taper of high resolve.

The other day, in talking with one of our city's gifted lawyers, I found that, years ago, away out in a little humdrum village of the Middle West, he first laid hold of the aspiration that twenty years later lighted one of his unforgettable days. He was then a small, wide-awake urchin of seven years, and the usually sleepy hamlet in which he lived had risen to the occasion of holding patriotic services in memory of its dead soldiers.

There was a big procession that Memorial Day, a band that played stirring war-songs and, last but not least, a Congressman famed for his oratorical efforts to address them. Here, when the town was thus astir with holiday fervor, was engraven one of the indelible impressions of childhood. The little lad drew near to the renowned speaker and, with all the ardor of childish hero-worship, drank in his every word. This man was a brilliant lawyer. Presto, the die was cast! He, too, would be a lawyer. "This determination," said my legal friend, "carried me through two decades of hardship. It was with me when I hoed long, back-breaking rows of onions. It helped me saw wood. It won me an education. In short, it glorified poverty, and nothing can ever efface the glow of pride that colored the memorable day in which I was admitted to the Bar."

In that wonderful book, "All the Days of My Life," Amelia Barr, its more wonderful author, chronicles one of her

red-letter days. She was then seventy-seven and had written nearly all of her sixty fine novels. "On February, the twenty-ninth," she writes, "I was guest of honor at the Press Club Reception, held at the Waldorf Astoria. I enjoyed this occasion thoroughly, for I like the men and women of the press. I sat beside Mr. Pollock, a man of extraordinary genius. I had a very sore throat that day, but his speech made me forget I had anything but a heart and brain." After reference to further mental refreshment, she continues, "I had a little reception after the meeting, and never in all my life had I been so petted and praised. The young women crowded round me and kissed my hands and my cheeks, and I wished they were all my daughters. Mrs. Klopsch had sent me an immense bouquet of violets and I gave every flower away to them. If fame ever tasted sweet to me, it was during that half hour among the lovely women of the New York Press."

But let us look back thirty-seven years on the road to celebrity. Mrs. Barr, at that time, was a widow, and trying to eke out a livelihood for herself and three daughters by teaching a few private pupils in Ridgewood, New Jersey. Aside from her friendship with Mr. William Libbey and his family, her first acquaintances on coming East, it was a sombre, colorless existence. "It was a slow, monotonous, dreary life, to which there seemed no outlet," she records. "The house was in a very ugly lane, and I had no neighbors but a Dutch family, who only knew me when I was paying them money; and a negro family, who were useful in the way of washing and ironing and cleaning. On the Sabbath, I generally went to Mr. Libbey's for dinner, and that was my only mental recreation." It was on one of these memorable evenings, when Mr. Libbey was entertaining an English guest, that Mrs. Barr was called upon to relate, in her own inimitable way, some very thrilling experiences of Texan life, of

cotton raising and manufacture, and more especially of the crucial period of the Civil War and the numberless heart-gripping incidents of its break-up.

A short time after the happy occasion of this gathering, Mrs. Barr chanced to meet Mr. Libbey, who said to her, "I want you to write out the story of the break-up in Texas. Write it just as you told it to Mr. Fox. Send it to me. I will see that it goes to someone, whose criticism will be severe enough and fair enough, to prove whether you have the ability to write. If you can write, you can live."

After choicely expressing her gratitude, Mrs. Barr went to work without delay, and next morning, bright and early, handed the neatly written manuscript to Mr. Libbey, as he entered his carriage to drive to business.

"In two weeks," continues the charming narrator, "Mr. Libbey brought me a check from Daniel Appleton and Company for thirty dollars. I was astonished and delighted, but after a few minutes I laughed joyously, and cried, 'Why, I can write three or four of those things every week! O, Mr. Libbey, how happy you have made me! Is my work really to be printed? Can I write? Do you think I can write?' 'It will appear very soon,' answered Mr. Libbey, 'and Mr. Bunce, the editor of the magazine, spoke very highly of your work; further, he said he would like you to write them a story. Will you try one?' 'Indeed I will! I have lots of stories in my mind. I will put them on paper at once.'"

Then, in the elation of her early discovery, our much-loved novelist writes, "I *knew* that my vocation was found. I had received the call, and having done so, I was sure my work would be assigned me. Of some things we feel quite certain. Inside there is a click, a kind of bell that strikes, when the hands of our destiny meet at the meridian hour. I cannot make it plainer, those who have experienced it will know."

All her life Mrs. Barr had been a student and lover of the best English. She was an intelligent observer and the possessor of an imagination that, when worked, proved to be a veritable mental Klondike. Furthermore, she early gave evidence of being a patient and conscientious worker, meeting each dramatic epoch of her eventful days with the desire to live fully and painstakingly. Adversity but served to strengthen her, and sorrow she only allowed to soften and sweeten. In such wise were built the fundamental requirements of a fine fictionist. Her preparedness was ample when the call came. And, after all, it is only what we bring to the common hour that lifts it into the realm of the eventful.

It is a question, if the common hour is not always ripe with greatness, and only poverty of vision that bids us write it barren and unyielding. How many men and women sat by vessels of boiling water and never dreamed of the possibilities of steam!

It remained for James Watt, the inventor of the modern condensing steam-engine, to harness it to useful service. It was indeed a gala occasion for Watt, after his close application and long wrestle with poverty and ill-health, to look on the fruits of his labor. Gaining his inspiration from a steam-pump that was used chiefly in the drainage of mines, a device that was slow-working, cumbrous and extremely wasteful of fuel, he left the mark of his genius in a powerful, efficient engine, adapted to driving machinery of all kinds. This achievement quite over-towered his other minor inventions, such as the letter-copying press, etc., but the big motive back of each subject in hand made his big days, big days for all the world.

Looking about at our everyday conveniences, it is interesting to note how many have been the outgrowth of a dreary monotony that flowered into a red-letter day of attainment.

Take the case of John Murdock, the inventor of illuminating gas. As a busy man, superintending the fitting of engines at Cornwall, he became interested in experimenting with the distillation of coal-gas. Eventually the reward came. The joy of creation was his! And on a day long golden in memory, A. D. 1792, when he was about thirty-eight years of age, his little cottage at Redruth was first illuminated with his invention. After this, he made such practical discoveries in making, storing, and purifying the new illuminant that, ten years later, there was another red-letter day, when the whole exterior of his big factory at Birmingham was lighted with it, in celebration of the peace of Amiens.

Yes, red-letter days are but the glorious linings of gray years of toil. And "trifles not only build the trust of great things,"—trifles, we find, are often the very womb of great things.

The patience of a spider repeatedly repairing its broken web taught Robert Bruce the incalculable lesson of persistency, a persistency which sent him forth with renewed courage and brought a period of freedom to his beloved Scotland.

A shock from the frowning tempest conveyed along a wet kite-string led to Franklin's discovery of the lightning rod, and drew us a step nearer to unfolding the mysteries of electricity.

The fall of an apple led Sir Isaac Newton to discover the law of gravitation.

And, fortuitously, in 1868, when Thomas Edison was a youth of twenty-one, it happened that he was in New York when the indicator of the gold and stock company broke down. In the absence of a competent employe he volunteered his services, which not only successfully adjusted the instruments, but suggested to his inventive mind a new device—the printing telegraph. This was the initial step toward twentieth century wizardry that is now familiar to all his admirers.



It is not often that a woman's wish can change the aspect of a whole city. But such was the case with the late Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. Going about in the interests of social service work, the blot of the darkened alley districts of Washington weighed heavily upon her. Though stricken with a fatal malady, the goal of her ideal did not grow dim. A few hours before the end came, Mrs. Wilson told the President that she would "go away happier" if she knew the alley slums would be wiped out. Word was sent to the Capitol, and the House district committee promptly reported a bill carrying a large appropriation for that purpose. Shortly afterward, the House passed the Senate bill prohibiting the use of dwelling houses in Washington alleys after four years from the date of legislation. And the new Washington, cleansed of these civic blots, must ever lay its tribute to a day made white with a woman's vision.

In the early days of the Church, the chief festival days were indicated in the calendar by a red letter. So in the sacred precincts of each heart lies a tablet of the years whereon the big days of

life are similarly designated. And these heart histories, with their unique appeal, only serve to emphasize the number of wonderful experiences we share in common. For the durable satisfactions of life await every man's individual interpretation, and some of our very biggest days, we find, are simply the personal glorification of commonest joys.

And that day of days when you found yourself. For it was a day rich in the fateful hour when you came upon the kernel of a whole life's enjoyment by finding your vocation—your individual niche of endeavor in the world's activity.

But early years, by no means, have the monopoly of momentous occasions.

It is ours to win the gifts of the gods daily. And just so long as we face victory; just so long as we travel forward in the winged sandals of enthusiasm, shall we bring nearer the answer of our devotion.

Yes, thank God, the spell of the future is on us all. The thrall of an elusive tomorrow ever beckons toward the golden fruitage of desire, toward some big day of life—the day when dreams come true.

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## The Cup of Life

We often say that life's a cup  
Which each of us must drain,  
And many times we hear it said,  
It brims with grief and pain.

Ofttimes, so bitter is the drink,  
It holds no drop of sweet,  
So sad hearts say, whose lives have known  
The anguish of defeat.

But I am sure if we have lived  
The years as best we can,  
With service kind to those we love  
And to our fellowman,

We'll find far more of sweet than sour,  
Of joy than grief or pain;  
And when the cup is drained, we'll long  
To drink it o'er again!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.



# Markets of the Old World

By Antonia J. Stemple

THE European tourist may have no deep appreciation of architecture, art or antiquity, and may be bored to death by many of the sights he is expected to "do," but the normal man or woman is yet to be discovered who is not interested and who does not delight to visit the open-air markets abroad. From the great Halles Centrales of Paris, the Covent Garden flower-market of London, the picturesque fruit-market of Venice, to the markets held once or twice a week in the little, out-of-the-way towns and villages of Europe, the most blasé globe trotter will find something to interest and amuse, while the housewifely soul, or the man brought up close to the soil, or who earns his bread through agriculture, can learn much by "poking about" in these marts, so different from anything to be found in America.

Across the water, the housekeeper does not do her marketing over the telephone, neither does the maid get a chance to flirt with the grocery clerk or butcher's boy, and incidentally take anything he chooses to bring and at the price he says is correct.

No, indeed. The European housewife goes to market in person, she carefully inspects the stock in trade, she goes from one stall to another, and buys wherever she can get the most quality and quantity for her money. She does not purchase in haphazard fashion, this European housewife. She calculates, and haggles, and buys according to her purse and her needs. She is not afraid of being laughed at, neither does she pay any attention to what her neighbor thinks of her purchases. She buys exactly what she wants, and as much or little as she desires, and she keeps an eagle eye on the salesperson while her purchase is being weighed or counted out and done

up, so she is certain of getting precisely what she bargained for. Neither is the good woman ashamed to carry home her marketing. If she is wealthy enough to have her maid, the maid sometimes trots behind madame carrying the market basket, for the woman of means goes to market as religiously as does her poverty-stricken neighbor, and, from appearance, she finds it a pleasant diversion as well as a duty.

In the old-world markets the small purchaser is catered to, encouraged and expected, and is as obligingly waited upon as the larger buyer. In these markets one can buy a single onion, or two roses, or a lone lamb chop, and still be strictly *comme le faut*. Nothing abroad is wasted, and the housekeeper with a small family finds it as easy to buy in the small amounts she requires, and gets as good quality and reasonable prices, as does her neighbor who keeps a pension, for instance.

All sorts and conditions of purchasers crowd the old-world markets. The lone little shopgirl, the rotund mother of a large family, the bride and groom, arm in arm, the peasant and the fine lady, the tourist, and the man with but a few centimes between himself and starvation, all these pass by in endless procession. The human interest, the variety, the picturesqueness of an old-world market surely exert a great fascination upon anybody with an eye to see and an ear to hear. Once let the tourist get the habit of visiting the foreign markets, and he will cheerfully get up at five o'clock any morning in order to see a new one.

The Halles Centrales of Paris is probably the most famous market in the world, and also one of the greatest and most interesting. In this market is sold everything edible that grows above, in

or under the ground, as well as everything the sea produces. To see this market at its best, one must visit it early in the day, when business is at its height and when the large buyers, hotel keepers, owners of street stalls, push-cart owners, green grocers, and small dealers are on hand. All is bustle, rush and hustle, but buyers and sellers are all good natured, and quip, badinage, sarcasm and jokes interlard serious business transactions. The French are an artistic nation, and this characteristic trait is strikingly brought out in this market. Here are endless stalls of roses, violets, carnations, heliotrope and every flower that grows, artistically arranged in sheaves and little bouquets and sprays, some surrounded by leaves and others by twisted paper cornucopias, but all displayed to the best advantage. Women preside exclusively over the flower stalls, and apparently do all the work in connection therewith, and each woman's stock in trade consists of only one variety of blooms. They are specialists, you see, and sell only one kind of flower. It is entrancing to walk through these fragrant lanes. The obliging goddess who presides over the particular beauties you may chance to admire will sell you one rose as cheerfully as she will a dozen, and will handle the one blossom as daintily and smile at you as benignantly as though you were buying her whole stock in trade. There seems to be no jealousy between these women in the same line of business. All appear to be on good terms with one another, and there are no black looks if you fail to purchase at one stall and pass on to the next. We bought a dozen of exquisite Jacquemont rose buds for the magnificent sum of twelve cents, and the saleswoman smiled broadly at our manifest satisfaction.

The fruits, too, are arranged with an eye to beauty. All the fruit, and everything else as well, is brought to market in willow baskets of various sizes, all lined with fresh grape leaves, and cov-

ered with leaves also. The baskets, large, small, and middle-sized, are set out to make a harmonious picture, and of course the fruit shows to splendid advantage. All the fruit is in prime condition, freshly picked, and the same quality from top to bottom. There may have been inferior fruit, but we saw none. The huge gooseberries, the magnificent grapes and other small fruit, were beyond compare, but on most things the prices are a bit higher than with us.

And the vegetables! France is full of little market and truck gardens and hot beds, so thousands of lettuce, romaine, endive, escarole and all the other 67 varieties of salad greens and vegetables the French use so freely, the cactus-like artichokes and the other aristocrats of the vegetable world, to say nothing of the humble staples, were all on view. The stalls are not scattered about without rhyme or reason, but everything is carefully classified. You will not see potatoes sold next to lettuce, but all the potato sellers will be in one section, the lettuce saleswomen in another, and so on. The fish and meat sellers are also similarly arranged. Everything is of scrupulous cleanliness, and not even the most critical could find fault with anything, except that the goods are displayed uncovered. Certainly the French know the value of cleanliness and artistic display and careful grading as aids to the salability and the securing of the best prices for their wares.

The French market women seem to be a race all by themselves and appear to have not even blood relationship to the French lady of the fashionplate as we know her. Hale, hearty, sturdy, is the French market woman, of almost masculine build, red of face, full-fleshed, deep-chested, wide-hipped, strong and capable and independent—a creature of the out-of-doors. They all wear a sort of uniform: plain black gowns, full-skirted, with huge, coarse, blue linen aprons, gathered in voluminous folds,



and making another skirt over the black one. She has deep pockets in this apron, and sometimes madame wears a little black shawl over her shoulders, but always, in summer, at least, she is hatless. When she is not busy arranging her stock or waiting on customers, she knits coarse wool stockings. Never is she anything but shrewd, well up in her business, kindly, and a good student of human nature.

The markets in the German cities comprise usually a series of rude booths or tables, with awnings stretched over them to keep out the sun and rain. The booths occupy the centre of the main street or public squares, and are exceedingly busy places. Here, too, women hold sway, for the most part, and they do not hesitate to proclaim the merit of their wares if they see you are interested in anything. There is a most extraordinary variety of goods on sale. Beside the usual meats, fruit and vegetables, there are numberless kinds of sausages, a wide choice of smells in cheeses, and such delicacies as sauerkraut, pretzels, head cheese, rolls and kuchen, to say nothing of live and dressed geese, poultry, live pigs, dogs, horses, rabbits, and even cows and sheep lined up for sale. Bargaining and dickering goes on deliberately on every hand, but the advent of an American is at once noted, while a Yankee with a camera will cause a general suspension of business till everybody knows what is going to happen. In the German markets it is not infrequent to see a woman bring her baby and a couple of the younger children, and they will spend the day snugly ensconced behind the counter, or play about near the mother's place of business.

The Italian markets are more picturesque, but they are not models of cleanliness, and, at times, one longs for a clothespin attachment for the nose. In most of the markets of Italy the women have their baskets of wares setting on the ground at their feet, and no great

attempt is made to add to the attractiveness of their appearance. Plenty of bambini are in evidence about the markets and the women do not look over and above neat; and quite often husband and wife do business together. They are always very voluble and the woman is apt to be the keener in attempting to outwit a customer. You can never be quite certain, in Italy, that you are not paying more than the marketwoman is asking others for the same thing. The Italian markets are redolent of garlic, vile smelling cheeses, horrible looking sausages and bologna, and queer kinds of bread and cakes.

The market above the far-famed Rialto bridge in Venice is certainly the height of the picturesque. Here the ground—for there is some dry land in Venice, popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding, is stacked with willow baskets of luscious, red-cheeked peaches, piled up in tall pyramids, the apex of each pyramid crowned with a little hat of green leaves, and the whole thing wired to prevent spilling or crushing. The way the men transport these pyramidal baskets of peaches on their heads from one point to another, and scuttle around like mad with a basket on their heads and one under either arm, fills the beholder with amazement. The boats come in from the outlying islands about Venice, loaded to the water's edge with mouth-watering tomatoes, peaches and delicious melons, and pretty sights they make as they lie anchored at the market place, discharging their cargoes. Such fruit is cheap in Venice, and the American abroad, used to little and inferior fruit on the continent, revels in peaches and melons when he strikes the Queen of the Adriatic in his wanderings. Ripe figs, too, should be eaten here. Ripe figs are an acquired taste, like olives, though some people are born with a liking for the ripe figs, which you would never suspect had any relationship with the dried fig we know. A ripe fig is about the size of a small beet, and

practically the same color as a beet inside. It has a peculiar, insipid taste, like nothing else under the sun, and it feels cold, smooth and slippery to the touch. If your hand should happen to come against one accidentally in the dark, as mine did, you might think you had touched a snake or a frog. You can press, and squeeze and maul a ripe fig like a football. If you like figs at all, you will like them very much; if you don't, you will think they are horrid.

The Italian markets are noisy, but the Venetian market is the gayest, noisiest, most picturesque and altogether interesting of any in Italy. Most Venetians ap-

pear to be up all night, and consequently do not come to sight or life till after mid-day, but at the Rialto market all is activity early in the morning. Purveyors to the wants of the stomach are always on duty while others sleep, and even in lovely Venice, the public market which supplies the happy-go-lucky Venetian with his daily rations is worth visiting. It is interesting to know that the Italian government, which taxes "Italia, Italia, beloved," to the limit, exacts a tax upon every boatload of produce that is brought into Venice from the outlying islands, and that tax has to be figured into the high cost of living there.

## Afternoon Tea

By Frances E. Gale

IT is difficult just now to think of England, except as peopled by harassed, care-ridden men and women, permitting themselves few pleasures and apprehensive of greater sacrifices to come. The picture is, doubtless, sadly true, but, to one who has seen normal English life so recently that to imagine its serious disarrangement is almost impossible, the certainty persists that the framework of daily life built out of centuries of custom still holds. Of that framework what may seem like a trivial, but what is really a most important part, is the afternoon meal known as "tea," which imported and adopted by the so-called leisure class of this country seems in American surroundings to lose some intangible thing that is sensed under English skies. Perhaps it is a feeling of nation-wide comradeship. In America the lady of leisure may play with her teaspoon at mid-afternoon, but she knows, if she stops to think, that the great majority of Americans are busy in shop or office, factory or field, and would be amazed or scornful, if it were

suggested that they should stop for rest and refreshment before the completion of the day's work. In England the duchess knows, as she drinks her tea, that the charwoman and the farm laborer, the member of parliament, the soldier, and the king, himself, are all doing the same thing, that the grateful aroma of tea is rising like an incense from every hearth on the island, that for the moment labor is put aside and the nation draws a breath of rest and peace.

When, therefore, the fervently longed-for time arrives when the war clouds shall roll away and that postponed first trip abroad of yours becomes a reality, make up your mind right now, if you want to get all the pleasure and profit possible out of the experience, to fall in with this custom of the country, and let not a day pass while you are on British sod without taking your "tea."

Perhaps you do not like tea when you are at home. Perhaps you think it a thin, uninteresting, bitter beverage, unfit to be mentioned in the same breath with coffee. Never mind. You'll like it when

you are there, for in that land of fogs it has a talismanic gift of bringing to the surface all the graces, and leaving out all those phases that jar and fret some of us "a bit" in the English character. I defy the most patriotic American to take his tea regularly and leisurely in whatever part of London he may find himself each afternoon for two weeks and not feel the Eagle's wings drooping sleepily and the Eagle's beak nestling comfortably among its breast feathers, while the suspicion grows that the British Lion is more truthfully represented by the amiable stone beasts in Trafalgar Square than by the rampant figure that glares defiance at the Unicorn and the World.

The mistake many hurried tourists make is in thinking that they have not time to stop for tea. It's an unnecessary meal. They rarely have it at home. Why waste a precious hour each day, when they have secretly wagered their souls that within three weeks they will see and be able to describe Westminster Abbey, the Bank of England, the Mansion House, the Mint, the British Museum, Buckingham Palace, Whitechapel, the Parliament Buildings, Billingsgate, St. Paul's Cathedral, Rotten Row, the Old Cheshire Cheese, the National Gallery, Covent Garden Market, and half a hundred other sights. All these things can certainly be seen within three weeks, and the sightseers can come home knowing no more about the British as a people than could have been learned by a careful study of Baedeker. But let them stop every afternoon at 4.30, whether in Kensington, at Richmond, or Charing Cross, and look about for the gracious words "Afternoon Tea" (a field-glass won't be needed to find them whatever be the locality), and then, selecting a little table near a window upon an upper floor, go leisurely over the menu card with its muffins, crumpets, scones, Sally Luns, French pastries, jam and TEA, and while the order is being obtained by the neatest and most polite of waitresses, let them look down upon the never-ceas-

ing swirl of the human stream in the street below, the distinctive character of which will be much better appreciated when detached from it, and then over the quiet, unhurried little groups that fill the room, and something of English LIFE will seep through tired, tourist brains, lending color and meaning to the "sights" of which descriptions are nightly jotted down in notebooks.

With so much to do in limited time a *matinée* in London may seem wasteful use of a whole afternoon. You can go to the theatre at home—perhaps see the very same piece and performers. But wait until the curtain falls after the second act. Then you rub your eyes and wonder if much tea-drinking has driven you mad; for, tripping down every aisle come dainty, capped-and-aproned maids, bearing trays, each containing a tea service for one, two or three persons. Upon the tray is a tea-pot, its little strainer swinging from its mouth, a fat creamer and sugar-bowl, a plate of thin bread and butter, another of tiny wedges of cake, and cups and saucers according to the number to be served. Quick, beckon the little servitress, who places her tray on the lap of the stout lady at the end of your row (it isn't hard to catch her eye; it's a roving one, for all her lashes fall so demurely), and tell her to bring you a tray, too. While she is absent note the satisfaction of your next neighbors, a bishop and his dean (it's a piece the church approves) as they balance their tray upon the left knee of one, the right of the other, the lesser dignitary doing the pouring and serving his superior, after which they sip and nibble and discuss affairs of church and drama, emphasizing their remarks with little taps of teaspoon on cup or little waves of crust in slender, scholarly fingers. When your own tray comes, it will be well to pay strict attention to it the first time, for it takes practise to safely manipulate a tea-service in an orchestra or balcony chair, but let no fears of accident deter

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# AMERICAN COOKERY

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### A NEW YEAR

THE last numbers of American Cookery, we think, have been exceptionally good. The present issue holds much of special interest to housewives. Considering quality and reliability of content, the price per year of this publication is very low. Its cost can not measure its worth in the home, for it has special, economic value in respect to healthful home life. We appeal to our readers at this time to continue their patronage. The domestic affairs of America can not fail to pros-

per. The signs of increasing activities are auspicious. But our interests are entirely mutual and interdependent. "We must all hang together or hang separately." Why not look forward to the realization of many good things in the new year we now enter upon? Cheerful New-Year Greetings to all the world!

### THE WAR

SOME reference to the terrible conflict now raging in Europe can not well be omitted from any publication; for no doubt our readers are reading and thinking and talking of little else than war. How can it be otherwise? Though our opinions and our sympathies are involved in the strife, yet it may not be wise, in every place and on all occasions, to express them, lest we impose upon others who may in some wise differ from us.

Certainly we have been called upon, suddenly and unexpectedly, to be unwilling witnesses of most strange and marvellous events. The fundamental principles of government and society seem to be at stake. What are the motives that actuate the warring nations of the earth? Out of the mass that is being said and written today about the war, every one, at least, can draw inferences and conclusions which may lead to convictions. At any rate, we need look well to the fundamental principles of life, to the motives that incite and stimulate our own activities. Are these leading us towards war or peace?

One thing is certain and can be proclaimed at all times and in all places, war that is not defensive can not be justified. "Millions for defence, not a cent for tribute" is just and right. We love justice; we hate injustice.

### QUALITY IN MILK

THE best way to find out the quality of milk used in the family is to go to the records of the health department in town or city. If one lives in a small

village where the health board is mainly ornamental, because unpaid, or where inspection of foods is made at rare intervals, one cannot have as sure proof of quality as in larger places. As a rule, the milk bought in a small community has a much higher bacterial count than that delivered to homes in any city where health boards inspect constantly, and competition is so great that effort must be made continually by dealers to have milk of good quality.

In a certain city, a large woman's club has a table compiled often from the milk-inspection records of the health department. It is interesting to note in the latest report that the bacterial count per cubic centimeter was something over seven millions in one case and but 2600 in the best milk recorded. Both dairies charged ten cents a quart, in spite of the incredible difference in the quality. Another dairy with about a 3000 count and catering to a special trade asks twenty cents a quart.

It is never wise to condemn any milk or dairy on a single unfortunate showing, which may have been an exception to the general average and is to be viewed in the light of an accident. However, while overlooking a fault once, it is wise to increase vigilance in looking after succeeding records.

A. E. W.

#### DO NOT WORRY OR COMPLAIN

**W**HEN half the world is at war and suffering and misery are rife; when poverty and hunger stalk through lands which have smiled in prosperity; when towns and cities lie in ruins and man calls upon the flood of waters to sweep away the still more fearful devastation of armies; let us homemakers shut our lips upon the trifling annoyances and troubles of life, the little things that are wont to annoy and bring forth words of irritation, and refuse at all to fret or complain.

Do not worry or complain. The world today knows so much worse ills than ours. This is the day in which

trivial grumbling shows badly and bespeaks weak natures. We need all our energies, not only to right our own mischances, but to help those in direst need.

What are petty, daily trials like ours in the face of woe and starvation and death? In the present, world-wide calamity, our hearts should forget the day of small things. We live in an atmosphere of awful, yet heroic deeds, which the overweening pride and grasping ambition of a few have made necessary to all. We have a battle to fight—the battle of peace.

When others offend us; when they speak unjust and cruel words, or do unjust and cruel acts, let us restrain our resentment—for anger is the beginning of madness—that state of mind whence war springs.

Or when, worse, perhaps, of all, we ourselves make the mistake, commit the error, and find that the consequences, which seem to us punishment, have recoiled upon our own heads, when:

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—

Who knows how grandly it had rung?

Even then, do not complain. This is a time for brave doing, not for repining, for following the counsels of the wise apostle, to forget the things that are behind and reach forward to those that are before. For to act our part well in the present, we must look forward to the future.

And, after all, the best cure for worry and complaint is to help somebody whose temptation to complain is far greater than our own. The reflex grasp of the hand of fellowship from a suffering fellow mortal has a wonderfully stimulating effect. It cheers the present, and, like the flash of an electric contact, it illumines the future.

With so much of the world needing to be thought about and helped and cheered, let us cease to worry and complain over the trifling vexations of daily life.

F. C. S.

## TRUE PRAYER

The war will end when one side or the other is forced to the point where it must sue for peace. If an angel from heaven stood before the forces ruling Europe today and offered peace on condition that equality and righteousness be put first in the affairs of government, then that offer would be refused. Prayer for peace puts the responsibility where it does not belong; asks God to end what man is entirely and wholly responsible for. Such a view of prayer is childish in the extreme. It belongs to the ages before reason was born, when superstition ruled the thoughts of men. I am not willing to degrade my conception of prayer merely to conform it to the views of the unthinking majority. I can't for a moment think that the will of the Spirit of the Universe is going to be changed by prayer. If it could be, then it would be a capricious thing and not something that we could trust and respect. True prayer is communion with the Spirit of the Universe. It is the attempt to put one's self in harmony with the power that makes for righteousness.—*Rev. E. I. Goshen.*

At a recent farmers' meeting a story was told of a woman who, in joining the grange, refused to put down her occupation as "farmer's wife." She maintained that she was as much a farmer as her husband, that she was an equal partner with him and was therefore a farmer. In taking this position, this intelligent farm woman made an argument in her favor which few men would dare controvert. In fact, the truth is getting to be more and more recognized that the wife is and should be an equal partner in the management and ownership of the farm, and that she has a just and well-earned right to the title of "farmer," if she wants to be so distinguished.

It is quite possible that the American family is too optimistic. It is always going to have a larger income next year or in five years. It desires to keep up in social matters with the people next door or farther up the street. It buys pianos or motor-cars or encyclopedias on monthly payments, but in most cases puts no monthly instalment in the savings-bank. It has no margin of security. How much better it is to have a margin of resources than to be living continually on the ragged edge of nothing. The future happiness and prosperity of the average American family depend upon the proper adjustment of income and expenditure.—*T. D. MacGregor.*

The habit of dissipating every serious thought by a suggestion of agreeable sensations, is as fatal to happiness as to virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures.—*Anna Maria Porter.*

"Know what you want to do, hold the thought firmly, and do every day what should be done, and every sunset will see you that much nearer the goal."

## DESTINY.

We are what we imagine, and our deeds  
Are born of dreaming. Europe acts to-day  
Epics that little children in their play  
Conjured, and statesmen murmured in their  
creeds;  
In barrack, court and school were sown those  
seeds,  
Like Dragon's teeth, which ripen to affray  
Their sowers. Dreams of slaughter rise to  
slay,  
And fate itself is stuff that fancy breeds.

Mock, then, no more at dreaming, lest our  
own  
Create for us a like reality!  
Let not imagination's soil be sown  
With armed men, but justice, so that we  
May for a world of tyranny atone  
And dream from that despair—democracy.

PERCY MACKAYE.





WHITE GRAPES, WALNUT MEATS AND MARSHMALLOWS, GLACÉ

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Salpicon of Fresh Fruit

**R**EMOVE the skins from half a pound of white grapes, cut the grapes in halves and remove the seeds. Cut three oranges and three grapefruit in halves and take out the pulp in neat sections. Add all the juice from the oranges and grapefruit, and mix together lightly. Set aside to become thoroughly chilled. When ready to serve, dispose the mixture in ten glasses, and set a scant teaspoonful of sifted, powdered sugar above the fruit in each glass.

### Braised Salmon

Select a middle cut of salmon (three pounds will serve six people generously). Sprinkle a few bits of fat salt pork in the bottom of a casserole, and add three parsley branches, half an onion and half a carrot, in slices; set the fish on the vegetables; add two tablespoonfuls of red-wine vinegar and about one cup of boiling water; lay two or three small

strips of fat salt pork above the fish, cover the dish and let cook in the oven about half an hour, basting three times with the liquid in the pan. The oven should be of moderate heat. Set the fish on a hot platter, and strain off the liquid; melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant half teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, then add the liquid from the fish and one-third a cup of cream and stir until boiling. Serve the sauce in a bowl. Garnish the dish of fish with parsley, slices of lemon and Saratoga potatoes.

### Larded Beef Tenderloin, with Bananas

For larding use the strip of fat salt pork between the rind and the row of coarse fibres that separate this portion of the meat from the much softer portion below; remove the rind, cut in slices one-fourth an inch thick, then cut these slices into narrow threads as long as possible and one-fourth an inch wide,

scant measure; chill the lardons in ice-water; insert one at a time in a larding needle and take up stitches about an inch long; insert the needle below the surface about one-fourth an inch, withdraw and tie the lardon in a loose knot. Insert the lardons in the meat in rows, then dredge with flour and set into a hot oven; turn in five minutes, and again after a second five minutes, and after fifteen minutes, to sear the meat on all sides, then cook, under side up, until half done; then, finally, cook on the larded side. Baste six or more times

of parsley, a tiny bit of bay leaf and a slice of green pepper or half a chili pepper; let cook until all are softened and yellowed; drain off the fat, add one-fourth a cup of vinegar and let stand on the back of the range until the vinegar is reduced one half. To the fat drained from the vegetables add butter to make one-fourth a cup in all (4 tablespoonfuls); when hot add one-fourth a cup of flour and let cook until browned slightly, then add one cup and a half of dark brown stock and stir until boiling; add the vegetables and vinegar, let



BRAISED SALMON, WITH SARATOGA POTATOES

with hot fat. When cooked surround with small cooked bananas and pour over the bananas about two cups of Poivrade sauce.

### Baked Bananas

Select small bananas from the top of the bunch, one for each service. Tear down a section of skin, then loosen and take out the pulp from the skin; scrape to remove all coarse threads, then return the pulp to the skin and put the loosened strip back in place. Set, side by side, in an agate dish and let bake until tender (it will take about twenty minutes).

### Poivrade Sauce

Put about two tablespoonfuls of the trimmings (bits) of pork from the larding into a sauce pan, and let cook slowly until the fat is drawn out; add two slices of onion and five of carrot, two sprigs

boil once, then strain over half a cup of sultana raisins, cooked tender in boiling water; finish with three tablespoonfuls, each, of currant jelly and Madeira wine.

### Chaufroid of Chopped Ham, with Salad

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, then add one cup of chicken broth seasoned with onion, celery, parsley, etc., and four tablespoonfuls of cream and stir until boiling; stir in one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water or chicken broth, and when dissolved add one cup and a half of fine-chopped, cold, boiled ham and turn into a shallow dish, and let chill. With a fancy-shaped cutter, dipped each time in boiling water, stamp out shapes from the



LARDED BEEF TENDERLOIN, WITH BAKED BANANAS

mixture; set the pan in warm (not hot) water an instant and the shapes may be lifted out. Pour over the shapes chaudfroid sauce just on the point of setting, garnish with stems and leaves of cress or parsley and capers, then cover carefully (to avoid disturbing the decorations) with half-set aspic. Serve with string beans, seasoned with French dressing, and with lettuce and quarters of tomatoes or flowerets of cauliflower.

### Chaudfroid Sauce

Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and one cup of rich milk; add one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water.

### French Dressing for String Beans

Cut an onion in halves crosswise and scrape out about a tablespoonful of pulp; add to this three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-third a cup of olive oil,

half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and stir until well mixed.

### Aspic Jelly

Soften one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in one-fourth a cup of clarified chicken broth and dissolve in three-fourths a cup of the broth heated to the boiling point. Use when just on the point of "setting."

### Spinach, Sausage-and-Egg Salad

Cook half a peck of thoroughly washed spinach in the water that clings to it while washing. Drain and press out all the water. Chop the spinach fine; add half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, mix and press into a mold lined with paper rubbed over with a little oil. Set a weight above the spinach and let stand in a cool place overnight. Prick pork sausage on all sides and dispose in a frying pan; add about a third a cup of boiling water and let cook in the oven until well browned,



CHAUDFROID OF HAM, WITH STRING-BEAN SALAD



turning them once, meanwhile. Let them become cold. Unmold the spinach on a serving dish, press against the sides and on top slices of hard-cooked egg; surround with the sausages and sauce tartare.

### Hard-Cooked Egg for a Garnish

Cover the egg with boiling water. Let the dish containing the egg stand on the back of the range, covered, half an hour, then draw to the front of the range, uncover and heat to the boiling point; let boil one minute; drain and chill in cold water, then remove the shell and cut in slices. The one minute of boiling

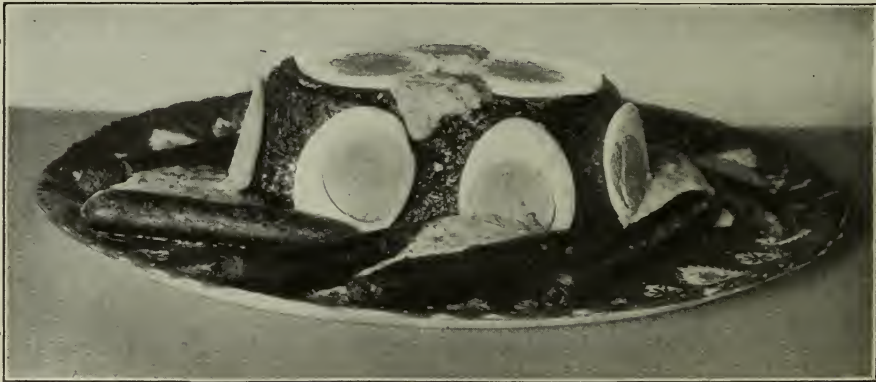
all of the dressing is not used at once, cover it with a saucer and set aside in a cool place.

### Sauce Tartare

To the recipe for mayonnaise given above add two tablespoonfuls, each, of fine-chopped capers, olives, cucumber pickles and parsley.

### Mayonnaise of Apples and Dates

For the main dish at luncheon, allow four heart leaves of lettuce, half a large apple, six dates, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and about one-third a cup of mayonnaise, for each service. Used



SPINACH, SAUSAGE-AND-EGG SALAD, SAUCE TARTARE

shrinks the outer surface of the egg and allows the removal of the shell and membrane to leave a smooth surface.

### Mayonnaise Dressing

Beat the yolk of an egg; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and beat with an egg-beater until well blended; add one teaspoonful of olive oil and beat in thoroughly, then add another teaspoonful of oil and, when this is thoroughly blended with the other ingredients, add a third teaspoonful; continue in the same manner, adding the oil, in a short time, by the tablespoonful, until a cup in all of oil has been used; then beat in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, one at a time. If

in place of dessert, the above quantities will suffice for two portions. Pare, quarter and core the apple, then cut the quarters in small pieces of uniform size and at once mix the lemon juice through the apple, to keep it from discoloring. Mix the dates—previously scalded, dried and cut in lengthwise slices from the seeds—with the pieces of apple and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, then mix with the mayonnaise and dispose on the lettuce. Serve at once.

### German Coffee Cake, with Almonds

1 cake compressed  
yeast  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lukewarm  
water

1 cup scalded milk  
Flour for sponge  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup melted butter  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar



MAYONNAISE OF APPLES AND DATES

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
1 egg, beaten light

Grating of lemon  
rind  
Flour and almonds

Soften the yeast in the water; mix and add to the milk cooled to a lukewarm temperature, then stir in about one cup and a half of flour; beat thoroughly and set aside to become light; add the butter, sugar, salt, egg, lemon rind and flour for a dough. The dough should not be mixed stiff enough to knead. Cut and turn the dough with a knife for five or six minutes, then turn into a shallow buttered pan and spread to uniform thickness throughout; brush over with a little of the egg left for the purpose and sprinkle with chopped almonds. Use about one-fourth a cup of almonds, one being a bitter almond. Let stand until very light, then bake about half an hour. Serve hot with cocoa or coffee, or when cold cut in slices, toast, spread with butter and dredge with cinnamon and sugar mixed.

### Orange Bread

1 cake compressed  
yeast  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lukewarm  
water  
1 cup orange juice  
Grated rind 2  
oranges

2 tablespoonfuls  
butter  
1 teaspoonful salt  
2 tablespoonfuls  
sugar  
1 egg yolk  
About 4 cups bread  
flour

Soften the yeast cake in the lukewarm water, mix and add to the orange juice and rind, the melted butter, salt, sugar, and egg yolk, beaten light, then stir in flour for a dough. Knead until the dough is smooth and elastic, then cover and set aside until about double in bulk. Divide in two pieces and shape to fit lengthwise of a brick-loaf bread pan. When again nearly double in bulk bake one hour. Use for plain butter or any variety of cheese or sweet sandwiches, or to serve with cocoa or tea. The bread is good, toasted and sprinkled with sugar.

### Checkerboard Sandwiches

Use white and dark Graham or nut



GERMAN COFFEE CAKE

bread; of each cut three slices half an inch thick. Spread a slice of the dark bread with creamed butter and on it press a slice of white bread; spread this with butter and press upon it a slice of the dark bread. Begin again, spreading a slice of white bread with butter, then press upon it a slice of dark bread; spread this with butter and press upon it a slice of white bread. Set these aside in a cool place, on a small bread-board, a light weight above each. After half an hour, trim each and cut in half-inch slices; spread a slice with butter and set a second slice above in such a manner

plenty of paprika. Have ready a little crabmeat or tender bits of lobster, seasoned with French dressing; spread bread, cut in fancy shapes, lightly, with the cheese-mixture, set a bit of the dressed article in the centre of part of the pieces and press the others above.

### Cheese-and-Pimiento Sandwiches

Beat half a cup of soft cheese until pliable, then gradually work in Russian salad dressing until the mixture is of a consistency to spread easily. Finish with chopped or fine-shredded pimientos. Rinse the canned pimientos in cold



ORANGE BREAD

that the cubes of bread will alternate in color; proceed in same manner, until all the slices are used; press again under a weight, then cut in thin slices to serve.

### Cheese-and-Nut Sandwiches

Cream one-fourth a cup of butter; gradually work into it two ounces, or half a cup, of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of paprika and one-fourth a cup of pecan-nut meats cut in thin slices. Use to spread any variety of bread shaped for sandwiches.

### Surprise Sandwiches

Cream one-fourth a cup of butter; gradually beat into it about two ounces of any mild, soft cheese, or a hard cheese, grated, will answer; season with

water, then dry on a cloth before shredding. Use with any variety of bread desired.

### Orange-Bread Sandwiches

Spread orange bread, prepared for sandwiches, with orange marmalade worked into Neufchatel cheese.

### Rolled Cress Sandwiches

As soon as white or entire-wheat bread comes from the oven, roll each loaf, separately, in a towel wrung out of cold water, then surround with a dry towel. In about three-fourths of an hour, slice the bread as thin as possible, trim to shapes twice as long as wide, spread with creamed butter and roll like a jelly roll. Set aside close together, wrapped



in a towel, until ready to serve, then press a sprig of cress into the ends of each sandwich.

### Open Cracker Sandwiches

Select small, thin, round or square crackers. Cream three or four tablespoonfuls of butter, work in one or two tablespoonfuls of sherry wine, then beat in as much "snappy" or "Maclaren's" cheese as the butter will take; spread the cheese on the crackers, rounding it to dome shape in the center, set bits of crabapple jelly or a red bar-le-duc currant or bit of preserved quince, here and there, on the edge.

### Edam-Cheese Sandwiches

Make half a cup of white sauce, seasoning with paprika; while hot stir in as much grated Edam cheese as possible. Use, hot or cold, as a sandwich filling.

### Adelaide Sandwiches

*(First Course at Luncheon or Dinner)*

Have ready rounds of bread fried in butter, two for each service. These should be two inches and one-half in diameter. Also, have two-thirds a cup of cooked chicken and one-third a cup of cooked ham cut in one-fourth inch cubes. Mix a teaspoonful of curry powder to a paste with four tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce, and let heat to the boiling point, then add the chicken and ham and let stand over boiling water until hot throughout. Spread the mixture on half of the prepared bread and set the rest of the slices



CHECKERBOARD AND OTHER SANDWICHES

above; on the top of each set a ball of grated Parmesan cheese and butter worked to a smooth paste. Let stand about five minutes in a hot oven. Serve at once. Use equal measures of butter and cheese.

### Small Souvaroff

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of sugar, then the beaten yolk of one egg, a grating of lemon or orange rind and about one cup of flour (no baking powder or soda is called for). Knead the dough slightly, then roll into a *thin* sheet (a magic cover is helpful); cut into small ovals, lift with a broad-bladed knife or spatula to a buttered baking sheet, and bake to a pale amber shade. Put two cakes together with fruit jelly between, spread the top with fondant or confectioner's frosting and decorate with half a cherry and two leaves cut from citron or anjelica. The frosting for souvaroff is usually flavored with



ROLLED CRESS SANDWICHES



LITTLE CAKES

rum or kirsch, but any flavoring desired will answer.

### Small Lemon Queen Cakes

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; beat in one cup of granulated sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, four egg-yolks beaten light, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one cup and a fourth of sifted flour, sifted again with one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda, and, lastly, the whites of four eggs beaten dry. Bake in small fluted tins, garnish the top with a little cooked fondant and a bit of cherry.

### Small Cream Cakes

Put half a cup of boiling water and one-fourth a cup of butter over the fire; when the butter is melted, sift in half a cup of pastry flour and stir vigorously to a smooth paste, which forms a ball in the saucepan. Turn into an earthen dish; beat in one whole egg and when smooth beat in the white of another egg. Shape on a buttered tin in small rounds less than an inch in diameter. Let bake about twenty minutes; split on one side

and insert a bit of English cream. Set a little melted fondant on the top and sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts. If desired, chocolate may be added to the fondant.

### English Cream

Mix and sift together, several times, one-fourth a cup, each, of flour and sugar, then cook in one cup of scalded milk fifteen minutes; beat one egg (one yolk will do), beat in two tablespoonfuls of sugar and stir into the hot mixture. Flavor when cold with vanilla, or other flavor, as desired.

### Grapes, Nuts, Etc., Glacé

Set two cups of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of glucose or a tablespoonful and a half of corn syrup and one cup of water over the fire; stir until the sugar is melted, then with the fingers or a cloth or brush, repeatedly wet in cold water, wash down the sides of the saucepan to remove possible grains of sugar; cover and let boil about three minutes, then uncover and let cook to about 295 degrees F. Have the grapes, English walnuts or marshmallows ready; the grapes should be wiped with a damp cloth; each should retain a short bit of stem; all sugar or starch should be brushed from marshmallows. Drop the articles, one by one, into the syrup (set into a dish of hot water) and with a dipping fork lift them out and dispose them on the bottom of an inverted tin pan. Nuts and marshmallows will keep in good condition several days. Candied white grapes are particularly good, but must be served the day of making.



SMALL SOUVAROFF

# Menus for a Week in January

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, with Dates, Thin Cream  
Broiled Ham, Fried Apples  
Grilled Potatoes  
Hot Yeast Rolls  
(kept in ice-chest overnight)  
Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Roasted Shoulder Young Pig  
Baked Bananas, Currant Jelly Sauce  
Potatoes Scalloped, with Peppers  
Boiled Onions  
Delmonico Pudding with Peaches  
Coffee

## Supper

Coffee Cake, Toasted  
Cream Cheese  
Currant or Apple Jelly  
Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Pork-and-Potato Hash  
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Salt Mackerel, Boiled, Drawn Butter Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes, Boiled Cabbage  
Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Supper

Stewed Lima Beans  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Baked Apples  
Oatmeal Macaroons Tea

## Breakfast

Broiled Bacon  
Small Baked Potatoes  
Dry Toast  
Doughnuts, Apple Marmalade  
Coffee

## Dinner

Round Steak en Casserole  
(onions, carrots, potatoes)  
Celery  
Steamed Pudding, Syrup Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Mayonnaise of Apples and Dates  
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit  
Cookies Tea

TUESDAY

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Salt Codfish, Creamed  
Quartered Potatoes, Boiled  
Buttered Toast  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Cream of Celery Soup,  
Browned Crackers  
Ham Timbales, Tomato Sauce  
Canned Peas  
Parker House Rolls  
Canned Blueberry Pie  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Salmon-and-Lettuce Salad  
Parker House Rolls (reheated)  
Stewed Prunes  
Molasses Drop Cakes  
Tea

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Sausage, Fried Bananas  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Spider Corncake  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Cream of Celery Soup  
Onions Scalloped, with Nuts  
Apple Pie, Cheese  
Half Cups Coffee Caramels

## Supper

Turkish Pilaf  
(rice, tomatoes, cheese, etc.)  
Bread and Butter  
Stewed Prunes  
Tea

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream  
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin, Mustard  
Creamed Potatoes  
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Scalloped Oysters  
Squash, Cold Slaw  
Cranberry Pie, Cheese  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Creamed Kornlet au Gratin  
Quick Nut Bread  
Evaporated Peaches, Stewed  
Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream  
Kornlet Griddle Cakes  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Mock Bisque Soup  
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin  
Baked Sweet Potatoes, Celery  
Squash Pie  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Macaroni, with Tomatoes, Cheese, etc.  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Baked Apples  
Brownies Tea

FRIDAY



# Dinner Menus for Family of Three and One Maid

(*Non-Fattening*)

(Two or three courses. Average cost per week \$15)

## Sunday

Roast Fillet of Beef  
Braised Celery, Marrow Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes  
French Endive, French Dressing  
Cup St. Jacques  
(Macedoine of Fruit, with Lemon or  
Orange Sherbet)  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Monday

Emergency Soup  
(vegetable soup not thickened)  
Cold Roast Fillet of Beef  
Baked Potato Cakes  
Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce  
(sauce answers for cauliflower and meat)  
Lettuce, Prune-and-Pecan Nut Salad  
Whipped Cream Dressing  
Half Cups Coffee      Toasted Crackers

## Tuesday

Chicken Soup  
Halibut Steaks Baked, with Oysters, Drawn  
Butter Sauce  
Potatoes Scalloped, with Green Peppers  
Spinach  
Tapioca Baked with Apples  
Half Cups Coffee

## Wednesday

Fried Chicken, Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Kornlet Fritters  
Celery  
Hot Baba, Wine or Apricot Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

## Thursday

Salpicon of Fresh Fruit in Glasses  
English Lamb Chops, Broiled  
French Fried Potatoes  
Squash  
Lettuce and Cress, French Dressing  
Sea Moss Blanc Mange  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Friday

Fresh Codfish Chowder, Pickles, Olives  
Gnocchi à la Romaine  
Lettuce-and-Endive Salad, French Dressing  
Cranberry Pie  
Half Cups Coffee

## Saturday

Round Steak en Casserole  
(onions, carrots, potatoes)  
Mayonnaise of Lettuce, Apples and Dates  
Pulled Bread  
Half Cups Coffee

## Sunday

Macedoine of Fresh Fruit in Glasses  
Roast Leg of Lamb, Apple-Mint Jelly or  
Mint Sauce  
Franconia Potatoes  
Mashed or Creamed Turnips  
Lettuce, French Dressing, with Chili Sauce  
Squash Pie, Cream Cheese  
Half Cups Coffee

## Monday

Lamb Pilau, Turkish Style, Tomato Sauce  
Onions Stuffed with Mushrooms or Nuts  
Celery  
Cup Custard, with Meringue  
Oatmeal Macaroons  
Half Cups of Coffee

## Tuesday

Fresh Salmon Baked in Casserole  
Boiled Potatoes  
Hot House Cucumbers or Pickles  
Apple Pie, Cheese  
Half Cups Coffee

## Wednesday

Braised Squabs or Pigeons  
Canned Peas, with Carrots Julienne  
Celery, with Brown Sauce, Lettuce  
Baked Tapioca Custard Pudding  
Vanilla Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

## Thursday

Boiled Forequarter of Lamb, Caper Sauce  
Turnips      Potatoes  
Lettuce-and-Tomato Jelly Salad  
Mince or Prune Pie  
Half Cups Coffee

## Friday

Mock Bisque Soup  
Rolled Bacon and Breaded Fillets of Halibut  
(fried in deep fat)  
Tartare Sauce or Philadelphia Relish  
Mashed Potato  
Buttered Onions  
Cheese melted on Crackers      Celery  
Nuts and Grapes Glacé  
Half Cups Coffee

## Saturday

Lamb Soufflé, Tomato or Brown Sauce  
Creamed Potatoes  
Canned String Beans  
Lettuce-and-Green-Pepper Salad  
Lemon Sponge Pie  
Cheese Balls (fried)  
Half Cups Coffee

# Menus for Two-Course Luncheon for Semi-Formal Occasions in January

## I

Gnocchi à la Romaine  
Lettuce, with Macedoine of Vegetables in  
Tomato Jelly,  
French Dressing  
Nut Bread Sandwiches  
Pineapple Bavarian Cream  
Macaroons  
Coffee

## II

Breaded Fillets of Fresh Fish (fried)  
Sauce Tartare  
Creamed Potatoes  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Cup St. Jacques  
(lemon sherbet with macedoine of fruit)  
Sponge Drops  
Coffee

## III

Chicken Croquettes, Peas  
Lettuce-and-Endive Salad, French Dressing  
Yeast Rolls (reheated)  
Meringues with Whipped Cream and  
Preserved Chestnuts  
Coffee

## IV

Creamed Fresh Fish au Gratin  
(individual dishes)  
Olives, Pickles  
Parker House Rolls  
(reheated)  
Prune Jelly, Whipped Cream  
Oatmeal Macaroons  
Coffee

## V

Creamed Chicken, Peas and Pimentos  
on Toast  
Olives Celery  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream  
Jumbles

## VI

Green Pea or Kornlet Soup, St. Germaine  
(timbale in each plate)  
Browned Crackers  
Mayonnaise of Apples and Dates  
Nut Bread Sandwiches  
Coffee

## VII

Savory Rice Timbales, Cheese Sauce  
Lettuce-and-Cress Salad  
Clover Leaf Biscuit  
Marshmallow Cup  
(whipped cream, marshmallows, white grapes,  
pineapple and canned peaches)  
Half Cups Coffee

## VIII

Cheese Custard  
(individual dishes)  
Lettuce, with Cubes of Tomato Jelly, French  
Dressing  
Lady Finger Rolls  
Apples Baked with Almonds, Whipped  
or Plain Cream  
Small Souvaroffs  
Half Cups Coffee

## IX

Chicken à la King, Kornlet Fritters  
Lettuce-and-Cress Salad  
Yeast Biscuits  
Chocolate Ice Cream in Meringue Shells  
English Walnuts Glacé White Grapes Glacé  
Coffee

## X

Broiled Sirloin Steak with Fresh Mushrooms  
Broiled Sweet Potatoes, Peas  
Baked Potatoes  
Mayonnaise of Lettuce, Grapefruit, Oranges  
and White Grapes  
Cheese, Toasted Crackers  
Coffee



## Farm to Table

By Alice E. Whitaker

**T**O send your basket by parcel post into the country, to be filled with farm and dairy produce, and then returned to your home is the latest way of doing the family marketing. While the carrier of that basket, the parcel post, is a modern institution, the elimination of the middleman by direct dealing between consumer and producer seems like a return to by-gone days and methods. Whether this plan can be made a success is being studied by Washington, D. C., housewives under the guidance of the Housekeepers' Alliance.

The following is their method of buying by parcel post: A bulletin is published monthly, giving names and addresses of producers and what each has for sale, and this covers a wide range, from vegetables, meat and poultry to preserves and honey. This list is posted in the Public Library and is, also, distributed by subscription. The housewife leaves her market basket, egg container or combination container, at the nearest post office or drug-store postal station and sends her order to the farmer by letter, enclosing money enough to cover the cost. If there is a balance, she usually expects it returned in stamps, as it does not seem practical to run accounts. The farmer receives the basket at his door, fills it and takes it to the nearest post office, planning to have the basket reach the city in time for delivery during the day at the housewife's door. It is necessary in this lo-

cality to send money, because some Virginia and Maryland farmers live far from banks and cashing a check might mean a trip to the county seat.

It sometimes happens that perishable food is delayed and must be held at the city post office over night. To prevent loss and disappointment, the Washington Post Office is planning to build a large refrigerator for this class of mail matter that was unheard of so short a time ago.

One of the trials in parcel-post marketing is the ignorance among producers of what the city market demands in quality and especially in uniformity. It is also true that all mail trains do not stop at small stations where just the kind of farmers live who would be benefitted by the service. Some producers would rather send eggs, for instance, in one large package to the commission man than to bother with five or six parcels of from two to four dozen, each, even at a slight gain in price. An unwillingness is sometimes noted to take less than the city market price by those who have formerly taken what the commission man saw fit to pay. This cuts out any inducement for the housewife to use the parcel-post system for marketing.

Mr. Otto Praeger, postmaster of Washington, D. C., makes the following statement: "To enable the farmer to secure a higher price for his products, and the consumer to secure the same products at a lower price through the



parcel post, it is necessary that the farmer split the middleman's profit with the consumer. For example, a producing farmer has for sale a hamper containing a miscellaneous assortment of vegetables, for which the commission merchant or his agent pays him sixty cents and sells for one dollar, the market price in Washington. If he splits the difference between what the commission merchant pays him, namely, sixty cents, plus the postage of ten cents, with the consumer, he is getting fifteen cents more for his product and the consumer is paying fifteen cents less. Bear in mind this fact, that the consumer can go to market in Washington and pick out among a vast quantity of farm products just what he wants, whereas, when he buys of the farmer, he is virtually buying a pig in a bag, and does not know what he is getting until the hamper reaches his home and he examines the contents thereof."

Of the packing of foods the Superintendent of the Washington post office says: "Farmers must be schooled away from the shoe-box methods of shipment and taught many things about packing for parcel post."

A few months ago a suitable container for handling eggs by mail was not manufactured, but today eggs are among the most easily handled of farm products. Parcel-post egg boxes of the two-dozen size are sold at seventy-five cents a dozen and larger ones at proportional increase. Two-pound parcel-post butter boxes cost thirty-five cents a dozen. In this experimental stage of marketing by mail accidents sometimes happen, as when the clams for luncheon were side-tracked because of leakage. The sender learned later how to pack clams properly and had no further trouble in filling orders.

When food-containers are legally standardized, a box of apples, a barrel of vegetables, or a quart of berries will always mean the same. At present one learns through the Office of Markets of

the Department of Agriculture that a bushel of a given vegetable or fruit may weigh in one State eighteen pounds less than in another. A box of berries, by liquid measure, is somewhat less than a pint or quart, by dry measure, and one step towards making parcel-post marketing a success will be to secure standardized containers. This is what the Office of Markets is working for and Mr. Brandt, in charge of the work, believes that both buyer and seller must have what he calls a common language or a set of terms which cannot be interpreted to mean more than one standard.

A systematic effort is being made to determine whether the business methods of the farmers make it practicable to deal direct with the producer; whether the method of packing, character of produce and intelligence shown in mailing meet the requirements of the city consumer, and, last, whether parcel-post matter of this sort can be delivered satisfactorily and in good condition. Therefore the Housekeepers' Alliance is canvassing for a specific report by any person in the city who has had parcel-post experience, answering the following questions:

1. Name and address of the farmer.
2. Articles purchased and price paid.
3. Who (farmer or consumer) furnished the container and how well was the produce packed?
4. Was the farmer's service prompt and satisfactory?
5. In what condition did parcels arrive and how promptly were they delivered by the post office?
6. Remarks.

At present nearly 200 parcels of food products daily come into the Washington post office.

Small families of two or three, especially those living in apartments, have no storage space. In such homes eggs, for instance, are more often bought by the half-dozen than by the package of two to four dozen, which is the more profitable way to buy through parcel post. To overcome this difficulty to a degree, consumers' clubs of ten are being formed

and containers are delivered at some central home from which the division of the whole is to be made. This plan introduces another possible difficulty, for who will consent without pay to deliver the goods. Will each housewife be willing to bear her share, if by chance there is loss or shrinkage, and will all hold together to make another trial when

disappointment comes, as is possible in every business transaction? In short, even when, after a time, the parcel-post service becomes perfect, does not success depend largely on the business honor of the farmer and the patience of the housewife, which must be sufficient to make her ignore occasional lack of quality?

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## Fresh Vegetables

By Geo. T. Fish

**F**RUITS and vegetables were formerly under the ban of suspicion, by very many people and by such, in times of cholera, they were entirely ignored. It is now pretty generally conceded that injurious effects attend the use of these articles after they become stale only; when fresh they are considered, by many, much more healthful articles of diet than meat. Contrary to the opinion which still prevails to some extent, men are able to endure hard muscular labor on a purely vegetable diet. The same amount of care used to keep meat fresh should be applied to vegetables.

Housewives would do well to understand that it is quite as important to have green peas and green corn fresh from the fields as to have fish fresh from the water. They should know that the sooner all three commodities are cooked, after being taken from their abodes, the better and sweeter they will be. He who has not eaten peas and corn near the garden where they grew, or fish near the water, does not know the taste of these at their best. They who buy them in the market need to discriminate. In cities, certain days are known as market days—usually three days in the week—when the market gardener brings his product to the city. A supply of peas or corn should be pro-

cured, early in the morning of these days, to last until the following market day.

### Buying

By making a study of the subject the buyer will be able to judge of their freshness. When peas remain in the market twenty-four hours, even though kept sprinkled, the pods are apt to become flabby, while those just brought in, have a fresh, firm feeling, when handled. Corn husks generally reveal, to the eye, the condition of the corn. When it has been kept over, the edges of the husks usually look dry and withered. Until a little experience has taught the buyer, he should depend upon the integrity of the dealer—throwing himself upon his honor.

### Age

The age of peas and corn has much to do with their excellence. If half or three-fourths filled, they will be found to please most tastes; they would be better younger than older.

### Varieties

With the present improved varieties in the market, more depends on freshness and size than on kinds. The old white marrowfat pea—or Irish marrowfat, as it was called by some—was the



standard of excellence; and it has not been surpassed. It was long ago replaced, in the market, by the black-eye marrowfat, much more productive but of very inferior quality. Fortunately the latter has now given way to the telephone pea. This and kindred varieties has broad pods and usually finds its way to market before getting too old. Among the best varieties of corn is Stowell's evergreen. As this is a late sort, it continues in market after cool nights begin—at which time it is better able to preserve its sweetness, after being plucked.

### Preparation

Peas should be podded and corn husked as soon as they reach the house, whether to be cooked at once or not. It is a mistaken though prevalent notion that they keep better in the pod or husk. When thus prepared, they may be kept in the refrigerator until wanted for cooking. If they cannot be kept cold, it is much better to cook them at once. A good way is to put peas over the fire and bring them to a boil, when they may be set aside and the cooking finished when they are wanted. They will, unlike fish, be as palatable the second day as the first—providing they are fresh when first cooked. In shelling peas, if any very old pods are found, they should be rejected. Some people are of the opinion that corn will be found sweeter, if a few of the inner husks, or part of the ears, are permitted to remain until they are boiled. In cutting corn from the cob, the kernels should be scored—split in halves—by running a sharp knife blade through the center of each row. The corn, if young, may then be pressed from the cob with the back of the knife, leaving the hull attached to the cob. Should the corn be too old for this, shave off the upper part of the kernels with a sharp knife. This should be done after scoring, then by scraping with the back of a knife, the kernels may be removed without the base of the hulls. If

half of the kernel is cut off, too much of the hull will go with it. There are some who insist on eating the corn from the cob; believing that what is lost in elegance, is made up in taste—of the corn. In such case scoring will be found quite as advantageous as though the corn were to be removed with the aid of a knife.

### The Philosophy

Every housekeeper should take, at least, one lesson in vegetable physiology. This lesson should be on the "Office of Leaves." She who has not already taken it may give herself an object lesson. Take two young, woody shoots from the same tree; remove the leaves from one, only; and treat them, otherwise, alike. Look at them occasionally and it will be found that the shoot with the leaves will shrivel and dry much faster than the other. The reason is that the leaves perform the office of pumps. The water, taken up by the roots, is absorbed from the leaves by the air. When the land at the source of our rivers was wooded, the woods held the water—as a sponge does—and fed it out gradually during the summer, through the streams and rivers not only, but through the leaves also. The water, thus pumped into the air, was returned to the earth in the form of rain and dew. The destruction of the forests is followed by floods in springtime and droughts in summer. One of the islands of the sea, after being deforested, became a sandy desert. The remedy for our floods and droughts is to have timber belts planted by the national government.

The roots of trees and plants are connected with the soil by means of minute rootlets which drink in the moisture from the earth. When the plant is removed from the soil, the minute rootlets are destroyed and the source of the full water supply is cut off; so that the leaves, if permitted to remain, soon exhaust the supply. Other parts of the plant also evaporate the moisture; but



not as rapidly as do the leaves. Bouquets of cut flowers are preserved, for a time, by placing them in water; in this way the waste is in a measure supplied. The nurseryman, who digs trees early in the fall, first carefully removes the leaves.

### Marketing

When radishes, beets, salsify and other vegetables are taken from the ground, the tops should be immediately cut off. If market gardeners would remove the leaves and sell their vegetables by count or weight, the latter would reach the consumer in much better condition. The husks of green corn

and the pods of green peas discharge, to a considerable extent, the office of leaves and, unless removed, will absorb much of the sweetness of these vegetables. The husks and pods should be removed by the gardener. Instead, they gather these vegetables, consigning them, in the husk or pod, to large sacks where they remain over night and, in sultry weather, become so heated that the sweetness is gone before they reach the market. If they were to be brought to market in thin crates, permitting a circulation of air, the injury done by heating might, in a great measure, be obviated, and thus profit accrue to both buyer and seller.

## Educating Housewives in Economical Shopping

**D**ON'T be afraid of the storekeeper; see that you get what you pay for.

Don't let him weigh the tray, twine or paper; it's against the law.

Don't accept a put-up package, unless the weight is plainly labeled.

Don't be mystified with figures on the scale; learn to read them.

Don't forget to weigh everything after you get it home.

Don't let a fancy package fascinate you; look more to the contents.

Go to the store yourself; and don't be too proud to carry your bundles home.

Don't mistake cheapness for economy; buy good goods every time.

Don't ask for a quarter's worth; state the exact quantity.

Don't depend entirely on the looks of the shop; style doesn't always mean good goods.

Don't buy in small quantities; save money by buying more than enough for today.

Don't forget that it profits to pay cash—bookkeepers cost money.

Don't let the butcher keep the bones and trimmings of the meat; you've paid for them.

Don't telephone or send the children—go to the store yourself.

Why the high cost of living?—an old, trite, but ever-new, ever-present question.

Perhaps the food barons are at fault; maybe we can lay a little blame on the war—but the great trouble lies with the housewife and the small dealer—mainly the housewife.

Thus reasoned the Milwaukee city market bureau. The average Milwaukee housewife is ignorant, foolish, careless, neglectful, and extravagant; many storekeepers are tricky, careless, and dishonest.

What's the remedy? Educate the housewife! So they issued circulars with some fifty suggestions from which the above "Don'ts" are taken.

Moreover, the department commissioners proved the case against the housewives and the grocer. They established a city market where produce, vegetables and staples were sold, often at prices less than half of those charged by the grocer. They proved that the average Milwaukee housewife—over 100,000 patronized the

city market—may be cheated, overcharged, robbed and otherwise “buncoed”—all to the profit of the dealer.

Not that the storekeeper is all in the wrong. Far from it—the housewife is culpable, argued these municipal cut-the-cost-of-living apostles. Many a housewife buys a “dime’s worth” of something-or-other; has it “charged” and “sent.” They forget that bookkeepers cost money; that delivery wagons are expensive—all of which must be paid for by the consumer. So they tried to educate the woman to go to the store herself, to make her purchases, pay cash and, if possible, carry the provisions home herself. That is, unless she orders enough to make it “worth while” for the grocer to “charge and deliver.”

Again, Mrs. Housewife orders only the finest, fanciest, put-up packages. She will pick out a package of some staple, the cover of which is beautifully tinted and decorated, merely because it looks fine—not thinking that all this, too, costs money to the consumer.

Or she will order because goods are cheap—never stopping to see if they are good—and so loses by the transaction. Hence this advice—“Don’t mistake cheapness for economy; buy good goods!”

Some are too lazy, too indifferent, too busy or too inconsiderate, to go to the store themselves—they send the maid,

the children or use the telephone—all of which mean loss to the family pocket-book. So the city heads offered this wise admonition.

“Don’t be lazy; don’t be indifferent; don’t send the children—go to the store yourself; buy what you want; see that the goods and prices are right, and don’t be too proud to carry the bundle home yourself!”

Another suggestion deals with meat-buying!

“In buying meat, don’t go in and ask the dealer for a quarter’s worth.” “Select your piece of meat, first; then ask the price per pound; say how many pounds you want; see that you get the correct weight; compute the figures yourself and see that your change is correct.” Many a penny is lost to the consumer by neglecting this simple precaution—and the pennies count up fast while shopping.

“You are entitled to all the meat you buy: fat, gristle, bone and trimmings. The fat can be rendered; the bone and trimmings will make soup—don’t let the butcher throw these into the scrap box, only to remove and sell them over again when you are gone. They belong to you, and you should have them.

“This circular is not issued to affect the honest dealer, but you owe it to yourself and your fair-and-square dealer to observe ordinary care in buying.”

J. H. S.

## The Song of the Sea

A sea shell lay on a lonely beach,  
At the foot of a rocky cave  
And sang in its soul the mystery  
Of its life on the ocean wave,  
A mystical song of the sea.

A man passed by, and, listening, heard  
The shell’s low melody,  
And said as he thought with a bitter smile  
Of the ships he had lost at sea,  
“I hate the song of the sea.”

A child paused next in his careless play  
To hear the murmuring shell  
And said as he failed to understand  
The message it had to tell,  
“I fear the song of the sea.”

A poet came and inclined his ear  
To the song of the shell by the sea,  
And cried aloud with his heart on fire,  
“This is the ocean’s harmony,  
And I love the song of the sea.”

MARIE G. K. OUTREMONT.

# A Cook Book

By Agnes Porter

IT is extremely hard to be literary, besides taking a great deal of time. Would that I had back the years that I spent in floundering through the vast morasses by Sartor Resartus, without deciding, at last, whether it was Mr. Carlyle who was crazy, or I! Would that I had back the years I spent in perusing the works of the Bard of Stratford! To make the plays seem real, I went to the author's birthplace—and came back still not knowing whether it was pronounced Avon or Av-von—and about Shakespeare—that he did not want his bones touched, and that he knew little Greek and less Latin! That was what a friend of his said, and everyone at Stratford quotes it. Still, when I came home I went on reading the Plays, until I had read them all. Then I stopped. My eyes were sore, and the people used to get on my nerves so much, that I thought the cat at the back door was Juliet before she took the poison; and that Othello was leering at me from the sideboard, when it was only Great-Grandpa whom they had brought down stairs unknown to me. When my eyes got better, I did a good deal of painting on velvet; yet all the time I was looking for a book; a book that was interesting reading; heavy in parts and light in parts, poetic, and a little mysterious too, an all-round book, that would do for summer or winter equally well—and while I was looking for it I was not going to have any other books worrying me, so I sent Sir Walter Scott along with "The Green Turnip" and "Best Society" up to the Rectory where they were packing our Missionary Barrel.

Then I begun to ask everyone who came in for the best all-round book he or she knew, and one said—that was the minister—"The Bible," and one said,

"Webster's"—that was the School Teacher—and one said "Ivanhoe," and one said "Mrs. Hemans' Hymns," and one said "The House of Mirth." So I gave it up. And there on my table I found it, a book much despised or ignored, which does not receive half the attention it deserves. Yet I have found it genuine and true to life, exact in every detail, and full of interest. The book, I find, to be appreciated, must be read in parts, little paragraphs as it were, perhaps two or three at a time, and slowly with meditation. Turning, for example, to the center of the book I find the description of Ambrosia.

"Three oranges, five bananas, cocoanut"; it says, "Peel, cut, cover with cocoanut and sugar and let cool for four hours in a dark place."

There is certainly imagination enough for the most exacting in the last sentence. Who could think of the toothsome dainty, growing hourly sweeter and cooler in the darkness, without smiling!

Yet this little paragraph is no more excellent in its way than the one on "Lemon Sponge," or "Fairy's Food" or "Kisses." Here we see poetry blended into the commonplace. "To a tablespoonful of sifted flour, add the whites of five eggs, flavored with almond extract."

One cannot go far without mystery. But this book contains mystery, too. Five consecutive pages under the heading, "Sauces," are redundant of such terms as "Chives, peppercorns, mace, lentils, and chevril," or in other parts "Chili, paprika, and sage." The very perfumes of Araby and the Indies breathe in such titles as "Chow-Chow" and "Piccalilli"; and to my mind Shakespeare's "Eye of newt and toe of frog" is no whit more interesting than that



the story that begins, "Nine peppers, a sprig of thyme—"

Not for anything would I know what these ingredients are. They are to mysterious and delightful.

The book does not lack heavy parts—ten pounds of suet, chopped fine, three cups of raisins, seeded, and a pound of flour." Nor does it lack comedy. For what could be more tragic (themselves) than the descriptions of how to dress a fowl, or "How to kill a ster."

Shall I even claim romance for this Arabian book, and add that beneath its cover lies a little sadness; that the pages open where the hands of a girl turned it oftenest—at the recipe for

"Bride's Cake." But the ingredients were never called together in the great bowl, and the "Breakfasts for two," which she used to study half-shyly, were never cooked?

All honor to the authors who tread in high places, who conjure in a god-like way with Spirits and Lives. And to them honor is given. But to those who deal with potatoes—cut in dice, mashed carrots—or giblet sauce:—

Shakespeare's Sonnets and an empty stomach, that would not be happy! Yet this carefully compiled book, this compendium of usefulness, perfect of its kind, and worthy to stand beside Scott—is banished to a greasy home among the kettles and cans.

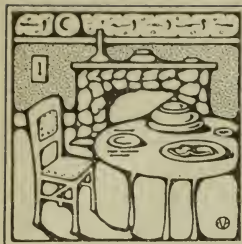
## Headaches and Digestion

The source of many headaches is frequently traced to digestive disturbance. A deranged stomach more often than any other has headache for one of its symptoms.

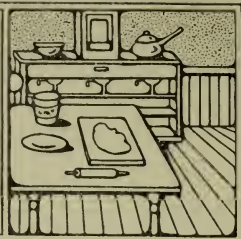
Order in diet should be strictly observed, also moderation and thorough mastication. It should be remembered that the body requires as much, if not more, nourishment in winter than in summer. But the nutriment should in every case be chosen with a view to its adaptability to one's system, and not so much to its pleasing effect on the palate. Headache may be brought on, too, by overfeeding. The sufferer has been on a meagre diet and wants strengthening.

In the case of anaemics this is of frequent occurrence, and to remedy the complaint a good meat diet is advisable. The meat, needless to say, must be fresh, and not overcooked.

retiring. But now things are different. Many an old time custom has been completely upset by medical authorities during the last few years, and relegated to oblivion as a relic of old fogysm. And this sentiment against nocturnal eating is one of them. Of course the stomach should never become overloaded, and at night a special care should be exercised to prevent this. But at the same time, a judicious allowance of food before going to bed is now regarded as a means of promoting health. The long interval without food, and the emptiness of the stomach during sleep, is injurious, causing much of the insomnia, emaciation and other ills which flesh is heir to. For those who are in delicate health, a light meal before retiring, such as a bowl of bread and milk, or a little oatmeal, will prove beneficial. The normal stomach demands food to tide it over the night.



## HOME IDEAS and ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### The Family Marketing and Budget

I WONDER how many housewives realize that much of the family comfort depends on the way in which they market.

There are three ways of marketing, namely:

First, going to the market to select one's purchases;

Second, having the grocer's boy call to take the order, and

Third, giving the order to the grocery or market by telephone.

Undoubtedly, the last is the easiest for the housewife, and some things can be said in its favor. She can think out carefully before hand just what she is out of, and needs for the day. She can, also, ask prices and find out something of the quality of the articles in question.

Using the 'phone for marketing is convenient, especially for the woman who keeps no maid, or is kept at home by small children.

As to the grocer's call for the order, much can be said in favor of this plan for the grocer. For one thing, he is sure of the customer's trade. And he usually can make a larger sale, by having his boy or man well versed in the stock on hand, for the day.

This way of marketing, also, has its advantages for the housewife, if she, too, is looking out for her interests and does not allow herself to order things she really does not need or care for, just to be obliging. It is a great comfort to feel that, let the weather be what it may, the

matter of food for the family has been provided for.

Of the first method of marketing, that of going in person to the market and selecting one's eatables, much can be said in its favor. It may be the most economical or just the reverse, according to whether the house wife decides before going just what she will and will not buy.

I recently asked my grocer which of the three ways he preferred to have his customers use. "Oh," said he, "I prefer to have them come to the store, for then they usually buy more on seeing the different things."

Having tried all three methods, separately, and combined them all, at times, I think much depends upon how the housekeeper is situated as to the time at her disposal, her chance to get out, and *very much* on her ability to *think out* her orders carefully before she places them by any method.

In conclusion, I would say that all three methods are good, but the housewife must do the *thinking*, without which no method will be successful.

Very closely related to the question of bills is the family expense budget. I have found it a great help in running a home to make up a monthly expense budget. Other concerns or institutions, which lay claim to business ability, have a monthly expense budget by which they are guided and by which they compute

their profits or losses. Why should not the home be conducted on the same, sane basis?

Something like the following budget may meet the requirements of the average home. Of course, it is for each housekeeper to make her own budget.

Rent, or its equivalent in taxes, repairs, etc. ....	\$—
Groceries .....	—
Meat .....	—
Milk .....	—
Other goods .....	—
Light .....	—
Fuel .....	—
Laundry .....	—
Labor .....	—
Church .....	—
Telephone .....	—
Daily Paper .....	—
Total .....	\$—

If the housewife has an allowance, as she should, on which to run the house, she can soon tell, by comparison with her budget, whether she is running it within the means allotted for that purpose. In this way she can curtail or increase her expenditures and always know just how she stands financially—a very good thing for a housewife to know. Any woman who gives such a plan a fair trial will never, I feel sure, go back to a random way of dealing with her end of the partnership.

S. S. M.

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### The Art of Stewing

**S**TEWING is a method of food preparation that approaches the soup-making process. It is to some extent a proceeding that occupies a middle position between boiling and baking; the latter is often called roasting. In stewing the cook's endeavor should be to extract from the meat its nutritive juices, and then to employ those juices, suitably treated, to finish cooking the remainder of the meat. For successful stewing, the most important point is the power of

regulating the heat at which the operation is conducted. In order to stew successfully, the heat must be absolutely under the cook's control. The up-to-date cook, therefore, prefers gas for stewing purposes on account of the perfect control that can be exercised over the temperature.

For successful stewing, meat should be divided into small portions for the easy extraction of the juices. Where bones exist, these should be broken into small pieces, and form an under layer in the stewing vessel. The meat and bones ought always to be placed in cold water, and the water should cover everything in the pan or jar. The lid or cover should be carefully secured, and the temperature must be gradually raised to a steady heat, which must, of course, be below boiling. The extraction of the meat juices then proceeds, and when vegetables are to be added to the stew they are placed in the vessel at a later stage. Boiling and stewing are by no means the same process. The proper temperature for stewing is about 180 degrees, Fahr. As almost everybody knows, the boiling point is 212, Fahr.

A glazed earthenware jar with a tight-fitting cover is most useful for stewing meat, or for making soups. If it has no cover, one should be constructed by fitting a plate or saucer on top of the jar and brown paper should then be tied over it. A jar with a cover saves this trouble, and is, therefore, worth the extra expense. Earthenware or stone jars are very easily kept clean, and food does not spoil when left in them, as it may do if left in a metal pan. They can be placed on the top of the stove or in the oven when it is necessary to re-heat the food contained in them, or if placed in a pan of boiling water the contents of the jar will cook slowly without attention from the cook. A meat stew can be served in the jar in which it has been cooked, if it is neither too large nor too high. It must, of course, be wiped dry and a napkin may be neatly



folded around it. By this process the great advantage of a very hot dinner may be obtained in the coldest weather, even when the whole family does not reach the home at exactly the same hour, as a stone or earthenware jar, having been thoroughly heated, will retain the heat for some time.

L. I.

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### School Lunches

I AM not so far removed from the time that I carried a lunch box as not to have some ideas about the matter, also, I have had ample opportunity to note the contents of the average child's dinner-pail.

Greater simplicity seems to me to be the desideratum—less cake and pie, and more of the substantials. A bit of meat or cheese or a hard-cooked egg is an addition to good bread and butter much coveted by most youngsters. And in the country, where fresh eggs can be had nearly the year around, they should hold a large place in the average child's lunch.

Eggs have been analyzed and found to contain a chemical known as lecithin—one egg having as much as 16 grains of this substance, hence just one egg eaten a day will give tone, vitality and activity to the brain and nerves. This will make man "50 per cent. efficient." Never be guilty of putting a soft-cooked egg into a lunch-pail. It is unhandy and untidy to eat. Enjoy these at the table, in the home. I believe many pupils do not do satisfactory school work because mentally starved. They eat enough, of course, but their diet is hit-and-miss, and their food is often lacking in the very things most needed to vitalize the mental forces.

Anyone that carries a lunch eats under great disadvantages. The food is cold. This of itself is a hindrance to digestion and takes much of the body-heat. The eating is accomplished as speedily as possible, hence the mastication is neglected

and this means more work for the stomach and affects the nerves.

Let those that put up the lunch see that it is given a neat and dainty appearance. Children appreciate it. Put a napkin in his pail. Occasionally let him find a handful of shelled nuts (walnuts, almonds, chestnuts) or fat raisins or currants, or a few bits of rock candy, taffy or a caramel stowed away in the corner of the box. It will prove a delightful "find" to the child. Encourage children to eat the dainty after the other food.

The old-fashioned nutcake or doughnut that used to be common in old families is an excellent cake for the lunch-box.

Then teach the children not to bolt their food. Reward them in some way, that will readily suggest itself to the judicious parent, for taking a long time to eat.

F. M. C.

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### Non-Flesh Food

Vegetarians regard this to be an opportunity of suggesting the adoption of a vegetarian diet, since it is a fact capable of scientific proof, that a nourishing, healthy diet may be provided from vegetarian foods at less cost than when flesh is used. Beans, peas, lentils, and cheese contain, weight for weight, more nutriment than do beef, mutton, or poultry.

Brown bread used in place of white will help the food value of a meal.

Wholemeal makes more nourishing puddings, cakes, sauces, than does white flour; the cost is the same, or less.

Potatoes should always be boiled, baked, or steamed in the skins. Peeling potatoes is so often attended by waste.

The steaming of vegetables, instead of boiling will prevent the most valuable part of these foods being lost. If boiling is preferred, the water in which they have been boiled should be utilized for soup stock, just in the same way as meat stock is used.



# *Queries and Answers*



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY No. 2454.—“Recipe for a quick, dark-colored Nut Bread.”

## **Quick, Dark Nut Bread**

2 cups pastry flour	1 egg
1 cup rye meal	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
1 teaspoonful salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda
3 slightly rounding	1 cup sweet milk
teaspoonfuls baking	1 cup nut meats,
powder	chopped fine

Sift together the first four ingredients; stir the soda into the molasses, add the milk, and the egg beaten light, and stir these and the nuts into the dry ingredients. Let stand in a buttered bread pan fifteen minutes, then bake three-fourths of an hour.

QUERY No. 2455.—“Recipe for the cooking of a Calf’s Head, with Sauce Vinaigrette.”

## **Cooking a Calf’s Head**

A calf’s head with tongue and brains (more especially the brains) is considered a great delicacy. The brains may be bought apart for about thirty cents a set; but the whole head, including the brains and tongue, is sold for the same price. In buying the head have it dressed (split apart and unedible portions removed) before it is sent home, then soak and scrub in cold water. Put over the fire to cook in cold water; when the water boils, pour it off and cover again with cold water, thus blanching it. When the head becomes somewhat cold, rub over with the cut side of a lemon, and cover with boiling water; add two or three tablespoonfuls of white wine,

vinegar, or lemon juice, a bay leaf, an onion, pierced with half a dozen cloves, a few slices of carrot and sprigs of parsley, cover and let simmer until tender. Take out the bones, lay the meat, compactly, on a baking dish rubbed over with fat; spread the meat with half a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with two or three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and let brown in the oven, then slide to a serving dish. Serve with any hot, rich sauce.

## **Calf’s Head Vinaigrette**

Cook the tongue with the head as above. Soak the brains in cold water several hours, changing the water several times. Tie in a cheesecloth and let simmer twenty minutes in highly seasoned stock. Set the meat from the head without bones in the center of the dish, the tongue freed of skin and split in halves, lengthwise, at the ends and the brains at the sides of the dish. Garnish with cress or parsley and pass a cold vinaigrette sauce with the dish. To make the sauce, stir six tablespoonfuls of oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, a tablespoonful, each, of grated onion, chopped parsley, capers and white of egg until blended. The meat may also be jellied with the broth, well seasoned, in a mold. To serve, cut in slices and serve with lettuce, celery, cress or endive and the vinaigrette sauce.



QUERY No. 2456.—"Recipes for Mocha Cake with Frosting, Bread Sticks, Salad Sticks, Hard and Soft Gingerbread."

### Mocha Cake with Frosting

A "mocha" cake takes its name from the frosting, the foundation of which is butter. The frosting being exceedingly rich, a sponge cake is commonly prepared. Any recipe for sponge cake may be used. The common recipe can scarcely be improved upon. For this the proportions are: five eggs, one cup, each, of sugar and sifted flour and the juice and grated rind of half a lemon. Half a cup of potato flour in the place of the full cup of ordinary pastry flour gives an exceedingly delicate and feathery cake and one that is not tough in the least. Recipes for mixing a sponge cake have been given repeatedly in these pages and may be found in any cook book written by a trained teacher of cookery.

### Mocha Frosting

Beat one cup of butter to a cream (if very salt wash out the salt), then gradually beat in two cups of sifted confectioner's sugar, and, drop by drop, coffee extract to tint and flavor as desired. If coffee extract be not at hand, use cold black coffee. The decoction must be very strong or too much liquid will be used in getting the desired flavor. If the icing is to be put on with a pastry bag and tube, twice the quantity given can easily be used.

### Bread Sticks

1 cup scalded milk	1 tablespoonful sugar
1 cake compressed yeast	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water	An egg white
	2 tablespoonfuls butter
	Flour

Make a sponge of the milk, yeast and flour; when light add the other ingredients, the white of egg beaten until light: when ready to shape, form into small balls, then roll (without flour) on the board with the hands, until strips, uniform in size and in

shape of a thick lead pencil, are formed. Set to rise in a pan designed for the purpose, leaving them full or half-length, as desired. Before rolling, wait until the balls (closely covered) are very light.

Bread stick pans are concave, to give a round shape to the bread. We know no preparation designated as salad sticks. They probably are the same as bread sticks.

### Hard Gingerbread

Of course, there are numerous recipes for hard gingerbread; the best we have tried is that known as New York gingerbread. Yellow ginger contains tumeric, thus the full quantity designated in this recipe will give no more ginger than is required. This gingerbread is not as hard as some of the gingerbreads given as "hard" gingerbread.

### New York Gingerbread

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	2 cups flour
1 cup sugar	3 tablespoonfuls yellow ginger
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful soda
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses	
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	

Mix in the usual manner and bake in a loaf or sheet.

### Rochester Gingerbread (Soft)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 teaspoonful ginger
2 eggs	1 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 cup thick, sour milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cloves
1 cup molasses	
3 cups flour	

Bake in two brick-loaf pans or in a sheet or in a muffin pan.

QUERY No. 2457.—"Have not been successful in making Sponge Cake with Potato Flour; kindly publish a good recipe giving all the details."

### Sponge Cake with Potato Flour

5 eggs	Grated rind and juice half a lemon
1 cup granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup potato flour

Beat the whites of the eggs dry, the yolks until thick and light colored; gradually beat the sugar into the



yolks, add the lemon juice and rind and fold in half of the whites; fold in the flour, then the rest of the whites. Turn the mixture into an unbuttered tube pan. Bake about fifty minutes. The mixture should be very light and fluffy when turned into the pan. Note that the ingredients are combined by beating and folding. See mixing and baking of sponge cake in a modern cook book.

QUERY No. 2458.—"Recipe for an Apple Pudding made with bread crumbs."

### Scalloped Apples

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter	Juice 1 lemon or
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft bread crumbs	orange and water to make $\frac{1}{2}$ cup in all
2 cups sliced apples (pared and cored)	Grating of orange or lemon rind
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Mix the butter through the crumbs; put these in a buttered baking dish with the apples, alternating the layers of crumbs and apples. Sprinkle the apples with the liquid, grated rind, sugar and a little salt. Have the last layer of crumbs. Bake about an hour. Serve hot with sugar and cream. Cinnamon or nutmeg may replace the lemon or orange.

QUERY No. 2459.—"In the recipe for Caramel Cake, given in answer to query No. 2225, October number of the magazine, no baking powder appears in the list of ingredients; is this omitted intentionally?"

### Caramel Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	Frosting
1 cup sugar	
3 egg-yolks	
1 cup water	
3 tablespoonfuls caramel syrup	
2 cups sifted flour	
2 tablespoonfuls baking powder	
2 egg-whites	
	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
	2 tablespoonfuls caramel syrup
	1 egg-white
	1 teaspoonful vanilla

Mix the cake in the usual manner; bake in a sheet and cover with the frosting, boiled as for fondant and beaten into the white of egg, beaten dry.

QUERY No. 2460.—"Recipe for dark-colored Graham Bread made with yeast."

### Dark Graham Bread

$\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 whole yeast cake	2 tablespoonfuls butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups scalded milk	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups Graham flour
1 teaspoonful salt	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white bread flour

Soften the yeast cake in the water. Melt the butter in the milk; add the salt and molasses and when lukewarm the yeast cake and water and stir in the flour. Sift the flour before measuring. Mix very thoroughly. The dough is not firm enough to knead. Cover and let stand until light, then cut the mixture with a knife, turning it over and over. Turn into a long, buttered bread pan and let stand until nearly doubled in bulk. Bake from fifty to sixty minutes.

QUERY 2461.—"Recipe for Mincemeat Without Meat."

### Mincemeat Without Meat

2 lbs. chopped apples	1 teaspoonful cinnamon
2 lbs. currants	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful cloves
$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. raisins	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mace
3 cups sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful nutmeg, grated
1 lb. butter	1 cup brandy
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. candied peel	
4 lemons grated, rind and juice	

Add the butter, softened, to the other ingredients; mix thoroughly, set aside, covered closely, in a cool, dry place. The mixture should be kept nearly a month before use.

QUERY 2462.—"Recipe for Hard Gingerbread."

### Hard Gingerbread (Mrs. Lincoln)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 level teaspoonful soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	Flour for stiff dough
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful ginger	

Mix in the order given, dissolving the soda in the milk and mixing the salt and ginger in a little of the flour. Mix quite stiff, then knead till smooth and light; roll out one-third of an inch thick and to fit long shallow pans. Mark in half-inch strips with a pastry jagger and bake about fifteen minutes.

QUERY 2462.—“How should Potatoes be treated to insure Mealy Boiled Potatoes?”

### Mealy Boiled Potatoes

Pare the potatoes, and, if large, cut them in halves, lengthwise; cover with boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt for each quart of water, and let boil continuously until the potatoes are tender; drain off *all* of the water, dredge with salt and let stand, *partially* covered, for a few minutes, then serve at once. Salt has an affinity for water, and drawing out the water from the potato over which it is dredged, renders it mealy.

QUERY 2463.—“Recipe for Frizzled Beef.”

### Frizzled Beef

Pull white thread-like portions from half a pound of thin-sliced, smoked or dried beef, cover with boiling water and let stand on the back of the range where the water will keep hot, but not boil, ten minutes; drain and dry on a cloth. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan; put in the meat and stir while it absorbs the butter and curls or frizzles. Serve at once on a hot plate. For a change, pour over the frizzled meat a cup of hot cream, or a cup of hot cream sauce. The addition, at the last moment, of a well-beaten egg makes a more nutritious dish.

QUERY 2464.—“Recipe for Baked Potatoes having a soft skin that may be eaten.”

### Baked Potatoes with Soft Skin

Select smooth potatoes of uniform size; scrub thoroughly with a brush, wash and wipe dry, then rub over the outside of the potato with a piece of fat salt pork or with fat from bacon. Let bake in a hot oven until done. Serve as soon as they are baked.

QUERY 2465.—“Recipe for a smooth Chocolate Sauce to serve on Ice Cream, etc.”

### Chocolate Sauce

Sift together, several times, one cup of granulated sugar and one-fourth a cup of cocoa; pour on one cup of water

at the boiling point, and stir until the sugar is dissolved; when cold and ready to use stir in one teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

QUERY 2466.—“Recipe for Philadelphia Relish.”

### Philadelphia Relish

1 pint cabbage	½ teaspoonful mustard seed
2 green or red peppers	½ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful celery seed	¼ cup brown sugar
	¼ cup vinegar

Measure the cabbage after chopping (both cabbage and peppers should be chopped exceedingly fine). Mix all together. Use at once, or later on. Keep in a cold place.

QUERY 2467.—“Recipe for Grilled Egg Plant.”

### Grilled Egg Plant

Cut the egg plant in halves, lengthwise, then cut each half in slices, half an inch thick, and remove the peel; brush over with olive oil or melted butter, and pat in sifted, soft bread crumbs seasoned with salt and paprika. Broil over a moderate fire eight to ten minutes, turning often. Set on a hot dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dot, here and there, with bits of butter.

QUERY 2468.—“Recipe for one loaf of a Pudding made with yeast and served with rum sauce.”

### Baba

2 cups bread flour	¾ cup scalded and cooled milk
½ cup and 2 table- spoonsful butter	½ cup mixed raisins and sliced cherries
4 eggs	2 cups sugar
1 tablespoonful sugar	1 cup water
¼ teaspoonful salt	½ cup rum
1 cake compressed yeast	

Crumble the yeast into the milk; mix thoroughly, then stir in flour (from the quantity given) to make a dough; knead the dough until smooth and elastic, then cut in both directions, across the top, to the depth of one-fourth an inch; drop the dough into a small saucepan of lukewarm water. Into a mixing bowl con-

taining the rest of the flour with the sugar, salt and butter (softened but not melted) break two of the eggs; with one hand, beat the mixture until it is smooth throughout, then break in another egg and again beat until smooth; finally, break in the fourth egg and when this is smoothly incorporated into the mixture and the yeast is a light porous mass floating on the water, carefully lift the yeast (to take no more water than is possible) to the beaten egg-mixture, and again beat until smooth; beat in the fruit and turn the mixture into a thoroughly buttered Turk's head mold. When the mixture fills the mold, bake half an hour. Meanwhile, cook the sugar and water to 220° F. by the sugar thermometer; let cool, add the rum and when the baba is turned from the mold, turn the syrup over it. Baste the baba with the syrup that it may absorb it uniformly. Serve hot or half-way hot. The mold should hold a quart.

QUERY 2469.—“For the benefit of young girls will you give some information on the proportion in which Seasonings are used?”

### Quantity of Seasoning

Peoples tastes differ as to the quantity of salt and pepper, or other seasoning, that is palatable; but as seasonings can be added more easily than they can be taken away, it were well to season too little rather than too much. In general, a teaspoonful of salt will season one quart (four cups) of material, liquid or solid; then half a teaspoonful would

suffice for a pint (two cups) and one-fourth a teaspoonful for one cup. Paprika may be used in the same quantity; black pepper is often cut down in measure slightly and one-half or one-third the measure of cayenne will be quite enough for anything but high seasoning.

QUERY 2470.—“How may one judge of the size of the pans to be selected for baking cakes, puddings and pies?”

### Size of Pans for Baking

In choosing a pan to bake a cake, something depends on the consistency of the batter; but, in general, if the mixture before baking fills the pan to three-fourths its height, the pan should be full when the cake is baked. In making a pudding, estimate the quantity of liquid, milk, eggs, sugar (one-half the measure), etc., and allow a little extra for the solid ingredients. A squash, custard or similar pie with a raised edge may be filled to within one-third or one-quarter of an inch from the edge of the *plate*—not rim of pastry.

QUERY 2471.—“Recipe for Gold Cake containing eight yolks of eggs, made with either baking powder or cream of tartar.”

### Gold Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	4 level teaspoonsful
1 cup sugar	baking powder
8 yolks of eggs	1 teaspoonful orange
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	extract
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour	

In place of the baking powder, use half a level teaspoonful of soda and a slightly-rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

## O Bright New Year!

O BRIGHT NEW YEAR! Hast thou in store  
 Health, happiness, success, complete,—  
 Or sorrow, sadness and defeat,  
 With petty trials by the score?  
 Be kindly lenient, we implore  
 In blending bitter with the sweet,  
 O BRIGHT NEW YEAR!

Grant us a faith to tide us o'er  
 Whatever problems we may meet.  
 And may our hearts be more replete  
 With sympathy than heretofore.  
 O BRIGHT NEW YEAR!

CAROLINE LOUISE SUMNER.



# Reducing Cost of Delivery in St. Paul, Minn.

By Mrs. D. W. MacCourt

*From Housewives League Magazine*

A STRONG effort is now being made in St. Paul to reduce the cost of delivery, and in this movement the trade and the Housewives League are co-operating closely.

The Retail Grocers' Association has taken up the matter of co-operative delivery, and, needless to say, the St. Paul Housewives League has approved the plan. Co-operative delivery systems have already been established in about a hundred Minnesota towns through the efforts of the Minnesota Retail Grocers' Association and the General Merchants' Association. The St. Paul housewives are asking the city grocers to consider the possibility of establishing a central depot from which deliveries may not only be made, but where orders may also be taken for all the concerns interested.

Meantime, one of our leading food stores has boldly cut the Gordian knot by discontinuing the delivery of small packages. The reasons for this innovation can best be given by quoting from the letter in which the president of the company in question communicated his intentions to the Housewives League. He said:

"After due trial and consideration we have decided to discontinue the maintenance of a delivery for small packages or orders. We find that to satisfy the almost hourly demands of about one-third of our customers a delivery system must be maintained at an enormous expense. The expense must, necessarily, be added to the first cost of merchandise, and, of course, the other two-thirds, who do their own marketing, are paying the same ratio of expense as the one-third who do not. This expense we have decided to eliminate and divide the saving with our patrons.

"The considerate and frugal housewife who does her own marketing and pays cash should be favored. Instead, however, you will find that the charge customer, who seldom, if ever, visits the market, and who by her exorbitant demands imposes on you this large expense, is the one who receives most consideration from the merchant. This, we feel, is not fair to the housewife who pays cash and is trying to reduce the cost of living by selecting her own foods, and who knows, by actual seeing and testing before she buys, that she is buying to the best advantage.

"Now, as to the method of overcoming this one-sided condition. This is a difficult problem to solve. We have thought of the following as being the most feasible and adequate plan.

"We will sell to our patrons coupon books, the coupons to be of various denominations to meet the requirements and to be used the same as money. These books would be of three amounts, three dollars, five dollars and ten dollars, a discount to be deducted from the full value of the book when sold. They would be gotten up in such a manner as to represent a pocketbook.

"The question of discount is the next consideration. To arrive at the proper discount, one that will allow the merchant to make a legitimate profit and still give the housewife her legitimate share, is very hard for this reason. Some articles of food will allow a greater discount than others. Custom and tricks of the trade have made it so. To arrive at a basis of percentage on the food products we handle we have figured each individual item.

"While it is true we carry nearly all articles of food, a large part of our business is butter, eggs and cheese, on which



## Pure Food from A Clean Factory

IF you could come to the Crisco factory and see how Crisco is made; how absolutely immaculate are all the appointments, you would use this wholesome product for all cooking. No kitchen can be so clean and wholesome as this factory. The air which is pumped through the building is washed. The employees are dressed in spotless white.

The floors and walls are of bright and sparkling tile; the machinery nicked and enameled. From start to finish no hand touches Crisco.

# CRISCO

*For Frying—For Shortening  
For Cake Making*

Since you probably cannot visit the Crisco plant, why not write for the little booklet (described below) that tells the tale of its making? It includes 615 practical cooking recipes prepared and tested by one of the best-known food experts in the country.

**Beautiful cloth-bound book of new recipes and a  
“Calendar of Dinners” for five 2-cent stamps**

This handsome book by Marion Harris Neil gives 615 excellent tested recipes. Also contains a “Calendar of Dinners”—a dinner menu for every day in the year. The Calendar tells *what*; the recipes tell *how*. Bound in blue and gold cloth. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for *five 2-cent stamps*. Address Department A-1, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.





we average less than fifteen per cent. profit. We, however, believe that this is a movement in the right direction and have decided that we can allow five per cent., which is considered a very liberal discount, on all staple articles of food, such as butter, eggs, sugar and a great many other items.

"Our prices will be at all times, on the average, lower than for foods of the same quality in other markets, which must add the direct and indirect cost of maintaining a delivery to their prices.

"If all of our present patrons take advantage of the five-per-cent. discount, we will save them about \$1,000 per month or \$12,000 per year. Isn't this worth while and deserving of deep consideration? Some one must start the ball rolling in the right direction. Why not us? I trust you will bring this matter before your members and would appreciate very much your valuable comments; suggestions and criticisms."

In the letter which it addressed to its patrons on the subject, the firm maintained that the high cost of living to-day was principally due to the enormous expense of maintaining a delivery system sufficient to meet the almost hourly demands of city trade for the delivery of small purchases. In closing it said:

"Join the Housewives League and help us put down the high cost of living."

The system actually went into operation on October 5.

Besides co-operating in all these movements toward the lowering of delivery costs, St. Paul housewives are trying to eliminate duplication in the delivery of milk. We propose to do this through a Citizens' Milk Depot, and we hope that the idea will be taken up by every city in the land, as the cost of delivery adds greatly to the cost of our milk supply.

We have already put into operation a plan which gives us a refund of fifty cents on every five dollars' worth of milk that we buy. We pay the driver five dollars for a book containing five dol-

lars' worth of milk tickets, and when we return the empty covers of the book we get fifty cents as interest on our money. This means good interest for the housewife and the use of ready money, with the practical elimination of bookkeeping for the milk company. It is just good business all around.

An appropriation of \$40,000,000 has just been made by Congress to further agricultural and rural interests throughout the country, with the proviso that each State shall raise for the same purpose a sum equal to her share of the grant. Minnesota's share is \$40,000, and she must, therefore, raise another \$40,000 in order to get it.

As one-third of the appropriation is to be devoted to the improvement of farm homes, the Minnesota Housewives League has initiated a campaign to secure the appropriation for the State and devise plans for its use.

This is one of the most important opportunities ever offered to the State to improve its rural homes and further the reduction of the cost of living by keeping people on the farms. We consider, therefore, that the most important and effective work we can do, during the coming year, will be to get the State to appropriate this money.

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If people would but understand that they are not the sons of some fatherland or other, nor of governments, but are sons of God, and can, therefore, neither be slaves nor enemies, one to another—those insane, unnecessary, worn-out pernicious organizations called governments, and all the sufferings, violations, humiliations, and crimes which they occasion, would cease.—*Leo Tolstoy.*

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### Outwitted

He drew a circle that shut me out—  
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
But Love and I had the wit to win:  
We drew a circle that took him in.

EDWIN MARKHAM.



# Imported Absolutely!!

Only the best and purest malt vinegar—made in our own breweries, on the banks of the River Stour, Worcestershire, England—is used.

It takes over two years of careful preparation and aging to produce the full, rich, mellow flavour  
A good wine cannot be made in a day—neither can Holbrook's Sauce.



"It is better to use a sauce at all than a sauce that is not Holbrook's."

## HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



## Principles of Food Preparation A MANUAL FOR STUDENTS OF HOME ECONOMICS

By MARY B. CHAMBERS, B.S., A.M.

*Formerly Instructor of Normal Classes in Domestic Science, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Professor of Domestic Economy and Head of the Department, The James Milliken University, Decatur, Illinois; Professor of Chemistry and Home Economics, and Head of the Departments, Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois*

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Designed for High Schools, Normal Schools and Colleges. Planned on the Inductive System. Each chapter has five parts:

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THE BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL MAGAZINE COMPANY  
BOSTON, MASS.

# The Silver Lining

"Whenever he calls at the house," said Mrs. Twickembury, "she pays the most acidulous attention to him." "Serves lemonade to him, I suppose," commented Mr. Twickembury.

Mother (at the breakfast-table): "You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie." Georgie: "I am usin' it, Mother, I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."

Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck-hand): "Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor?" Deck-hand: "Take a word from an old salt, mum; the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-makin' henquiries about it."—*Pick-me-up*.

Little Eunice was very fond of her mother's friend, Mrs. Clayton, who had stopped in for a few moments on her way to an afternoon party. Little Eunice gazed at her for several seconds, speechless with admiration, and then burst out delightedly, "O Mrs. Clayton, you look just like a fashion dish!"—*Youth's Companion*.

Oscar Wilde once asked at a restaurant for a watercress sandwich, which proved to be a more substantial affair than he expected. In settling his score he said to the waiter: "Tell the cook, with the compliments of Mr. Oscar Wilde, that when I ask for a sandwich, I distinctly do not mean a loaf with a field in the middle of it."

"Will," said she, "I am afraid my bank is in a bad way." "How foolish, Mabel! It's one of the strongest financial institutions in the State. Whatever got that idea into your head?" "Well, it's very strange," replied Mabel, unconvinced. "They've just returned a check of mine for \$40 marked 'No Funds.'"—*Harper's Magazine*.

On the way to the station, Father O'Leary ran into his bishop. "Well, what's the hurry, O'Leary?" said he. "Sure, it's the Dublin express I'm after, your lordship." The bishop pulled out his gold watch. "Well, there are seven minutes yet. Let us walk together and both catch it." They arrived at the station in time to see the train steaming out. "Do you know, I had the greatest faith in that watch, O'Leary," said the bishop. "Ah, my lord, what is faith without good works?" replied the angry O'Leary.—*Saturday Journal*.

## And Yet

There's a formal little notice, I very often see,  
So cheerful with its boundless scope of possibility,

James H. Smith denies the rumor, that his daughter, Rose Marie,  
Is engaged to marry William Brown of Boston by the sea.

Now the names may differ widely, but the meaning is the same,

How gay the measure that they tripped before they got the name;

Ah, but Henry was devoted, sweetly Rose had played her game—

All the friends and neighbors knew it, e're it reached the Hall of Fame.

There's a touch of pathos in it, of that there's not a doubt,

If things had gone as far as that and then they should fall out—

Did heartless parents intervene, did sweet Rose Marie pout,

Was Henry's bank account too small, what caused the final rout?

Now it very often happens, and here's the cheerful side,

Before the season's over, fair Rose Marie's a bride.

There's a smart exclusive wedding, explain it if you can,

The much denied, perhaps decried—yes, Henry is the man.

HELEN FORREST.

*It was deemed gluttonous to linger long over a repast, and contemptible to imbibe too freely of wine.—Banquets in Homeric age.*

## Valentine Luncheons

### I.

Canapés Lucile  
(heart-shaped)  
Breaded Lamb Chops  
Baked Potatoes, Suzette Style  
Panama Salad  
Cream Cakes, Chocolate Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

### II.

Valentine Appetizer  
Lamb Broth with Barley and Vegetables (heart-shapes)  
Chicken Salad, Valentine Style  
Hot Baking Powder Biscuits  
Jellied Macedoine of Fruit, Favorite  
Little Heart-Shaped Cakes  
Coffee

### III.

Halves of Grapefruit  
(Powdered sugar and hearts cut from cherries or fruit-jelly above)  
Heart-shaped Swedish Timbale Cases Filled with Creamed Chicken  
Cress-and-Green Pepper Salad  
Macaroni Croquettes  
Jellied Macedoine of Fruit, Favorite Style  
Coffee

### IV.

Casaba Melon  
Bouillon  
Finnan Haddie, Garcia  
Hot House Cucumbers, Pearl Onions  
Chicken Salad, Valentine Style  
Hot Yeast Biscuits  
Raspberry Sherbet  
Little Heart-Shaped Cakes  
Coffee

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## Chafing Dish Spread

February 22nd

Canapés Lucile  
Finnan Haddie, Garcia on Toast  
(Chafing Dish)  
Chicken Salad, Garnish: Pimiento Hatchets  
Baking Powder Biscuits  
Slices of Ice Cream  
(Cherry Decorations)  
Coffee





A MODERN DINING-ROOM, COLONIAL STYLE

# American Cookery

VOL. XIX

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 7

## Twentieth-Century Wall Paper

By Mary H. Northend

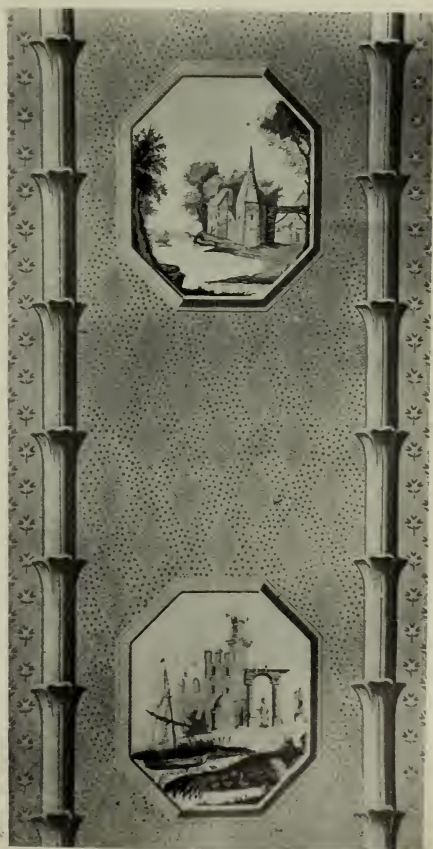
IN the wall hangings of to-day we often find a return to Colonial papers, following the lines of the old masters. Chippendale subjects being often shown. This has been largely brought about by the Georgian feeling so popular to-day and shown in many of the twentieth-century houses. Many of these papers, while not actual reproductions, carry out the quaint oldtime atmosphere that some of the modern houses demand.

The style of wall paper being an ever-changing one leads many home builders to select their wall hangings with such special care that they will never be noticeably out of style. It is very interesting to observe the study which is being spent to-day on papers used on modified Colonial as well as other all-the-year-round homes.

One should remember that in selection of wall paper that the color scheme not only of each individual room must be taken into consideration, but the rooms as a whole, so that pleasing vistas may meet the eye as one views these different rooms in succession.

Good taste in selection requires the omission of odd, prominent colors and designs, that the paper be subdued and self-effacing, in order to form a good background for the furniture. If the wall surface has to depend on hangings alone, the exercise of good taste is doubly important. A poorly lighted room should never be hung with a dark color,

as dark colors absorb the light. The use of a room, too, determines in a general way what colors should be used. Naturally we would choose a different color scheme for library and reception-room. For the library a subdued shade is best so that attention may concentrate

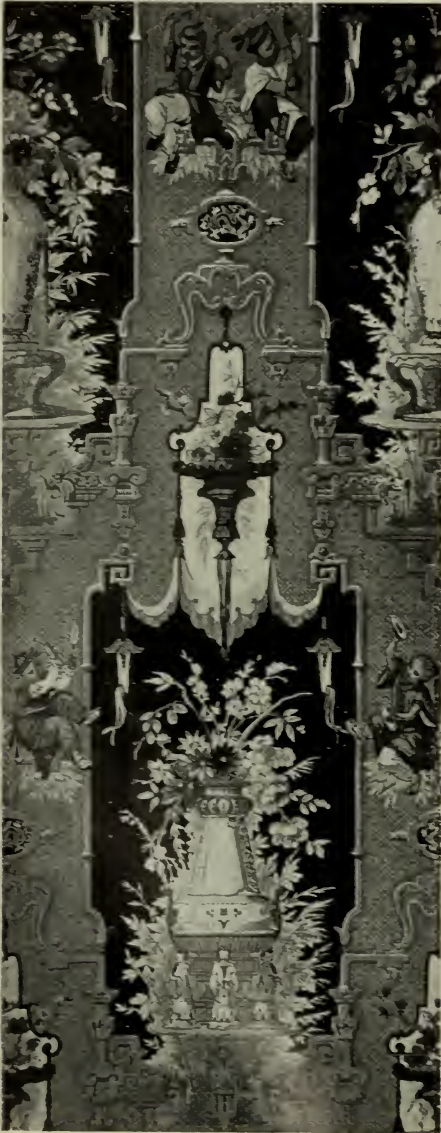


FOUND IN ENDICOTT HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.



on books and not be distracted by surroundings, while the reception-room should have a pleasing color scheme, giving the effect of hospitality and of welcome.

Definite color schemes help out in selections in wall hangings which may be carried out in paint, wall and floor coverings, also in furniture and hangings. Attention to these details make or mar the harmonious atmosphere of the home.



A FINE FRENCH DESIGN

The hall being the first interior view of the house and the keynote to the home should present a hospitable atmosphere, as first impressions are often strongest. Only too often this part of the house is badly lighted and gloomy. A warm colored paper will greatly remedy this defect by diffusing the light and giving an impression of brightness. The size of this room should, also, be taken into consideration, in the fitting of the wall hangings. A Colonial hall with tiled wainscot looks well with a frieze of picture paper above the woodwork. There are, also, beautiful papers in bird and flower designs which can be used when no pictures are hung. Otherwise a more conventional design of less obtrusive tone is desirable.

From the George Washington home at Mt. Vernon has been reproduced a wonderful old wall paper. It was originally found on the back hall of the old home, having a most beautiful coloring of burnt-olive background with figures in red and brown. A recent print of this paper has been made, leaving out the orange background, in two-toned gray and in gray and rose. The sentiment of the paper as well as its artistic beauty does much in making it popular for use.

In the Longfellow house at Portland, Maine, is an old wall paper which has been reproduced. This can be obtained in a great variety of coloring, each one having its own peculiar charm. The piece reproduced has a black ground with designs in shades running from old ivory to brown, and is very popular in twentieth-century homes. This variety carries us back to the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, where we find some of the best examples that have been in use. They were introduced by the coming in of larger and more expensive houses in New England. One of these can be found in the back hall of the Lee mansion at Marblehead. The original color was a background of gray and the floral designs were carried out in black and gray, while the pagodas are in light



lavender tone. The combination of these colors is most artistic, and, though subdued, distinctive, lending itself to modern day ideas and giving a unique charm to a hall.

An attractive hanging for a living-room is a satin striped moire paper, and if one prefers a less plain style, exquisite borders of floral designs or a plain paper combined with figures can be used. Here also the Colonial idea may be carried out. There is a particularly beautiful one copied from Grinland Gibbons' carving, the colorings being unusually beautiful with a background of pale Chinese yellow, while the carvings are carried out in colors, ranging from old ivory to deep brown. This paper can be purchased today in almost any lines of coloring that



CHINESE CHIPPENDALE



PAPER AT MOUNT VERNON

will suit the taste of the house owner, and is considered to be one of the most popular papers on the market.

There is a modern-day paper carrying out old Chinese feeling. This is a particularly brilliant example of Chinese work. The background is a deep blue, with subordinate part of the fretwork design in gold. The large figures appear in brilliant hues of coral red and Chinese yellow. This paper is typical of varieties brought back by old sea captains from the Orient, and which are now found in rare instances in the parlors of the old Colonial homes of the seaport towns of New England.

The romance and legends attached to



IN PAUL REVERE HOUSE

old houses often lend an additional charm to their wall papers. This is particularly true of one that is on the living-room of the Paul Revere house at Boston, Mass. The background of the wall hanging is drab, while the design is carried out in black and shades of mustard brown. This paper has been reproduced in many other shades, including cream and ivory, making it suitable for use in modern homes.

One of the most interesting of these is an old wall paper found in a house in Virginia owned by Morris Eno, who

was at one time proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. Mr. Eno desired to have a reproduction of a paper made and blocks were cut especially for him at his expense, only enough paper being made for the hallways of the old mansion. It was provided that the blocks should not be used during the lifetime of Mr. Eno. It was only a few years ago that these blocks were discovered in an old store-room, and in looking up the records the foregoing facts were obtained. The paper is finished in reproduction in two-toned gray colors.

In Salem, Massachusetts, can be found some of the most interesting wall papers, probably, in the country. One of them shows an early attempt at Colonial



OLD CHINESE DESIGN



Gothic, with a natural background, having old red, brown, green, and touches of Colonial blue coloring. There is also shown on an old Salem home another paper representing blocks, each one of which shows flowers. During the visit of one of the descendants of the builder of this ancestral mansion, by her earnest desire, a bit of the old wall paper that was practically past wear, was torn off and from it a wall-paper design was used on her summer home.

Chippendale lent many ideas which have been reproduced in modern wall papers. One of them is an old Chinese Chippendale in rich brown colors, either black or brown background, the typical Chinese coloring, red, gilt and brown being used. Many of Chippendale's designs are the most graceful of wall-paper designs, for, like his furniture, there was

a certain grace in all his work, giving it a definite place in art.

The Colonel Livingston mansion at Irvington-on-the-Hudson shows a wonderful old wall paper giving a design worked out in quaint old pastel coloring. This has been successfully reproduced and comes in white background with gray designs and also in gray background, where the design is worked out in the quaint old pastel coloring.

In Virginia are found many examples well worthy of reproduction, among them being a quaint chamber paper, an actual antique on a cream-gray background with magenta flowers.

Indeed, of all wall-papers, there is no end of varieties and the house owner of to-day desiring to give her walls a picturesque effect will do well to study the old-time wall papers.



THE PAPER IS APPROPRIATE FOR HEIGHT OF ROOM.



# Aristology—The Art of Dining

*An Historical Sketch*

By Charles Cooper

**B**ETWEEN the art of cookery and the art of dining there is a distinction wider, perhaps, than is often recognised. That may be defined as creative art, and this as critical, and it by no means follows that the professor of the one may be found expert in both. The cook of great accomplishment should certainly be the best of all competent guides in the arrangement of the perfect dinner, and so, indeed, he often proves to be; but, as often, he has the defects of his qualities, and in the enthusiasm of his art he is betrayed into exaggeration and extravagancies. On the other hand, the epicure who judges by result may not be expert in process. He who invented the convenient word "Aristology," to define comprehensively the dining art, was a lawyer, who probably never attempted to cook any of the dishes served at the dinners about which he discoursed so well and wisely.

Thomas Walker was M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; he was born in 1784, became a barrister at law, and in 1829 was appointed one of the Police Magistrates for London, which office he filled until his death in 1836. He was a many sided man, who, in most respects was much in advance of his time. There seem to have been few subjects upon which he did not hold strong opinions, and, as an effectual means of ventilating his theories, he conceived the idea of establishing a periodical to be written entirely by himself, through the medium of which he might communicate his views to the world at large. This publication, to which he gave the obviously appropriate name of "The Original," appeared at somewhat irregular dates from the 20th of May to the 2nd of December, 1835; sometimes a fortnight elapsed between the appear-

ance of the numbers, occasionally as much as six weeks, but, short as was the magazine's career, the author made it the medium for the publication of many thoughtful papers upon many subjects of social and political interest, such as Principles of Government, Poverty and Pauperism, Poor Law and Prison Reform, Christian Socialism, Industrial Economies, National Workshops, Charity, True and False; Religion, Morals and Manners, The Arts of Travel, Dining, Attainment of Health etc.

Many of the opinions Mr. Walker expressed, revolutionary as they seemed then, have, in later days, been accepted as common-places. He was a warm advocate of fresh air and exercise at a time when consumptive patients were kept closely secluded in hot and ill-ventilated rooms, from every breath of Heaven; he kept his bedroom windows open when night air was esteemed so deadly that persons in health shuttered their windows and stuffed feather beds up their chimneys to prevent draughts; and as regards his theories of dining, he was the first and only advocate of a refined simplicity, which has secured appreciation in later days.

Thomas Walker's acquaintance with the social life of London began in the earlier years of the nineteenth century and extended up to two years before the accession of Queen Victoria.

What the orthodox English dinner in the "best houses" was like about the time of Waterloo is graphically described by Captain Gronow, one of the best social historians of that period. "The dinners," he says, "were wonderfully hot, solid and stimulating. Mulligatawny and turtle soups were the first dishes placed before you; a little lower

the eye met with the familiar salmon at one end of the table and the turbot, surrounded by smelts, at the other. The first course was sure to be followed by a saddle of mutton or a piece of roast beef; and then you could take your oath that fowls, tongue and ham would as assuredly succeed as darkness after day.

"Whilst these never ending *pièces de resistance* were occupying the table, what were called French dishes were, for custom's sake, added to the solid abundance. The French, or side dishes, consisted of very mild, but very abortive attempts at Continental cooking, and I have always observed that they met with the neglect and contempt they merited. The universally adored and ever popular boiled potato, produced at the very earliest period of the dinner, was eaten with everything up to the moment when sweets appeared. Our vegetables, the best in the world, were never honored by a sauce and generally came to the table cold. The dessert, if for a dozen people, would cost at least as many pounds. The wines were chiefly port, sherry and hock; claret and even Burgundy being then designated "poor, thin and washy stuff."

"A perpetual thirst seemed to come over the people, both men and women, as soon as they had tasted their soup; as from that moment everybody was taking wine with everybody else till the close of the dinner; and such wine as produced that class of cordiality which frequently wanders into stupefaction. How all this sort of eating and drinking ended was obvious from the prevalence of gout and the necessity of everyone making the pill box his constant companion."

To a community brought up in such traditions it is probable that the theories of a man like Thomas Walker must have appeared, as he says, "startling, absurd and impossible," when he quoted as a perfect example of a Christmas dinner, one that he enjoyed with a cou-

ple of friends. It consisted simply of crimped cod, woodcocks and plum pudding. "Just as much of each as we wanted and accompanied by champagne." "The ordinary course," he goes on to say, "would have been to have preceded the woodcocks by some substantial dish, thereby taking away from their relish. Delicacies are scarcely ever brought to table till they are quite superfluous, which is unsatisfactory, if they are not eaten and pernicious if they are."

Hayward's objection to this dinner is that it might not satisfy all appetites, and he cites the case of a Lord Lieutenant of a western county, who was said to eat a covey of partridges for breakfast every day in the season.

The introduction of high-class French cookery into the higher English circles brought with it no counsels of moderation, but rather the reverse, for the menus of great banquets were appalling in their extravagance. I have before me one of a dinner served by Francatelli to Queen Victoria in an early year of her reign. It included four soups, four fish, four hors d'œuvres, four relevés, sixteen entrées. There were three joints on the sideboard, including a haunch of venison, and the second service comprised six roasts, six relevés, two flancs, four contreflancs, sixteen entremets—a grand total of seventy dishes, the names of which in detail would fill a page of this magazine.

It is difficult to imagine what sort of appeal such dinners must have made to the young Queen, whose gastronomic tastes in her later years were rather of the boiled mutton and rice pudding order.

But to return to Mr. Walker:

"According to the lexicons," he says in his introduction, "the Greek for dinner is *Ariston*, and, therefore, for the convenience of terms, and without entering into any inquiry, critical or antiquarian, I call the art of dining "*Aristology*," and those who study it *aris-*



tologists. The maxim that practice makes perfect does not apply to our daily habits; for, so far as they are concerned we are ordinarily content with the standard of mediocrity or something rather below. Where study is not absolutely necessary it is by most people altogether dispensed with, but it is only by a union of study and practice that we can attain anything like perfection. Anybody can dine, but very few know how to dine, so as to ensure the greatest quality of health and enjoyment."

The last sentence may be regarded as the text upon which the whole discourse enlarges. Many of his remarks apply to conditions which no longer obtain in modern arrangements, but there is much in what he says about service that is of universal application. Some of his aphorisms are quite admirable in their terseness and simplicity, as for example:

"A chief maxim in dining in comfort is to have what you want when you want it."

"There is in the art of dining a matter of special importance, Attendance—the real end of which is to do that for you which you cannot do well for yourself. Unfortunately, this end is generally lost sight of, and the effect of attendance is to prevent you from doing that which you could do much better for yourself."

In this connection he cites the case of a hostess into whose ill graces he fell, because, sitting next to her at table, he offered to take some fish to which she had just helped him, instead of waiting until her one servant could have time to hand it to him. "State without the machinery of state is of all states the worst," he says aphoristically.

Like a famous epicure of our own time, the late Sir Henry Thompson, Mr. Walker was an advocate of small dinner parties, regarding eight as the ideal number.

"Large parties," he says, "have long been to me scenes of despair in the way of convivial enjoyment. I think the af-

fluent would render themselves and their country an essential service, if they were to fall into the simple, refined style of living, discarding everything incompatible with real enjoyment; and I believe that, if the history of overgrown luxury were traced, it has always had its origin from the vulgar rich—the very last class worthy of imitation."

An example of what Walker considered a well constructed dinner has already been quoted in his account of his Christmas feast. Here is a description of a dinner he arranged at Blackwall to which seven guests were invited: "Eight I hold to be the golden number," he said, "never to be exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration."

The dinner consisted of turtle soup, followed by no other fish than whitebait, with brown bread and butter, followed by grouse, to be succeeded by apple fritters and jelly. With the turtle, punch, with the whitebait, champagne, and with the grouse claret. He allowed no other wine at dinner but conceded a bottle or two of port afterwards, if his guests particularly desired it.

Abraham Hayward, who reviewed Walker's "Aristology," not always kindly, raised some objections to this dinner, I think with reason. Grouse is not in season with us until August 12th, at which time whitebait is not at its best, and turtle soup is questionable at a whitebait dinner. To which I might add that modern taste discards punch as an accompaniment to turtle as cloying to the palate at the beginning of a dinner.

Hayward is not always fair to Walker, as with reference to the Christmas dinner aforesaid he complains of its want of harmony with the season. "Roast beef and roast turkey are indispensable on Christmas Day," to which it might be objected that Mr. Hayward was himself too much a slave to convention. At any rate, Mr. Walker found a place for the plum pudding, which is, after



all, the most indispensable item in the orthodox English Christmas dinner.

The flamboyant style of decorating dishes beloved to Continental cooks, of which we have so many awful examples at cookery exhibitions, excited his unsparing contempt.

Garnish and flowers, stuck on dishes to impede carving and helping, "is the true barbarian principle of ornament in no way distinguishable from the untutored Indians' fondness for feathers and shells. To my mind good meat, well cooked, the plainer it looks the better it looks."

"There are," he says, "two kinds of dinners—one simple, consisting of few dishes; the other embracing a variety. Both kinds are good in their way and both deserving attention; but for constancy I greatly prefer the simple style."

The true principle of epicurism is laid down in the following passage: "When the materials and the cooking are both of the best, and the dinner is served according to the most approved rules of comfort, the plainest, cheapest food has attractions which are seldom to be found in the most labored attempts. Herrings and hashed mutton, to those who like them, are capable of affording as much enjoyment when skilfully dressed as rare and costly dishes.

"Further," he remarks, "it is the mode of dinner that I wish to recommend, not any particular dishes or wines. Common soup made at home, fish of little cost—any joint, the cheapest vegetables, some happy and inexpensive introduction and a pudding, provided everything is good in quality and the dishes are well dressed, and served hot and in succession, with their adjuncts, will ensure a quantity of enjoyment which no one need be afraid to offer."

Here are a few more of his words of wisdom:

"The productions of the different seasons and of different climates point

out to us unerringly that it is proper for us to vary our food; and one good general rule I take to be, to select those things which are most in season and to abandon them as soon as they deteriorate in quality."

"I think, in general, there is far too little attention paid to varying the mode of dining according to the temperature of the seasons. Summer dinners are for the most part as heavy and as hot as those in winter, and the consequence is they are frequently very oppressive, both in themselves and from their effect in the room."

"One of the greatest luxuries in dining is to be able to command plenty of good vegetables well served up. But this is a luxury vainly hoped for at set parties. The vegetables are made to figure in a very secondary way, except, indeed, whilst they are considered as great delicacies, which is generally before they are at their best—excellent potatoes, smoking hot and accompanied by melted butter of the first quality would alone stamp merit on any dinner."

If by "melted butter" Walker means the white sauce we dignify by that name, the combination would hardly be grateful to most tastes, but I am disposed to believe that the words should be taken in their literal sense—butter melted.

Popular as boiled potatoes are in English cookery, the plaint of the ill-cooked potato is universal and perennial. Dr. Kitchiner in "The Cook's Oracle" says that in his time "for one plate of potatoes that comes to table as it should, ten are spoiled." In our day the proportion is considerably increased.

The whole dinner philosophy of Thomas Walker may be summed up in the aphorism that the distinction between luxury and simplicity is a vain thing. A haunch of venison is as simple as a leg of mutton and the leg of mutton may, in its way, if that be a perfect way, be as luxurious as the haunch of venison.

Although his literary style is diffuse

and its literary manner too much in the "Sir Oracle" vein, the common sense and sound judgment displayed in his "Aristology" cannot fail to impress themselves upon the modern reader, who must equally realise how entirely out of tune Thomas Walker must have been with the men of his own generation. His reviewer, Abraham Hayward, was too much a fashionable diner-out of the period to be quite sympathetic, although he was constrained to admit the justice of many of Walker's conclusions.

Mr. Walker suffered the fate of many enthusiasts by becoming a victim of his own theories. His system of attaining high health by air, exercise and absence of coddling, was sound in the main, but, in carrying it to extreme lengths, by over exertion and exposure to inclement weather insufficiently clad, he brought on pulmonary consumption, from which he died in Brussels on 20th January, 1836, in his fifty-second year.

In the preceding July, the *Quarterly Review* had published an article on "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," by Abraham Hayward, which he had worked up from Brillat Savarin's "Physiology of Taste" and Louis Eustache Ude's "The French Cook." This article

excited extraordinary interest, which mightily astonished its author, who was frank enough to disclaim the possession of any special authority on the subject. "I got up the article," he said, "just as I would get up a speech from a brief." However, its success induced the publication of a second article based upon Walker's "Original," which appeared in the "*Quarterly Review*" in February, 1836, the month after Walker's death.

Sixteen years later, in 1852, Hayward reprinted the two articles in volume form under the title of "The Art of Dining," with considerable additions, in the preparation of which Hayward acknowledged his obligation to many well known gastronomers and authors, including Count d'Orsay, Lord Marcus Hill, Colonel Damer, Sir Alexander Grant, Lady Morgan and others.

Hayward's *Art of Dining*, from its intrinsic merit and its graces of style, has long been accepted as a standard work, and the knowledge of Walker's *Aristology* that most modern readers possess is mainly derived from the quotations from it that are given in Hayward's book. Thomas Walker is not the only author who is chiefly remembered by what his critic has said about him.

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## Believers

We cannot guess the purpose  
Of all the centuries,  
But we can see a meaning  
In hours and days like these.

Not ours the eyes that vision  
The paths the nations tread,  
But we can see they're nearer  
To peaceful pathways led.

Too loud our human striving  
For riches of the earth,  
But in the bitter travail  
A brotherhood finds birth.

Too far beyond the borders  
Of day the future lies,  
But even now a dawning  
Is seen along the skies.

In humble ways of service,  
We'll give today our best,  
With faith that in his ages  
God will do the rest!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

# A Talk About Tea

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

AMERICA is fast becoming a nation of tea-drinkers. One can scarcely find an automobile road that is not dotted at frequent intervals with well patronized tea-rooms. The same may be said of our city streets, where only a casual observer must be impressed with the steady growth of these centres of attraction, and the tremendous popularity of Society's modernized tea-hour, or *Thé Dansant*, now seemingly the weekly vogue in many of our best hostelries.

Perhaps the virtues of tea have nowhere been better summarized than by Lo Yu, an early Chinese writer, who said: "It tempers the spirit and harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue, awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, lightens or refreshes the body, and clears the perceptive faculties." This, of course, must have been said of good tea, correctly brewed tea, and, undoubtedly, was also meant to bespeak a wise indulgence on the part of the drinker. For there is no denying that tea of inferior brand, infused too long and drunk immoderately, can work incalculable havoc with the nervous and digestive systems of the consumer. But the correctly made beverage—that clear, bright, sparkling decoction of pleasant aroma and agreeable astringency, the steaming cup that livened the social hour of Johnson, that made devotees of Byron, Hughes and like brilliant personages, prompts us to pattern our approval somewhat after Sancho Panza's endorsement of sleep, and say, blessings be upon the man who first invented tea! Who he was and where he steeped the original draught is veiled in obscurity. But if this primitive benefactor with his crudely-fashioned cup could today drop in at my lady's five o'clock function, we may well believe the surprise of hostess

and guest would be mutually effective.

Tea-drinking is, indeed, a very ancient custom. According to Chinese legend the virtues of this plant were discovered by the mythical emperor, Chin-sung, 2737 B. C. This is doubtfully referred to in a book of ancient poems edited by Confucius, all of which are previous in date to 550 B. C. But it is quite certain, from the historical narration of a recorder who lived in the Tang dynasty that tea was in use as a beverage early in the sixth century. From China a knowledge of tea was carried into Japan, and its cultivation in that country was established in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Yet, strange as it may seem, until the nineteenth century, China and Japan were the only tea-producing countries.

In the year 1826 A. D. the Dutch succeeded in planting tea gardens in Java. Later both Dutch and British made repeated attempts to introduce tea culture in Ceylon. This was successfully accomplished in 1876, since which time the tea industry there has developed with marvelous rapidity.

The novice in matters pertaining to tea believes that black and green teas are distinctly different shrubs, but the difference in the finished products is due entirely to the different modes of curing. Black tea goes through a species of fermentation, that develops aroma and color before reaching the drying pans, while the color of green tea is attained by the rapid drying of the fresh leaves, which prevents the chlorophyll from undergoing any change. This often affords the wily Mongolian an opportunity to foist an inferior product of green tea on the public by "facing" or glazing the leaves with artificial coloring matter, chiefly a powdered mixture of gypsum and Prussian blue.



Black tea, of which the principal brands are Flowery Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, Souchong, Congou and Bohea, when of good quality, should yield a clear bright brown liquor, of delicate fragrance and, in taste, bland, slightly sweetish and of a pleasing astringency.

Green tea, familiarly known by names of Gunpowder, Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Caper, etc., of superior grade, yields in infusion a much lighter colored drink of high fragrance, but perceptibly sharper and always a bit more rasping in taste than the black teas.

In our industry-ridden days we rarely take time to realize the Orientalisms that cluster about the cheering cup. The very names of the tea are sweet with the imagery of Eastern lands, Pekoe, derived from *pak-ho*, meaning white hairs, refers to the downy tips of the young buds that are culled for this choice brand and give it its characteristic delicate flavor; Bohea is from the mountains in *Fuh-keen*, the centre of the black tea country; Souchong from *siaouchong*, a little plant; Oolong, black dragon; Young Hyson, before the rains, etc. And the tea enthusiast reveling in the subtle aroma of his favorite brand forgets that the process of scenting teas is likewise a Chinese conceit, forgets the busy hours these agile, almond-eyed workers spend in intermixing the finished tea leaves with oderiferous blossoms of the Orient, till the odor has fairly impregnated the tea, and the hastened detail of separating and packing in air-tight boxes.

The evolution of the name tea is also interesting. It was originally called *cha*, pronounced in Amoy dialect *té*, whence the English name.

It is only three hundred years ago, by the way, that the English first learned the tea-drinking habit, it having been introduced there early in the seventeenth century. The earliest mention of tea by an Englishman is believed to be contained in a letter from a Mr. Wickham,

an agent of the East India Company, then in Firando, Japan, who wrote to another officer of the company, a Mr. Eaton at Macao, and referred to "a pot of the best sort of chaw." This was in June, 1615. Subsequently, in Mr. Eaton's account of expenditures occurs this item—"three silver porringers to drink chaw in." So he evidently was, also, an enthusiastic convert to the new drink. However, it was not until the middle of the century that the English really began to use tea, and those of us who are martyrs to twentieth-century high cost of living may find a grain of comfort in the fact that at first the price of tea in England ranged from thirty to fifty dollars a pound.

A quaint old English advertisement of the date September, 1658, reads as follows: "That excellent and by all Physicians approved China drink called by the Chineans *Tcha*, by other nations *Tay*, alis *Tee*, is sold at Sultanness Head, a Cophee-house in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."

A short time after this, Garway, the first English tea-dealer furnished a pamphlet enlightening the public on the virtues of this novel drink. "In respect to its scarceness and dearness," he writes, "it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees." But by 1659 or 1660 the price had dropped to from fifteen to fifty shillings a pound, and in September of the latter named year, Pepys records, "I did send for a cup of *tee*, a China drink, of which I never had drunk before," which conclusively proves its rarity at this date.

But westward with the course of Empire the teakettle has taken its way, and today we are not only staunch advocates of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," we have become connoisseurs in blend and service that have completely lifted us out of the dilettante class. We have long since graduated from the idea that "mixed tea" must necessarily mean

half green and half black. We have originated "blends" whereby our guests exclaim at the inimitable flavor of our tea, a secret shared only by hostess and compounder.

We have discovered that Ceylon tea is the tea par excellence for serving iced, and when served hot is far preferable made with a tea-ball. This reminds me that a popular tea-ball, now in vogue, is shaped like a miniature tea-kettle, and in sterling silver retails at \$4.50. Second to this in making Ceylon tea is that admirable teapot with a small reservoir in the centre for holding the leaves, and through which the water must drip into the pot below. This brand of tea is also one of the best to use in making Russian tea. Pour the clear boiling tea on the sliced lemon and sugar, and then add a few drops of—not fiery vodka as the Russians are wont to do, but rum, to bring out the full aroma of the tea without in the least disguising it.

We Americans are apt to think that it only requires a slice of lemon to transform ordinary tea to the Russian variety. While the Russians occasionally use a bit of lemon with their tea, as a matter of fact their national drink is served with jam, which is generally dropped right into the steaming beverage. And it is most frequently drunk from tumblers.

The Germans and Austrians sometimes use claret in their tea. In Morocco, the leaves of wild thyme and verbenas are added to lend it piquancy. The Persian prefers his sweetened almost to the consistency of syrup, and flavored with "tourchee," which is the juice of the lime prepared in a peculiar manner. The Burmese often add sesamum oil and garlic to theirs. Perhaps, in no country is cream so universally served with tea as in our own. For inwardly many of us agree with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's sprightly maxim, "Cream is thicker than water."

The secret of good tea making lies in

having fresh-boiled water, what our grand dames were wont to stipulate "a galloping boil." The Russian hostess, with her steaming samovar, the Chinaman of the Chinese tea-house, who provides piping hot water for one or two "cash" to each customer who furnished his own tea, are both adepts in brewing this beverage.

The old-time formula for making tea by allowing "one teaspoonful for each person, and one to the pot," is still the prescribed method, and is versified in the following quaint old rhyme of Yankeedom.

"To make good tea for you and me  
We'll heat this earthen pot, you see,  
Then in it place just one, two, three  
Full teaspoons of the fragrant tea,—  
One each for urn, and me, and thee,  
And when the water boiling be,  
Turn on; then steep it thoroughly  
Three minutes to set flavor free."

For year in and year out desirability of flavor that rarely palls on the appetite, many tea-drinkers give the palm to Formosa Oolong. English Breakfast, doubtlessly, your tea merchant will be quick to tell you, is a close second, but a "blend" tea that connoisseurs endorse unstintedly is made by thoroughly mixing together one-half ounce of Orange Pekoe, one and one-half ounces of Young Hyson, six ounces of Souchong and eight ounces of Oolong. The correct measurement of this, properly brewed, should yield that delectable drink which the Chinese whimsically assert, "can drive away the five causes of sorrow."

By proper brewing is meant that tea should not be infused for too long a period. Three of the components of tea—essential oil, theine and tannin—are principally what gives character to the infused beverage. The flavor of tea depends chiefly upon the essential oil. Theine is an alkaloid identical with the caffeine found in coffee, and the victim of nervous headache who finds relief in a cup of tea has most likely been helped by this ingredient. The strength of in-

fused tea is attributable to the amount of tannin present. And this is always increased by prolonged infusion. After ten minutes' infusion practically every bit of theine has been extracted, and each added second only tends to increase the amount of tannin that passes into the solution. It is scarcely necessary to remind anyone that an excess of tannin greatly impedes digestive ac-

tivity, and, when taken in large quantities and for any length of time, is decidedly detrimental.

While the art of good tea-making lies in using actively boiling water for the purpose, the secret of serving a finely flavored, iced tea is solved by quickly chilling the infusion, and straining directly into glasses one-third full of cracked ice.

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## When They Went Clamming

By Alix Thorn

THE green shingled bungalow was perched upon a grassy bank that overlooked the Bras d' Or, and, like trim sentinels clad in green uniforms, the pointed firs watched over this little Cape Breton summer home.

On the piazza of said bungalow, swung a Gloucester hammock, and this hammock concealed from a curious public Betty—Betty, pink of cheek and gray of eye, who hummed as she rocked a foolish little song, all about a mysterious word that was unspoken.

A light step sounded near her, and a tall young woman, wearing a dark blue bathing suit came over to the enveloping hammock and thus addressed its inmate:

"Wilt thou go clamming, fair maid?"

"Clamming? Where?" and Betty eyed her young hostess blankly.

"Over to the Inlet, to be sure," was the reply, and Mrs. Morrison adjusted her jaunty, red bathing cap. "Jim discovered the place when he was out rowing yesterday, at least he saw shells galore, and he's sure he's struck a 'clam pocket,' as he expresses it. No one digs clams up here in this far-off corner of Nova Scotia; understand the natives have small use for them; but *we* are hungry for steamed clams, fried clams

and the ever alluring chowder. Hurry up and get on your bathing togs, Betty, you'll need 'em if you want to dig. If not, come as you are and you and my daughter can be audience."

"Oh, Helen, it is a bother to change," and Betty yawned shamelessly as she surveyed her white linen skirt and fresh middy blouse; "guess I'll go as I am, and, securing an orchestra seat on the bank, do the heavy looking on, aided and abetted by baby. Be sure," looking back saucily as she went in the house, "be sure I shall do all in my power to encourage the toilers, and, I trust you will 'at evening divide the spoil.'"

"Hurry up, you bad child," was Mrs. Morrison's reply, "for my Jim doesn't like to be kept waiting. Sometimes it seems as if he wore seven league boots, he can make such time. Even now I see him rushing to the boat house."

In an incredibly short space a row boat put out from the Morrison pier, its freight, beside the four passengers, being a spading fork and two good-sized tin pails.

A fresh wind blew over the bay, sending up little ripples crowned by caps of white foam along the banks; silhouetted against the cloudless sky stood picturesque, many-gabled and red-roofed cot-



tages, and rustic bungalows, and far down toward the Narrows, rose the smoke of the little out-going steamer which was to bring back the mail to the village, two miles down the bay.

"We've arrived," cried cheerful Mr. Morrison, fifteen minutes later, "and over this 'narrer neck 'o land' lies what I dare to believe to be a veritable clam farm."

Out leaped the man of the party, Helen speedily followed, lifting out her small daughter, and depositing her carefully on the scanty grass. Gathering her linen skirts daintily around her, out stepped Betty, and clasping one of little Dorothy's lifted hands, stood uncertainly awaiting orders. Mr. Morrison pulled the boat high up on the bank and began to look along the uncertain shore line for scattered clam shells, which were his only guide posts.

"All right, I've found the place, Helen," called her husband; "now I'll dig up the sand a little way out—looks more like mud by the way—then we will feel around for the wary clam. Now, now, there, right in the place I spaded."

Down into the muddied water they thrust their arms nearly to the shoulder, and Mr. Morrison quickly appeared with a good-sized clam clutched in his fingers and a generous quantity of mud beside.

"Oh, oh, Jim," moaned his wife, "see, just see what I've got, no nice live clam at all, but only a horrid shell filled with mud, a perfect cheat."

"Cheer up," was the muffled answer, as he felt along the uncertain bottom of the inlet; "plenty of clams here, two more this haul; now feel where I've just been, you are sure to find them, Helen."

In silence they worked; then—"Betty, Betty," and Helen's voice was shrill with excitement; "look, I've found the largest clam yet. Do move that pail a little nearer us, will you? I think I can throw my prize clam in; we must not lose that one."

"Fascinated, Betty watched the clam

gatherers, for as she expressed it, you couldn't call them diggers—blissful and uninterested, small Dorothy wandered along the bank, never getting far from her precious family, rag doll on arm, pulling the wild roses that grew in profusion close to the gooseberry bushes which already were showing their delicately pink fruit. I said Betty watched, fascinated, and as she watched, her expressive face mirrored her changing thoughts. Curiosity predominated; amusement entered in, but it was speedily overcome by decision—slowly she rose to her feet, unhooked her linen skirt, slipped it off, tucked up her white petticoat until it resembled the abbreviated attire of her little girl days, rolled up the sleeves of her middy blouse, shook off her pumps, and, boldly wading out in the cool water, joined the engrossed clammers.

"Betty, you're a sport," was Mr. Morrison's comment, "for a reward of merit I'll give you my place, and I and my little spade will set to work in pastures new."

"It's great," sighed Betty; "dreadful on the hands, but how satisfying. Here's a clam, and there's a clam—Jim, let's stay here the rest of the week."

With flushing cheeks she bent to her work, though hot shone the sun on back and arms. But, were there not more clams to be conquered in the unexplored depths of the inlet?"

"Who is that approaching in a canoe? Who, I say?" whispered Mr. Morrison to his wife.

"It's, yes, it is is; it's the Chandler man," murmured Helen; "what, oh, what *will* Betty do?"

"Keep right on clamming, if I know Betty," was the reply.

Now the light pit a pat of the paddle was plainly heard—Betty lifted her head, saw the canoe, guessed at its owner, gave a quick look at her unique costume, and smothering a giggle, continued her work. The man with the paddle merely glanced at the toilers, evi-

dently did not recognize his friends, and passed on his watery way. The crisis was over—"But," said Betty, addressing a clam of goodly dimensions, which she clasped firmly in her hand, "but I didn't run away and hide, now, did I?"

One of the pails was well filled with clams, a fair harvest; the sun high in the heavens beat down warmly on the three; the bungalow on the far shore seemed a haven of rest and coolness, and speedily boat, crew, and clams were heading for the Morrison cove.

It was the Rector's wife from the village, herself a native of Newfoundland, who came to call after lunch, heard of the morning's excursion, and volunteered the suggestion that the clams should be left standing in sea water all night, to let them "spit sand," and thus they would be much easier to clean. With horrified eyes, Mary, their Nova Scotian maid, watched the pail and its contents, shook her head hopelessly, and naively inquired—

"And why do you want to eat the things?"

"Because we are fond of them," cried her mistress; "in the States they are a delicacy."

"Just taste a steamed one, Mary," urged mischievous Betty, "and you'll get the habit," and Mary's reply was a characteristic wave of the hands and a hasty retreat to her kitchen.

Next morning Mary was discovered in the boat-house, watching the clams in their tub of water, and lively disgust was depicted on her speaking countenance. "See them," she shuddered; "oh, ain't they awful?" and this time the family were inclined to agree with her. From each clam shell protruded a strange brown neck, one could not call it a head, a full half-inch long, and at the end of this neck were two dark brown holes, like nostrils. But the clams were quite free from sand and grit, and four hours later a platter heaped high with steaming clams

adorned the Morrison lunch table, while that night clam chowder was the first course at dinner, Helen herself preparing it after this old and tried family recipe, brought straight from New Bedford.

### Clam Chowder

"Take fifty round clams, long ones may be used, a large bowl of salt pork, cut up fine, the same of onions, fine-chopped, and the same (or more if you desire) of potatoes, cut into eighths or sixteenths; wash the clams very thoroughly, and put them in a pot with half a pint of water; when the shells are open they are done; then take from the shells and chop fine, saving all the clam water for the chowder; fry out the pork very gently, and when the scraps are a good brown, take them out and put in the chopped onion to fry; they should be fried in a frying pan and the chowder kettle be made very clean before they are put in it, or the chowder will burn. (The chief secret in chowder-making is to fry the onions so delicately that they will be missing in the chowder). Add a quart of hot water to the onions; put in the clams, clam-water and pork scraps. After it boils, add the potatoes, and when they are cooked, the chowder is finished. Just before it is taken up; thicken with a cup of powdered crackers, and add a quart of fresh milk.

"If too rich, add more water. No seasoning is needed, but good black pepper.

"With the addition of six sliced tomatoes or half a can of the canned ones, this is the best recipe of its kind."

"Is this chowder *unusually* delicious?" inquired Betty, looking up from her rapidly emptying plate, "or is it because we are enjoying the fruits of our labors?"

"Well, it's the best ever; Helen's chowder is celebrated among our friends, but it is a sensation to provide

for our table in such a fashion," was the reply of Helen's husband.

"Oh, we'll go again," quoth he, as later in the evening he passed Betty's open door. Guest and wife were deeply engrossed, and only Betty looked up in answer to his hail. There was a dab of cold cream on the tip of her nose, a manicure tool was in her hand, while the whole outfit was spread out on a convenient table. "Not

so fast, good sir," was her rejoinder, "it may be that, with careful and consistent manicuring, my hands will regain their former condition. I've three broken nails, one on the left hand, two on the right; I've four cuts, and there is much beside; but, like the man in the story, I wouldn't have missed our excursion for a hundred dollars, but, oh, my friend, I wouldn't do it again for two hundred."

---

## The Sunken Bells

Long ago tradition tells  
How the mellow chiming bells,  
In the belfry swinging high,  
Sang to One beyond the sky.  
Sang to Him, and heard His voice,  
Heard the angel choirs rejoice,  
Then, as he had bid them do,  
Called, that men might worship too.

Long ago the tale was told.  
Ere their message had grown old,  
With her green arms stretching wide  
Swept the sea on every side,  
And beneath the hungry wave  
Tower and hovel found a grave.  
And the bells on that black night  
Chanted ere they sank from sight.

Clear and sweet, clear and sweet,  
Sang each golden throated bell,  
"Come and at your Saviour's feet,  
All your joys and sorrows tell!"

Crystal clear, crystal clear,  
Far across the frost white foam,  
"God is near, God is near,  
He hath called His children home!"

Where the wild white surges swell,  
Still they hear the mystic knell,  
When the night with shadow wing  
Wraps the world, the lost bells sing,  
When the Lady moon doth lean  
White above her mirror green,  
With their message still untold,  
Far they fling their notes of gold.

Faint and far, faint and far,  
Wild and strange, and elfin sweet,  
Like the singing of a star,  
Or the tread of angels' feet.

CHRISTINE KERR DAVIS.





# Truffles

(*The Food of Princes*)

By A. Tegnier

**T**HIS curious fungus, which is the most distinguished of the edible kind, has become an essential in the making of many dishes. The "*dindon aux truffes*" has spread from the home of gastronomy, France, to many parts of Europe, and the New World. Forming a flavouring substance so rich, so recherche, and yet so devoid of rankness of flavour, it has well been named the "Food of Princes." It grows best among the roots of the oak tree, and in earth containing iron, and is generally abundant in the vicinity of mines of iron ore. Indeed, in the South of Europe the oak tree is now grown in large districts, not only for its value as timber, but also for this mushroom, so dear to the gastronomist's palate. Beneath this tree it acquires a perfume which is lacking when it vegetates in the roots of the hornbeam, beech, walnut, chestnut or lilac, under all of which it is occasionally found.

There are truffles and truffles. There are about twenty-one varieties of the tuber, but of these there are only a few that are valued as edibles; and three of these are often confounded with each other, being generally known as the black truffle. Two ripen in winter and are gathered at the beginning of winter; these are the black truffle, properly so called, and the winter truffle. The first, which is the most esteemed, is highly perfumed, and covered with little roughnesses. The inside tissue of it is of uniform black and with veinings that are white, ultimately growing red as the growth advances. This kind is prolific in Italy, Provence, and Poitou, and occasionally is found around Paris, and as often as not in England.

The winter truffle always grows in

the same places, but is very inferior in quality, perhaps the best of them being found among the walnut woods of Portugal.

The other kinds are obtainable during the hot weather—the summer truffle, and the so-called mesenteric. The first is common in Germany and the Central Departments of France. Covered with large tubercles, the flesh of it, at first white, grows rather brown, streaked with innumerable veins or threads, white in color, and about as thick as horse hair. The mesenteric, which is abundant in Italy, has a light gray-brown tissue with deep cavities, to which it owes its name, after its resemblance to the mesenteric gland. In the Vaucluse Department, they cut these two varieties into thin slices, dry them, and export annually many hundred thousand kilogrammes' worth.

Only another variety of the tuber is edible. It is the white truffle of Piedmont, which many gourmets, including Napoleon First, have preferred to any other.

This cryptogamia, or genus of the mushroom tribe, is a powerful stimulant, but without any injury to the constitution. It warms, supports and nourishes the entire body; and if more be not partaken of than the stomach can digest, it is very beneficial as well as most delicious in savour. As, however, it grows underground and shows no indication of its whereabouts, the gastro-nomic world is indebted for its discovery either to the truffle hound, a small dog trained to find it, or to pigs trained and kept for the same purpose.

The pigs that are used in the discovery of the root always go direct to the spot under the trees, and open deep fur-

rows with their snouts. When the animal has reached the truffle, the peasant gives it a sharp blow on the nose to take its attention away, and throws it some acorns or potatoes as a satisfaction for its trouble.

Though the scent of this animal is insensitive to sweet perfumes, it is always aware of the truffle beneath the soil, and smells it out. The dogs trained for this kind of work can only mark the place where the tuber is to be found; but the pig, on the contrary, does the work, and uncovers and raises the dainty from its place of concealment. The attendant is always on the alert, else the precious morsel is instantly crushed between its powerful jaws, which he tries in vain to open with his stick and rescue the valuable prey.

Despite the laying down of extensive truffle woods, especially in the neighborhood of Carpentras, and in the communes of Bedouin, Villes, etc., the value of this dainty root is constantly increasing. What ten years ago was only worth sixteen francs the kilogramme now sells at twenty-three, and the best qualities reach, comparatively speaking, enormous prices in Paris, London, Berlin and Petersburg, prices which find their reflection necessarily in New York and elsewhere.

Generally, as sold in the stores, when two years old or so, truffles are dry and almost devoid of flavor and their most

delicious perfume. Incidentally, the morel is the only one of the mushroom genus that can be dried without losing its valuable properties, for which it is used as food.

No good cook need be recommended any especial dishes, in which the truffle plays a paramount and all-necessary part—he or she has her own specialties—or ought to have. But to the writer truffles are most exquisite, either when served alone, gently stewed in madeira, or when baked, as the Italians do, in slices with oil, salt, pepper, mace, and lemon juice, all administered in very small and judicious quantities.

Truffles, it has to be said, are not for the multitude—however heavy in purse its members may be. They are an acquired taste. Many who do partake of them can neither distinguish their flavor, nor pretend to like it.

The truffle-palate has been stated to be the sign of the true gourmet. But, again, there are gourmets and gourmets!

It is owing to the abuse of the tuber in many a rich and preposterous combination of ingredients that it has been and is reputed to be indigestible and noxious to the stomach juices.

Lastly, the “food of princes” to be good, apart from evidence of freshness in its aroma, must be light in weight, in proportion to its size, together with an elasticity which stale or preserved truffles do not possess.

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## A Valentine

The woods are leafless, the meads are sere,  
And skies are dull and gray,  
But if I'd the roses, the bays, the posies  
Of all the vanished year,  
I'd tie them into a great bouquet,  
My valentine gift for you today.

The birds are silent, the bees asleep,  
No crickets call in the vine;  
But if I'd the chorus that drifted o'er us  
When meads with June were deep,  
I'd use the music to bear this line  
And send it you as a valentine.

L. M. THORNTON.

# AMERICAN COOKERY

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OF

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### A Rift in the Cloud

A cloud on the far horizon blurs the sheen  
of celestial light;

The blighting glares of conflict flash swift on  
the wearied sight;

The crash of thund'rous havoc breaks harsh  
on list'ning ears

And eyes, upturned, peer wistfully through  
veil of blinding tears!

A million hearts are throbless, in bodies stark  
and still;

A myriad breasts, upheaving, strain at the  
leash of will;

Embattled legions, clashing, hurl death on foe-  
men's lines—

But, far above, away beyond, a Star still  
shines!

James Pym.

### EDITORIAL

THE question is sometimes asked, are our universities and schools failures? We think not, though the results they produce may not be always entirely satisfactory. Likewise, our government is doing much to provide information about food-stuffs, to prevent food-adulteration, and to suggest ways of economy; yet, in large measure, this information, useful as it may be, can reach the average household only by way of indirection. While all kinds of statistics and theories are more or less instructive and useful, to the average human they are of little worth, especially in the way of getting a living.

It is easy to find teachers of domestic science, though they may not be called efficient; even assistant helpers in the household in sufficient numbers are available, but prudent, willing workers in the kitchen laboratory are rare, indeed. To impart instruction in domestic science to others, experience, it seems to us, is quite essential. Is it fair or unfair criticism, then, to say that our schools fail to train impartially both mind and hand?

In the way of economy, we infer, every housekeeper must take matters into her own hands. No other way of procedure is known. She must eliminate, here a little and there a little, cut out this or that luxury or lavish expenditure and avoid wastefulness and extravagance in general. Prices will not drop at our bidding. We can imagine, however, that by wise and persistent economizing and by systematically eradicating wastefulness all along the line, such a saving in food-supplies might result that prices would fall naturally.

### EXPERIENCE THE GREAT TEACHER

NOTWITHSTANDING that our minds are so much distracted by accounts of the appalling misfortunes in other lands, we should not fail to attend to our own affairs and well-being. The



more busy, active and earnest one is, the greater is the satisfaction that is gained in life. Experience is the great teacher, and of the men and women of the present day the experience is truly extraordinary. History is in process of making. We are, as it were, living witnesses of great and far-reaching events. Many of us are able to recall, for instance, when the first application of electricity was made to produce light and motion. Now no kitchen, even, is considered up-to-date, unless it be equipped with electrical apparatus for cooking, washing, ironing, etc. The electric motor is, perhaps, the greatest of labor-saving devices yet conceived.

In every sphere of activity, woman's place in society is quite different from what it was a few decades ago. As in the past, so in the future, women are likely to get just about what they want. All progress and reforms are brought about by the light of experience and intellectual emancipation from superstition and error. Liberty of thought and expression is the watchword of Freedom. It is to be noted that certain correspondents and others, who have visited the war zone of Europe as anti-suffragists, came back converted. Evidently woman's interests and wants were not duly considered in the launching of the present war. The statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," standing in New York Harbor, is the most significant moral and spiritual emblem on earth today. It is zeal for truth and right and justice that makes us free.

#### DINING AND DINING

WE print on another page an article by an English writer on the "Art of Dining." The article is interesting chiefly as being suggestive of the changes that have taken place in gastronomic habits during the last century. The subject of the writer's sketch advocated greater simplicity in dining than was the custom of his day and, greater simplicity, we take it, in

dining is the general practice today, at least, in America. Instead of dining to surfeit, we are wont to partake of plain, wholesome, palatable food, to maintain health and strength to perform efficient service in our several occupations in life. Anything more than this savors of excess, and is to be regarded as sinfully wrong. We eat to live, not live to eat. Any excess in eating or drinking, alike, is the source of countless ills. In all living, health is of primary consideration. Simplicity is in order.

#### RESPONSIBILITY

AT last there is forced upon the minds of men the fact that if the kingdom of heaven ever becomes a reality upon this earth, it will be as the result of human efforts. Through all the centuries mankind has looked to an exterior deity as the source of its salvation from individual and social damnation. Religion has expressed itself mainly in the appeal to that source for saving power. The Messianic hopes have been expressions of this conception of superhuman mediation. But centuries have come and gone, and little has come of it. Nineteen centuries after the Christian Messiah lived and died a war breaks out which plunges the world into purgatorial chaos. Though the prayers of millions ascend as of old, the war goes on and hell persists. Yet is there recognized a distinctly defined tendency on the part of the average man to undertake to a degree not before in evidence the salvation of the world from war. It is finally recognized that this world will be just as much a heaven or a hell as human beings make it, and that God made adequate contribution by supplying the materials by which the former could be built, and guarded human freedom by refusing to play the arbitrary part of compulsory construction. Hence the inference is, as Charles Ferguson expressed it, "Come, let us take our kit on our shoulders and go out and build the city here."—*Christian Register*.

## THE HOME-MAKER

**I** FELL to pondering what blessings come to us all through homes. There is the home-maker herself; very human, indeed, being a woman withal, yet how hallowed in all eyes, touched with what tender charm! A toiler usually, a burden-bearer and a doer of the commonplace, day after day, no doubt; but home transforms all and gives her beatitude. For by love's alchemy she there becomes the creator of an environment, the artist of mystic handiwork, more prized by universal human instinct than any other product of genius. There is nothing in nature, nothing in history, to match the reverence and love that are hers in millions of homes—nothing.

"If woman knows what she is about in these days of her new outgoing," said I, "somehow in her leaps and bounds in education and business and politics, necessary and for good as these seem to be in our time, she will yet keep her heart set on fitness for home-making. God Himself made that hers by right of eminent domain. That is what the world of men lack; and woman must keep it and impart it in all her outreaching ways, else life's sweet waters will be fouled at their spring. It's the best thing that's human."—From *"The Well by Bethlehem's Gate,"* by William Allen Knight.

What this world needs is Peace. War, violence, repression, strife, have been tried since the days when Egypt was supreme. Peace! But why cry Peace! Peace! when there is no Peace?

Big bodies of armed men are the greatest violation of commonsense that can be imagined. They are recruited and maintained by the forces of production, in order to destroy that which labor creates and human hearts hold precious.

Our hope now lies in business men and women. It is the businessman—the economist—who constructs houses, builds railroads, and irrigates the waste places.

And the farmer of to-day is a businessman—he is no longer a serf. Of all men, he is an economist. You can get along without soldiers, but the farmer is a necessity. We all lean on the farmer—and sometimes heavily.—*Hubbard.*

## THE POWER OF A FEW

"One of the tremendous evils of the world is the monstrous accumulation of power in a few hands. Half a dozen men may, at this moment, light the fires of war through the world, may convulse all civilized nations, sweep earth and sea with armed hosts, spread desolation through the fields and bankruptcy through cities, and make themselves felt by some form of suffering through every household in Christendom."

"Should the main aim of the educational courses of to-day be to fit the pupil to become a skilled creator of material products, and incidentally "make a living," or to give to the pupil that culture and character from which it is alleged productive ability is sure to follow? Would not a combination of these two excellent aims serve as the ideal education?"

There being in man a sense of right and wrong, religion becomes a most potent influence, because it announces a judgment-bar before which all must stand. It completes the theory of virtue and vice, by reminding the soul that it is daily approaching a final rendering of its accounts.—*David Swing.*

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

The contents of this magazine are original. As a culinary publication it is reliable and authoritative. It is strictly a special periodical for the household. We hope you will decide to renew your subscription at this time, and so aid us to improve and enlarge the scope of your household journal. Can you not see a way to benefit yourselves and us by sending new subscriptions?



CREAM CAKES, WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE. (See Page 535)

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Lamb Broth, with Barley and Vegetables

**S** OAK one-third a cup of barley in a cup or more of cold water over night; set to cook early the next morning, pouring over the barley and water one quart of boiling water; let cook on an asbestos mat to avoid burning, and add water as needed. Half an hour before dinner, add one-fourth a cup, each, of carrots in small cubes, onions in shreds, celery in slices and a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley and let cook until the vegetables are done; add two quarts of lamb broth with salt and pepper as needed. Where it is inconvenient to cook the grains of barley, ground barley, which cooks in a short time, may be used. Two to three tablespoonfuls are enough for two quarts and a half of soup.

### Valentine Day Appetizer

Beat a Neufchatel or cream cheese with a tablespoonful of cream, half a teaspoonful of paprika and chili sauce

or cocktail sauce to tint a pleasing pink. Spread on a plate, in a smooth sheet. Toast your favorite cracker, then set slices of the cheese in the center of each, pressing them into the shape of a heart; a triangular-shaped piece in the center, point downward, may easily be added, in order to secure a good heart-shape; surround the cheese with chopped olives, olives and pimientos or piccalilli.

### Canapés, Lucile

Cut bread in slices one-fourth an inch thick; from these stamp out oval shapes, two inches and one-half the longest way; toast these or butter them and let brown in the oven. When cold, spread with creamed butter, into which some prepared mustard has been beaten; on the edge dispose a narrow border of fine-chopped, cooked, pickled tongue; fill the center with cooked breast of chicken, fine-chopped, sprinkling the center with a few shreds of chopped truffle or a figure cut from a slice of truffle. For dinner or luncheon on St.



Valentine's day, cut the bread in heart-shapes and, also, cut the slice of truffle for the center in the same shape.

### Eggs en Cocotte, with Spinach

Heat cocottes (individual dishes with a handle, sometimes also with feet); brush over the inside with butter, then line with chopped spinach made hot in a little butter or cream; do not have the spinach too soft; break an egg into each cocotte; set the little dishes in a frying pan of boiling water, cover partly and set into a moderate oven. Let cook without boiling the water.

or fine-chopped onion and let cook in three tablespoonfuls of butter until softened and yellowed slightly; add three tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and stir until blended with the butter; add one cup of cream and half a cup of milk and stir until boiling, then add one pint of cooked finnan haddie and let stand over boiling water to become very hot.

### Loin of Pork, Roasted

Dredge the carefully wiped meat with flour, set into a double roaster and let



VALENTINE DAY APPETIZER

### Eggs en Cocotte, Lorraine Style

Prepare the cocottes as above; in each sprinkle about a dozen small (half-inch) cubes of cooked bacon; stir one tablespoonful of hot cream into two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, turn into the cocotte, break in an egg and cook as before. To serve, remove the china dish from the water; wipe dry and set on to a plate covered with a doily.

### Eggs en Cocotte, with Ham

Prepare some ham timbale-mixture, cutting down the quantity of milk somewhat; use to line cocottes; break in the eggs and cook as before.

### Finnan Haddie, Garcia

Cut half a green pepper in fine, short shreds; add one tablespoonful of grated

cook in a moderate oven about three hours; baste each twenty minutes with hot fat, then dredge with flour. Serve with boiled onions, mashed potatoes, spinach and apple sauce. Cress salad is also appetizing with roast pork.

### Celery-and-Apple Salad

(To serve with Roast Pork)

Pare, quarter and core choice apples, then cut in small pieces of uniform size; have half the measure of tender, blanched, celery stalks cut in thin slices. Squeeze a little lemon juice over the apple to keep it from discoloring, then mix apple and celery with cream or olive oil mixed with salt, paprika, mustard and lemon juice. Use half a teaspoonful of mustard to a cup of cream or half a cup of oil. The cream may be beaten or not, as desired.



LOIN OF PORK, ROASTED

### Shredded Ham, Mushroom and Macaroni in Cream

Cook three-fourths a cup of small, tube macaroni in rapidly-boiling, salted water until tender; drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. In the meanwhile, cut cold, boiled, sliced ham in cubes or in Julienne shreds; cook the oil from a little of the fat ham and in this cook half a cup of the shredded ham, half a cup of fresh mushroom caps, broken in pieces, and a tablespoonful of scraped onion, until the moisture is evaporated. Scald one cup and a fourth of cream and pour it over the macaroni, mushrooms and ham; lift with two forks to mix the various ingredients together thoroughly, adding, meanwhile, a scant half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of

paprika. Let stand over boiling water until hot throughout, or, turn into a baking dish, cover with buttered cracker crumbs and let stand in the oven until the crumbs are browned.

### Savory Rice, with Sausage

Put three-fourths a cup of rice over the fire in about a quart of cold water; stir with a fork while quickly heating the liquid to the boiling point; let boil three or four minutes, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a double-boiler, set directly over the fire, with a small onion cut in shreds; stir and let cook until the onion is slightly yellowed, then add the rice; stir and cook until the rice has taken up the butter, then add two cups of hot broth, half a tea-



SAVORY RICE, WITH SAUSAGE



LATEST NUT BOWL

spoonful of salt and a dash of paprika and let cook over hot water until the rice is tender. More broth may be needed. When done stir in lightly, with two forks, half a cup of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of butter and two canned pimientos, cut in bits. Turn on to a serving dish, press into a mound shape, and above set eight or ten carefully cooked pork sausages. Serve with or without tomato sauce. When only a small quantity of sausage is available, cut the sausage in half-inch pieces, remove the outer covering and stir through the rice with the butter and pimientos. Sausage fat may replace the butter, and green peppers the pimientos.

### Potatoes, Suzette Style

Pare eight rather small potatoes of uniform size, then cut them to uniform oval-shape; also cut off a slice from one end of each to make them stand upright on a baking dish. Let bake until done. Cut off the top of each and remove the pulp with a spoon to leave a

very thin hollow case; keep the slice cut off with its respective case. Press the potato through a ricer; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, the beaten yolk of one egg, cream as needed, and half a cup (generous measure) of cold, cooked breast of chicken, cooked mushrooms or truffles, cut in quarter-inch cubes; mix all together thoroughly and use to fill the potato shells; set the covers in place and return the potatoes to the oven ten minutes. Baste with melted butter and serve at once. Serve as an entrée or as the main dish at luncheon or supper.

### Easy Chicken Patties

Sift together two cups of pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder; work in one-third a cup of butter, then mix to a dough with milk; turn on a floured board, roll the dough in the flour, then knead slightly, and pat and roll into a thin sheet. With a cutter 3 1-2 inches in diameter cut out rounds and score these on the top about one-eighth of an inch deep with a cutter 2 1-2 inches in diameter. Have some melted butter on a plate; dip the top of the biscuit in the butter, then set in a buttered pan, buttered side up. Bake about eighteen minutes. With a sharp knife cut around the top of the patties in the scoring, and lift out the center; remove the center of the biscuits to make



POTATOES, SUZETTE STYLE





EASY CHICKEN PATTIES

hollow cases; fill with creamed chicken (oysters, fish, vegetables, etc., may be used); set the covers in place and re-heat in a hot oven. Serve at once. For creamed chicken use two level tablespoonfuls of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and one cup of rich milk. Melt the butter; in it cook the flour and seasonings; add the cold rich milk and stir constantly until smooth and boiling; then add a generous cup of cooked chicken cut in cubes.

### Jellied Vegetable Salad, Surprise

For a mold holding one quart, take one quart of consommé or clarified chicken broth, one package of gelatine softened in one cup of broth or cold water, one can of green string beans, one small cauliflower, one small carrot, two or three tablespoonfuls of minute pearl onions and about one cup of French dressing, to which a teaspoonful

of onion juice, or scraped pulp has been added. Dissolve the softened gelatine in the broth, made hot for the purpose. Season with salt and pepper if needed. Chill the mold—a fluted mold is most convenient to use—in ice and water; turn in two or three spoonfuls of the broth, turn the mold quickly to coat it slightly with the aspic, then line with string beans and decorate the bottom with small flowerets of cauliflower and slices of carrot; then gradually cover the decorations on the bottom with half-set aspic. When this aspic is nearly set, put a small mold of similar shape upon it, as near the center as possible; fill this small mold with water and bits of ice, then fill the space between this mold and the outer mold with half-set aspic. Mix the rest of the vegetables, cut in bits, with French dressing and a spoonful or two of the half-set aspic. When the aspic in the large mold is firm, take the water and ice from the inner



JELLIED VEGETABLE SALAD, SURPRISE



VANDERBILT SALAD

mold and replace with warm (not hot) water and the inner mold may be lifted out. Fill the space thus left with the prepared vegetables, cover the whole with half-set aspic and set aside in a cool place. Dip some of the best flowerets of cauliflower in half-set aspic and set aside on a plate, to use as a garnish for the salad when unmolded.

### Vanderbilt Salad

For each service set a slice of pineapple, fresh or canned, on two or three

### Chicken Salad, Valentine Style

Mix two cups of cold, cooked chicken, cut in small cubes, one cup of tender, crisp celery, cut in bits, and half a cup of nut meats, broken in small pieces, with about a cup and a half of cooked salad dressing; dispose the salad in a mound on a serving dish and mask or cover completely with more of the dressing; around the salad set artichoke bottoms filled with nuts, celery and pimientos, all cut fine and mixed with dressing. Decorate the top of both salad and garnish with arrows cut from pimientos.

### Boiled Salad Dressing

Set half a cup of rich chicken broth and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar over the fire in a double-boiler; beat the yolks of three eggs; add a teaspoonful of mustard, a scant half teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and stir into the hot liquid; continue to stir until the



CHICKEN SALAD, VALENTINE STYLE

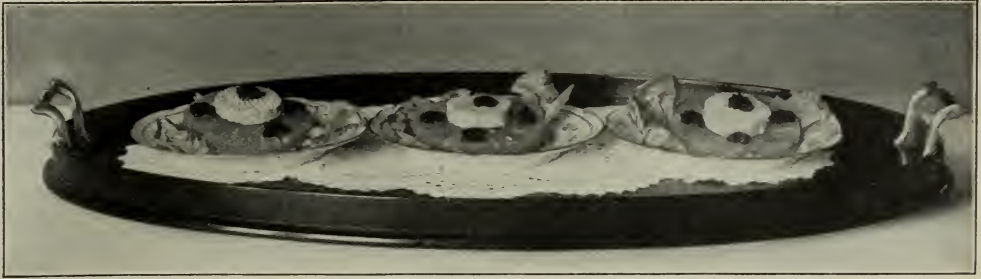
heart-leaves of lettuce; on the pineapple dispose two sections, each, of grapefruit and orange, freed of membrane, to leave an open space in the center; fill this with match-shapes of crisp endive or celery; above set a teaspoonful of whipped cream, and sprinkle the cream with chopped nuts. Before whipping add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt to one cup of cream.

mixture thickens, then fold in the white of an egg, beaten dry; continue to fold the mixture, over and over, while cooking, until the egg seems set; remove from the fire, add one-fourth a cup of butter and beat or fold until the butter is absorbed. When cold and ready to use, fold in half to three-fourths a cup of cream beaten firm. More seasoning may be added if desired.

### Quick Sally Lunn

Stir one cake of compressed yeast into one-fourth a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, then add one cup of scalded milk in which two tablespoonfuls of butter have been melted; add one tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one egg beaten light and two

stir in one cup of sifted flour and continue to stir until a smooth paste is formed; turn into a bowl, and beat in, one at a time, three eggs, beating in each egg thoroughly before the next is added. Shape in rounds on a baking sheet, brush over with beaten egg and bake about twenty-five minutes. When cold, split on one side and fill with whipped



VALENTINE SALAD

cups and one-fourth of sifted bread flour. Beat until smooth, then turn into a buttered pan, about ten by five and a half inches. Cover, and when nearly doubled in bulk dredge the top with granulated sugar and bake about twenty-five minutes. The mixture, set out of drafts and in a warm place, will be ready for the oven in from one hour to one hour and a half. This may be eaten hot or, when cold, cut in slices and toasted.

### Valentine Salad

Set slices of pineapple in heart-leaves of lettuce; in the center dispose a slice of cream or Neufchatel cheese, marked diagonally in two directions with butter hands; (soak the wooden utensils in boiling water, then chill in cold water); pour on each service a little French dressing made of olive oil, pineapple juice and a few drops of lemon juice. Garnish with small heart-shapes cut from pimientos.

### Cream Cakes, with Chocolate Sauce

Melt half a cup of butter in one cup of boiling water; when again boiling

cream (no sugar is needed). When serving, pour on cold chocolate sauce. This sauce is good for ice cream.

### Chocolate Sauce

Sift together one-fourth a cup of cocoa and one cup and a half of granulated sugar; pour on one cup of boiling water and stir while bringing the whole quickly to the boiling point. Remove from the fire at once. When cold add one teaspoonful of vanilla.

### Good Walnut Caramels

Put two cups and one-half of granulated sugar, three-fourths a cup of



GOOD WALNUT CARAMELS





JELLIED MACEDOINE OF FRUIT

red-label Karo, half a cup of butter and one cup of rich milk over the fire to cook; stir constantly and, after the mixture has boiled three or four minutes, gradually add, while constantly stirring, one cup and a half more milk; add the milk very gradually, that the mixture may not stop boiling. Cook, stirring frequently, to 248° F. Add one cup of nut meats, broken in pieces, then one teaspoonful of vanilla and turn into two brick-loaf bread pans. When nearly cold, unmold and cut in cubes.

### Prune Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream;

gradually beat in one cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, half a cup of nut meats, one cup of cooked prunes, cut in bits, and, alternately, one cup of the liquid in which the prunes were cooked and two cups and one-half of sifted flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful of soda. Lastly, beat in the whites of two eggs beaten dry. Bake in a pan 7x11 inches, about half an hour. Cover the inverted cake with boiled frosting. A teaspoonful of cinnamon may be added to the cake if desired.

### Jellied Macedoine of Fruit, Favorite Style

Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of juice from canned peaches, apricots or similar fruit, and dissolve in a cup of the juice heated to the boiling point; add half a cup more of juice, the juice of a lemon, half a cup of sugar and one cup and a half of fruit in small pieces; tint rose color with color-paste, mix thoroughly and when chilled slightly, use to rather more than half fill glass cups. The mixture should not form a firm jelly. Finish filling the glasses with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored before whipping. Set chopped nuts around the edge and sprinkle a few above the cream. One-fourth a cup of sugar (scant measure) and one-third a teaspoonful of vanilla will sweeten and flavor one cup of cream. Pistachio or any other kind of nut may be used.



CASABA MELON

# Menus for a Week in February

*Baked wheaten bread, called by Homer "the strength of life," was the main food of the middle and wealthy classes of Greece.*

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Grapefruit  
Scrapple Baked Potatoes  
Baking Powder Biscuits  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Cannelon of Beef, Tomato Sauce  
Macaroni Croquettes  
Franconia Potatoes  
Celery or Endive Salad  
Macedoine of Fruit, Favorite Style  
Drop Cookies  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Quick Sally Lunn, Toasted  
Dried Peaches, Stewed, Cream  
Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream  
Hot Dates German Fried Potatoes  
Eggs in Shell Toast  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Celery Soup  
Cabbage Scalloped with Cheese  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Brown Betty Tea

## Dinner

Beef Potato-and-Green Pepper Hash  
Canned Peas  
Lettuce-and-Tomato Jelly Salad  
Hot Cornstarch Pudding  
Chocolate Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Salt Codfish Cakes, Chili Sauce  
Toast  
Doughnuts, Marmalade  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Pilaf of Rice with Sausage  
Cabbage Salad  
Cottage Pudding, Creamy Sauce  
Tea

## Dinner

Boiled Salmon, Egg Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes  
Philadelphia Relish  
Sea-Moss Farine Blanc Mange  
Half Cups Coffee

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Hot Ham Sandwiches  
Apple Sauce  
Doughnuts  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Creamed Finnan Haddie,  
Mashed Potato Border  
Cold Slaw  
Queen of Puddings  
Tea

## Dinner

Boston Baked Beans,  
Tomato Catsup  
Hot Boston Brown Bread  
Stale Rye Bread  
Baked Indian Pudding, Cream  
Tea

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges  
French Omelet  
Creamed Potatoes  
Cereal Griddle Cakes  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Creamed or Curried Salmon  
Baked Potatoes Boiled Onions  
Lemon Nesnah

## Dinner

Cold Boiled Ham, Mustard  
Spinach with Eggs Mashed Potatoes  
Cream Cakes, Chocolate Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Cold Boiled Ham, Mustard  
Baked Potato Cakes Hot Apple Sauce  
Griddle Cakes, Syrup  
Coffee

## Luncheon

Cheese Timbales, Cream Sauce  
Yeast Rolls  
Lettuce, Apple-and-Date Salad  
Oatmeal Macaroons  
Cocoa

## Dinner

Ham Timbales, Cream Sauce  
Canned Peas  
Baked Indian Pudding Hard Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, Thin Cream  
Eggs Scrambled with Peas  
Ryemeal Muffins  
Coffee Cocoa

## Luncheon

Finnan Haddie, Garcia  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Panama Salad  
Half Cups Coffee

## Dinner

Cheese Soufflé  
Succotash  
(Dried Lima Beans and Kornlet)  
Hot Baba, Apricot Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

# Menus for a Week in February-- (Simple)

*"Men venture necks to gain a fortune,  
The soldier does it every day,  
(Eight to the week), for sixpence pay."—Hudibras.*

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges  
Dried Beef, Frizzled  
Small Potatoes, Baked  
Toast  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Stewed Fowl  
Savory Rice Baked Squash  
Cress, French Dressing  
Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce  
Crackers Cream Cheese  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Swedish Rolls, (reheated)  
Cocoa

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Cream of Wheat  
Sliced Bananas, Thin Cream  
Doughnuts  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Tomato Soup  
Cold Corned Beef, Sliced Thin  
Creamed Potatoes or Potato Salad  
Sea-Moss Blanc Mange, Thin Cream or  
Canned Berries  
Hot Water

## Supper

Creamed Kornlet au Gratin  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Apple Sauce Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Eggs Cooked in Shell  
Toast Marmalade  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Chicken Gumbo Soup  
(remnants stewed chicken)  
(fresh or canned okra and tomatoes)  
Caramel Custard Renversée  
Little Cakes

## Supper

Cheese Custard  
Bread and Butter Apple Sauce  
Hot Water or Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Baked Apples or Oranges  
Corned Beef-and-Potato Hash  
Cornmeal Muffins  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Macaroni with Cheese and Tomato  
Hot Yeast Rolls  
Baked Tapioca Custard, Vanilla Sauce  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Succotash  
(Dried Lima Beans, Kornlet, etc.)  
Yeast Rolls (reheated)  
Hot Water

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Baked Apples, Thin Cream  
Bacon Stewed Potatoes  
Doughnuts Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Creamed Finnan Haddie  
Baked Potatoes Buttered Parsnips  
Lemon Pie  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Rye Bread and Butter  
Scrambled Eggs  
Hot Water

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Grapefruit  
Creamed Salt Codfish  
Small Potatoes, Baked  
Dry Toast Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Salt Salmon, Boiled, Egg Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes, Cold Slaw  
Bread and Butter  
German Apple Cake Hot Water

## Supper

Savory Rice  
Dried Peaches, Stewed  
Baking Powder Biscuit Tea

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges  
Salmon-and-Potato Cakes, Sautéd  
Dry Toast  
Coffee or Hot Water

## Dinner

Hamburg Steak  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Creamed Carrots  
Bread Pudding, with Jelly  
and Meringue  
Hot Water

## Supper

Stewed Lima Beans or  
Boston Baked Beans  
Dark Graham Bread  
Marmalade  
Tea





## Over the Coffee Cup

By Elsie Spicer Eels

“COFFEE,” says a Brazilian proverb, “should be as black as night, as strong as the devil, as hot as Hades, and as sweet as love.” To have a really perfect cup of coffee one should visit Brazil. The best coffee in the world is said to grow in a little upland region in the interior of the State of Bahia, and it never leaves the country. Brazil has a larger coffee-bearing area than any other country. Sao Paulo, Brazil, may be called a coffee city, since it owes its rise and existence to the coffee trade. The world now drinks over a million tons of coffee a year, and more than two-thirds of it comes from Brazil.

It is only on the world's waistband that the starry, white coffee flower blooms. Only between the fifteenth degrees north and south of the equator can the tree be successfully grown, and only at an altitude of between three and five thousand feet. Left by itself the plant will grow into a tree some twenty-five feet high, but, for convenience in handling, the plants are pruned to keep them under a maximum of ten feet.

The seeds are sown in nurseries, but as soon as babyhood is past and the tender sprouts are able to bear a breath of wind or a change of temperature, they are transplanted into orchards. They are set rather far apart so that, while young and not yet bearing, the soil may be utilized for parallel rows of corn, bananas or plantain. A thrifty shrub grows berries when three years old and

continues to bear for twenty years from three to six pounds of beans. Its glossy green leaves remind one of the laurel, and the fragrant, white, five-petaled flowers grow, in clusters of from three to ten each, in the axils of the branches. The perfume varies in different countries and localities. Well regulated streams of water run through the orchards to secure lusty growth, but when the berries begin to ripen, the water is turned off lest the fruit become too succulent. The twin coffee beans ripen within a mass of pulp, dark red in color, which looks something like a cranberry. This pulp, perfectly ripe, has a delicious taste, but when dried, it is taken off either by hand or by the modern machines. Some of the coffee orchards have five million trees.

The way the Brazilians prepare a cup of coffee is to roast the coffee berries very dark and grind them very fine. This pulverized coffee is placed in a bag, in the proportion of a teaspoonful of coffee to a cup of water, and the boiling water is poured through it. The best coffee makers say that the water should be used at the crucial moment, just before it actually begins to boil. It is served very sweet, but without milk or cream. A drink known as “*café au leite*” is sometimes made by adding a small amount of coffee to a cup of milk. In Brazil boiled coffee is unknown and would be considered unfit to use because of the amount of caffeine extracted.

Brazil owes her mighty wealth in cof-

fee to a Franciscan monk, Father Velasco, who planted two coffee seeds in the garden of the monastery of San Antonio, at Rio de Janeiro, in 1754.

We hear of coffee, first, in Persia, brought from Abyssinia, next at Aden, then at Mecca, where the pilgrims began to drink it, as they came to visit the shrine of Mahomet. The "*qahwe*" habit grew in spite of the opposition of the reverend teachers of the law and interpreters of the Koran. Reaching Egypt, at Cairo, in 1511, it was placed among the articles of food and drink forbidden by the Koran. In spite of all the opposition its use spread to Constantinople, where it was first banned, then ridiculed, and at last allowed. Now, who thinks of a Turk without his coffee, or of Constantinople without its cafes?

In Egypt and the Holy Land coffee is the beverage of the betrothal and marriage ceremonies. The bargaining over dowry, date, and other details is accompanied by many cups of coffee. When the bride and bridegroom drink coffee together the marriage ceremony is consummated.

Tea may be called a woman's drink, but not coffee. From the first it has been popular with men. Long before newspapers became common London coffee-houses became famous as places where politicians and would-be politicians met to discuss affairs of the day. Our American Revolutionary War was thoroughly discussed in the London coffee-houses. The British friends of America were usually fond of coffee, it appears, while the enemies of the Continental Congress were usually fond of tea. Thus we find "teaism" and "coffeeism" used to mean Tory and Liberal in the period from 1750 to 1775. The historians, Macaulay and Lecky, recognize the London coffee-houses as forces in English politics. It is Pope who sings thus:

"Coffee, which makes the politician wise,  
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

The use of chicory as a substitute for coffee was legalized in England in the year 1853, and from that time on tea has become the national beverage of England instead of coffee. Coffee was adulterated with all sorts of things,—dandelion, parsnip, carrot and beet roots and various kinds of cereals. We even hear of artificial coffee beans being manufactured by running a stiff paste through a machine which molded it into the shape of coffee beans. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the Englishman despaired of ever procuring a good cup of coffee, and transferred his affection to tea?

It is a delight to leave behind the coffee of England and cross over to Holland. In Holland hot coffee is always ready and always delicious, whether made over a turf fire, over a lamp or on a stove, and whether served from black earthen ware, white porcelain or solid silver. In every eating house a cup of coffee is at hand, served with three dominoes of sugar and a Liliputian jug of milk,—all for three cents, in American money. If a Dutchman is happy, he drinks coffee; if he is depressed, a cup of coffee will raise his spirits; if he is sick, he takes a cup of coffee to make him well. In Wilhelmina's kingdom silver coffee pots are awarded as athletic prizes. When the Dutchmen exchanged the island of Manhattan or New Netherlands for Surinam, they soon after began planting coffee there and this one place now yields them ten million pounds annually. After the Napoleonic wars it was the coffee of Java which helped the Dutch pay their debts.

All the coffee that first came to Europe was from Arabia Felix, but not for a century or more has coffee now been grown in the wadies or on the hills about Mocha. The name Mocha, however, has acquired a world-wide reputation. Every year coffee fleets from Brazil sail to the land of Mocha and there, where Mahometan priests first served it to the pilgrims, this South American coffee is reshipped to other parts of the

world as Mocha. So great is the influence of a good name.

What effect does drinking coffee really have upon the health? All agree that coffee increases the action of the

heart, excites nerves and muscles, is a diuretic and a brain stimulant. It is not a drink for children. As a drink for adults, it depends upon the individual whether or not it is harmful.

## The Oldest Food in the World

By Dorothy Quincy Wright

EVERYONE has at some time eaten honey, but only he who has watched its production can realize the romance and mystery enclosed within the waxen prisms stored with sweet memories of summer days full of industry and toil. Thanks to the many men who have given their lives to study of the bee's habits, we know quite definitely the different steps that take place from the time the nectar leaves the flower till we take the finished product from the hive. Darwin says the saccharine matter in this nectar is a waste product of chemical changes in the sap of tree or plant, which is excreted into the flowers for the important object of cross-fertilization. Let us see how the bee makes of this waste product a treat for the gods themselves.

The clover fields are in full bloom. "Lady Melissa," deserting the linden trees and gardens, (for she works on only one kind of plant at a time), is scurrying from blossom to blossom. The noise of her activities,—with that of some million of her relatives,—makes a contented hum; the very embodiment of industry rises from the field where a sharp eye can see the little people flying low under the clover-heads. The bee alights on a flower, not poisoning in the air like the humming-bird, but grasping it affectionately with all six feet. She then thrusts her round, polleny little face into the tube of the blossom, unfolds her long tongue, and sucks from

the nectary the tiny drop of sweetness which lies hidden there. This she swallows into her honey-sac and hastens to another tube. The honey-bee has two stomachs, the first her own personal property, where she retains the nectar for her nourishment, and a second or community stomach wherein is stored the food destined for the family at home. For her only quest in life is to provide sustenance to the thousands of developing larvæ in the hive. When she has filled her sac with the honey-nectar she hastens home,—never mistaking her own hive, though there may be fifty others just like it at hand. Passing the guard-bees at the entrance, she goes to an empty cell and regurgitates her precious burden. This process she repeats until certain chemical changes take place and the nectar becomes thicker.

Some authorities assert that she then inserts her sting into the honey and deposits a drop of poison. Certainly a tiny portion of formic acid is present, but how it gets there is, as yet, an undecided question.

Next, the water must be evaporated out to make the honey keep. The bee takes a firm grip on the comb and proceeds to fan into the cell with her wings, like a miniature electric fan. The current made by this wee dynamo is surprising. On listening at the entrance of the hive on a warm summer night, when all the inhabitants are at home, the noise created by the thousands of fanning bees



resembles the roar of a waterfall, while a delicious wave of sweetness pours from the doorway, as the hot redolent air is fanned out and fresh air is driven in by the "ventilator" bees on the doorstep.

When the honey is thick enough, it is capped over with a thin film of wax. The black bee leaves a small air-space between the honey and its capping, giving her product a pearly white appearance, lacking in that of the Italian bee that fills her cell to the brim, bringing the wax and honey close together, which gives the comb a greasy aspect not so attractive to look upon as her more frugal sister's handiwork, but fuller measure in the eating.

Honey in bottles has been looked on askance for years, as it is supposed by many to contain glucose or some other adulterant. This is not generally the case, however, since the advent of the Pure Food laws. One test of its purity is in the granulated or cloudy appearance it soon assumes with age or cold. This tendency to candy or sugar may be remedied by setting the bottle in a bowl of hot (not boiling) water until its clear consistency is restored. Adulterated honey will not do this.

The only superiority of comb over extracted honey is in the point of cleanliness. The former resembles the foods, we read about, "not touched by human hands from factory to consumer." When the bees have stored their hive with brood, pollen, and the first honey of fruit-bloom and early flowers, we put on a second story filled with the little wooden boxes. The bees make the comb right in these boxes, fill and cap it. When the top story is finally taken off, the sections, as they are called, appear just as we find them in the shops. With extracted honey, however, the method of production is different, for the honey is made in large frames like the brood-frames. When these are filled, the cappings are shaved off and the frames put in a machine which whirls the honey, by

centrifugal force, into a large can. Then the combs are returned to the bees for refilling and the honey is drawn from the can and bottled.

Comb-honey always brings a higher price, as it costs the bees so much more work in wax-making. This is made by the secretion of tiny scales from under the plates in the abdomen of the bee. In order to make these scales a terrific heat must first be raised, so the bees gorge themselves with honey and hang in silent clusters, each chewing wax-scales from her neighbor higher up. It is said that it takes sixteen pounds of honey to make one pound of wax. Thus we can see how much greater is the effort in comb-honey production. Many think, however, that it is worth the difference, and comb-honey may be cleared by melting up wax and honey together over a pan of hot water, taking care not to let it get too hot. When this has cooled, the wax rises in a film to the top and may be removed, leaving the delicious amber fluid to be poured into the honey-jar.

Honey absorbs moisture from the air and for this reason should never be kept in the ice-chest or in a damp, dark cellar. The best place for it is in some kitchen cupboard, or in a dry, hot attic. One hundred degrees Fahrenheit is not even hot enough to do it any harm.

To many people, honey is just honey, as all sugar tastes alike. But the initiated know the difference and do not buy honey for its clear, light color alone. The delicious honey served in Switzerland, made from the heather, is dark and thick,—so thick, indeed, that the extractor is powerless before its ropiness. The buckwheat and golden-rod honeys are also dark. On account of their strength they are preferable to the milder kinds for cooking purposes and the number of tons used every year by bakeries runs into the thousands. Cakes and cookies, sweetened with honey, keep indefinitely, so it is greatly in demand and generally used.

Of the lighter honeys, the favorites are the product of the clovers,—that queen of honey-flowers,—the elusive fruit-bloom which we get all too seldom, the basswood, and the incomparable orange and raspberry. Many enjoy the slightly medicinal eucalyptus flavor of the honey from California, that Eldorado of the bee-keeper, where the crop is numbered well into the million pounds. From the South comes the delicate magnolia, fruit of the dismal swamps, and the cotton honey, which the Turkish Sultan considers fine enough for his seraglio.

The old idea that the one use of honey was as a sticky spread for hot biscuits is fast passing. It is now commonly found as an ingredient in many recipes, for it gives a more delicious flavor to cakes, cookies, or gingerbreads, apart from its preservative qualities. The indiscriminate substituting of honey for sugar, however, is most disastrous in cooking, as the physical properties of the two are so different. Honey contains dextrose and levulose, but the sugar in honey is inverted and for that reason may be safely eaten by persons to whom cane sugar is forbidden.

The following honey recipes have come to us from many lands.

### Brown Bread

One heaping coffee-cup of corn meal.

Two cups of graham flour.

Sift closely together, then beat together with:

One cup of honey.

Two cups of sweet milk.

One cup of sour milk.

One dessert-spoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of salt.

Steam three and one-half hours.

The delicious Bar-le-duc preserves, usually imported from France, may easily be made at home.

Take large red or white currants, one by one, carefully make an incision in the skin 1-4 inch deep with tiny em-

broidery scissors. Through this slit remove the seeds with a sharp needle, preserving the shape of the fruit. Take the weight of the currants in honey, and when this has been heated, add the currants. Let it simmer a minute or two, then seal as for jelly. Care should be exercised not to scorch the honey. These preserves do not require to be kept absolutely air-tight. Other fruits may be treated in this way besides currants, as honey is of itself a preservative.

Honey is much used by the French confectioners, who claim their candies to be much finer than when sugar alone is used.

The following Nougat recipe is a favorite:

Three cups of granulated sugar.

One and one-half cups of any kind of nut meats.

Two-thirds a cup of honey.

Two-thirds a cup of hot water.

White of one egg, beaten stiff.

Boil the sugar, honey, and water together till they make a rather hard ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire, pour in the beaten white of the egg, and beat briskly with a silver fork. After beating a while pour in the nut meats and beat till it begins to get a hard, creamy mass, then pour into a buttered tin to cool.

French chocolate, also, is generally sweetened with honey.

### Swiss Cake

Melt 4 ounces of butter, add 1 lb. of honey, stirring well; take off the fire and let it cool. Add the minced rind of a large lemon, 4 ounces of sweet almonds, chopped fine, a little nutmeg, 2 scant teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda dissolved in a little water. Mix these well and add flour until very stiff, and set in a cool place 12 hours. Roll out 1-2 inch thick, cut into squares, decorate with nuts and chopped citron. Bake in a hot oven. This recipe makes 2 dozen cakes.

## Honey Chocolate

Dissolve 1-2 lb. of gelatine in a cup of cold water; add 5 lbs. of hot (not boiling) honey, then 2 lbs. of cocoa. Flavor with vanilla when taken off the fire, and pour into greased dishes or moulds.

Many honey recipes originate with that gifted culinary artist, Mme. Maeterlinck, who creates such unique feats in gastronomy with the product of the bees her husband has made so famous. One of her recipes is eggs poached in honey.

Honey sufficient to cover the eggs is placed in a saucepan and thoroughly heated. When quite hot, the eggs are slipped in from a saucer, into which each has been broken carefully and separately; as soon as they are set, they are removed and over each is sprinkled a grating of cheese.

Apples baked with honey are one of her tempting inventions: Large apples are chosen and cored, the cavity is filled with honey and they are baked thus, a little butter being added on top of each.

Honey cheese soufflé also comes to us from her gifted pen. Place 2 cups of milk in a saucepan and when heated mix in 2 cups of grated cheese and 2 cups of bread crumbs, stirring constantly until smooth; then add, first, the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, and, last, the stiff-whipped whites, stirring them in quickly. Serve hot with clear, strained honey.

Thus, in spite of the ignorance of many good cooks concerning the food value of honey and the many uses to which it may be put, the present high price of sugar bids fair to restore it, as "the chief of sweet things"—the place it held in the beginning of the world.

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## Three Valentines

Little Miss Flaxen Locks, merry and bold,

Here is my valentine coming to greet you,  
Never a lolly-pop ever was sold

Pleases me more than at morning to meet  
you.

Lessons are pleasure if learned at your side,  
Drills but amusement if you are my guide,  
Little Miss Flaxen Locks, set me a sign,  
Say you will welcome my first Valentine.

Little Miss Sophomore, winsome and shy,

Here is my valentine coming to woo you,  
Never a maiden with you, dear, can vie,

All my heart's love I am sending unto you.  
Sunshine your smile and your voice my de-  
light,

Fairest of pictures are you to my sight.  
Little Miss Sophomore, maiden divine,  
Welcome extend to your true Valentine.

Dear Little Lady with locks growing white,

Here is my Valentine coming to find you,  
Dearer than ever I hold you tonight,

Though my heart ever its queen hath en-  
shrined you.

Life has been sweet for the sound of your  
voice,

Life has been good since I made you its  
choice,

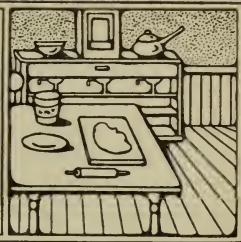
Dear Little Lady, I'm proud you are mine,  
Deign to be pleased with my true Valentine.

LALIA MITCHELL.





## HOME IDEAS and ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### The Wolf at the Door

NEVER do we use such an expressive simile as when we liken Want to the Wolf at the Door. Never was there a four-legged wolf of flesh and blood, however, who had such relentless jaws as Cold and Hunger with which to tear his victims. This winter of 1915 is no ordinary winter; it is a most cruelly extraordinary one, and many doors will know the wolf's besieging. One little door in especial, that of the new-born baby, will be menaced by cold and hunger this year. There are really but four things to do for a baby in his first few months, namely: to keep him clean, dry, warm and full. It is not enough to fulfil these simple wants for our own. This year's crisis demands that we fulfil them for others, also. Even those who know nothing about babies must be pressed into the service, in the face of such unusually determined wolves.

Our older women are busied everywhere in contriving aid for the Red Cross Corps, and for the desolate homes abroad. Why cannot our high-school girls busy themselves fighting off the wolves from the little doors at home? They can clothe the babies, and so dislocate, at least, one jaw of the wolf. In groups of ten, let us say, a thousand high-school girls could clothe a hundred new-born babies. Formed into what might be called Square-Yard clubs, they might contribute an hour a week and a square yard or two of material—old or new, provided only it be warm—and so fashion little garments potent enough to frighten the boldest of wolves.

Let us see what a square yard of material will do, even if it must come out of the piece-bag or the attic trunk. One square yard of an old blanket, button-holed about the edges with silk or worsted yarn, makes a warm shawl. One square yard of cotton batting, covered on each side with a square yard cut from a discarded scrim or muslin curtain, and neatly edged and tied with bright worsted, makes a comforter any baby would find comforting. One old union suit of generous dimensions will make two shirts and two binders, the shirts from the upper portion, binder from each leg above the knee. The best portions of an old towel will make one or more wash cloths, according to its previous condition of servitude, and a square yard of any old linen makes a royal towel. One and a half square yards of any warm material will make a wrapper or two little jackets, and a little ingenuity and a bit of embroidery will make them beautiful in the eyes of the small wearer's mother. One and one-half square yards of flannel and the same of muslin will make, respectively, a petticoat and a nightgown, while two square yards of muslin will make a dress with tucks and ruffles and any other overflow of sentiment which may seem desirable to the maker. Two square yards from a light-colored wool dress, which has seen better days, interlined with a like amount of outing flannel and lined with a silk scarf or two, makes a sleeveless coat, which prevents undue waving of small arms in the cold air, but doesn't prevent the baby from laughing up his sleeve, if he wants to. One-

quarter of a square yard of the coat material makes a cap to match. One square yard of old bath-towel makes from four to six bibs. Each of these garments, except the coat and cap, must be multiplied by two, four or six, to make a complete outfit, remembering that the nearer you get down to the baby the larger your multiplier must be, to keep him clean and dry.

And now the baby is adequately covered from head to foot, and two of his four simple wants are supplied. If, now, someone will light a fire for him and give him a few square meals—you've got to deal squarely with a baby—he will not know into what a sorry world he has come. He'll think himself in Heaven, beyond the sound of the Wolf's hungry howl.

H. C. C.

\* \* \*

## Southern Recipes

### Tomato Butter

**T**AKE ten pounds of ripe tomatoes, skinned; four pounds of granulated sugar, three pounds of apples, one quart of vinegar, one half-ounce of stick cinnamon, one-half ounce of ginger, one-fourth ounce of mace, one-fourth ounce of whole cloves. Tie the spices in a bag, put all the ingredients together and boil three hours, stirring frequently.

### Green Tomato Preserve

Take ten pounds of green tomatoes sliced thin, six lemons sliced, picking out all the seeds. Do not peel the lemons. Add one cup of water, a small box of preserved ginger and let boil one half hour. Add eight pounds of sugar; let all boil slowly on back of stove until syrup is thick, stirring often. A small handful of dry ginger root may be used in place of the preserved ginger.

### Calf's Liver en Casserole

Fry four or five slices of fat salt pork until it is crisp and brown. Add to the hot fat one dozen potato balls, one dozen

carrot balls, one stalk of celery, diced, six fine-sliced onions. Cook very slowly for ten minutes, by which time they will be a delicate brown. Place in the casserole. Wash and cut in thin slices a calf's liver; lay the liver on top of the vegetables, sprinkle with salt and pepper and add a pint of boiling water and one tablespoonful of kitchen bouquet. Cover and cook in a moderate oven one hour. Do not remove cover of casserole after all is ready to bake until done.

### Mutton with Macaroni

Cut some slices of cold mutton about half an inch thick. Wrap in white paper each piece, separately, the paper being well buttered. Grill them over a clear fire. Remove the papers and place the meat in the centre of a hot dish; arrange around this macaroni prepared in the following manner: Chop half an onion, fry in butter and add a teacup of stock and one of tomato pulp with salt and pepper to season; bring to a boiling point, add half a pound of small pipe macaroni previously cooked in salted water and drained. Stir all together over the fire and serve hot.

### Corn Bread

Take three eggs, beaten light, two cups of sour milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one of lard; three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water. Mix well with corn meal to make a thin batter. Bake in shallow pan for half an hour in a hot oven.

A. R. A.

\* \* \*

### Sago, Tapioca, Rice, and Sea Moss

**M**ANY times a satisfactory fruit pudding can be made with either tapioca, sago, or rice cooked to a jelly. The fine-ground tapioca, sago or rice will cook in a reasonable time and all are most palatable in many ways. Even a cold, jellied white corn is delicious for

a blanc mange. Try the *granulated* hominy or the *flaked* hominy cooked till white and jelly-like. Mould it to eat with cream and fresh fruit or jam, or preserve. Sliced oranges, bananas, and the like are fine with it, without the cream.

The old-fashioned sea-moss blanc mange seems to have come into fashion; it is cooked in milk, until the milk will stiffen on a cold plate when tested. It is seasoned with vanilla, and eaten with cream or rich milk. Many of the last generation remember it as delicious, being cold and firm and sent to the table in a large mould with a corn or flower pattern, or some design pleasing to little folks.

### Cheese Crackers

THE newest cheese crackers are most sybaritic, a handful would only make a mouthful for a hungry boy, because they are so small and thin. They are about square, and the size of a thumbnail, of a delicate ecru color, just large enough to put a morsel of bar-le-duc upon. Another cheese cracker looks like little capsules in shape. These are to be had of the best grocers.

J. D. C.

\* \* \*

A DENVER restaurant, conducted on the cafeteria plan, has devised an effective method of displaying the daily bill-of-fare. On the two sections of glass, eighteen inches wide, on either side of the door forming a part of the oval window front, are hung a series of card-board strips three inches wide and eighteen inches long, strung on two strips of canvas one inch wide, with three-inch space between each two pieces of card-board, reaching from bottom to top of window.

The strips of card-board are neatly lettered with names and prices of the various articles of food ready to be served. Lettering is done in black, surrounded by ornamental border in alternating colors of red, blue and gold.

Strips of card-board are attached to vertical canvas strips with brass-headed paper fasteners (two at each end), clinching on rear side of canvas strips. The whole series can be read thirty feet away by the pedestrian coming from either direction; and may be removed together, when necessary to wash the window, simply by unhooking canvas strips at top of window.

### Lunch-Room Drawing Card

A DENVER high-class bakery and confectionery store, serving a mid-day luncheon, has introduced an innovation in window display. During the noon hour the usual miscellaneous assortment of articles are removed from the window, the alcove surrounded by a curtain and temporarily converted into a miniature dining-room, with table set for two.

A boy and girl dressed in colonial costume enter and are seated at the table, followed a moment later by a mid-get waitress who serves each with a glass of water. Waitress apparently takes their order for lunch and retires from the alcove. She returns within three minutes, bearing a delicious and appetizing lunch for two. The lunch is served with precision by the waitress, eaten with gusto and elaborate display of chivalry on the part of the boy as he first passes the food to his companion. Animated conversation and dramatic facial expression accompany each morsel as it is first tasted. A half-dozen placards on a convenient music stand, telling of special dishes to be served on certain days, are alternately exposed to view by the waitress as she enters the alcove. The repast, which occupies about forty minutes, is said to exemplify the acme of perfection in table etiquette.

The plan is varied, occasionally, by giving regular patrons of the place, who dress attractively, a complimentary luncheon, on condition that it be served and eaten in the window alcove. Groups of spectators, assembled on the sidewalk,



are presented with dainty 3x5 four-page folders; three pages of which are devoted to condensed rules for guidance in the dining-room. The fourth page gives prices of certain favorite dishes, with name and address of the firm. J. A. P.

\* \* \*

### Variations in Frosting

VARIATIONS in the ordinary frosting will often make a plain cake seem particularly appetizing. The ordinary plain gingerbread or spice cake, for instance, with a chocolate icing, is an acceptable innovation, and if the cake has no raisins in it, a white icing with chopped nuts is very good and rather pretty. But with raisins the nuts give too much variety of flavor, and almost make the gingerbread seem gritty to the teeth. In the same way a pistachio frosting or a plain white frosting, with bits of preserving ginger in it, will make a white cake seem particularly festive. Where frosting is not liked, a few nuts run through the meat chopper and scattered over the top of the batter just before it goes into the oven will add much to the flavor. If this is done, the cake should be covered with a piece of card-board until it is nearly baked. It can then be removed and the nuts and cake be browned together.

### Cutting Pineapples

A friend from Siam told me that she could not understand why we Americans insisted upon cutting pineapples and oranges across the flesh. She said the natives, who were accustomed to handling both fruits constantly, cut them down in order to avoid the hard core of the pineapple and the pith and seeds of the orange. So far as serving them is concerned, the centre of both fruits is wasted matter, any way, and experiment shows that cutting down is much easier to manage neatly than the ordinary method. Left whole in this way, the core of the pineapple can be stewed in water with a little sugar, and it becomes

a valuable flavoring for lemonade, for pudding sauce or even for tea, if one likes that beverage varied with fruit flavors as many people do.

### How to Cook Onions

The simple expedient of placing a piece of cooking soda, the size of a hazel nut, in cold water with peeled onions and leaving them for ten minutes, then washing them in cold water and using them in salad or in any of the ordinary ways, will rob them of all their disagreeable properties without impairing their flavor. This is the direction given by Soyer, the brilliant originator of the paper-bag cookery, in his collected works, and it has proved so extremely satisfactory that we have permanently adopted it in our household. M. V.

\* \* \*

### Choice German Recipes

HERE is a dish which the Germans call Goette, and is particularly wholesome and nutritious. In addition to this it has the virtue of keeping for several weeks after being made up, and can then be cooked in the quantity desired. Boil two pounds of flank beef until tender, then put it through the meat grinder, using medium-fine cutter. Put into the liquid, made by boiling the beef, one pound of coarse oatmeal. Boil this about thirty minutes—or until tender—then mix the cereal and the meat, season with pepper and salt, and let cool. Fried a deep brown, in cakes, and served, either with or without syrup, this is a delicious dish.

### Potato Pancakes

Peel and grate six large potatoes (potatoes grate better if they have soaked about two hours in cold water, and are thus firmer). With the grated potato, mix one large onion, grated fine, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and enough flour to make a thin batter. Fry in cakes until a deep brown, and serve with green sauce.



## *Queries and Answers*



**T**HIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY No. 2472.—“How much flour is needed in the Cup Cakes, a recipe for which is given on page 378 of the December number?”

### **Quantity of Flour in Cup Cakes**

Two cups of flour is the quantity needed. We repeat the recipe in full.

#### **Cup Cakes**

- |                          |                                |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter | 1 cup milk                     |
| 1 cup sugar              | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins      |
| 1 egg                    | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts |
| 3 level teaspoonfuls     | 1 teaspoonful cinnamon         |
| baking powder            | $\frac{1}{2}$ nutmeg grated    |
| 2 tablespoonfuls         | 2 cups flour                   |
| cocoa                    |                                |

Bake in small tins.

QUERY No. 2473.—“Recipe for Philadelphia Scrapple.”

### **Philadelphia Scrapple**

Cook a pig's head in boiling water until the flesh slips easily from the bones. Other pieces of pork may be used. Take out the bones and, when cold, chop the meat fine. When the liquid is cold, remove the fat and reheat the liquid to the boiling point. Add a teaspoonful of salt for each quart of liquid, and pepper to taste, then sift in through the fingers of one hand, while stirring with the other, as in making cornmeal mush, enough cornmeal to give the consistency of mush. Let boil vigorously several minutes, then set back on the range to cook more slowly half an hour, stirring occasionally. At last, stir in the chopped meat and turn into bread pans and set aside in a cool place. When ready to use, cut into slices

half an inch thick and sauté in drippings or bacon fat.

QUERY No. 2474.—“In placing chairs at the dining table, should the chairs be so set that they will have to be moved, or should they be so placed that one may sit down without moving the chair?”

### **Chairs at Dining Table**

Chairs at the dining table must usually be drawn back before one can be seated and then again drawn forward as one seats himself. At dinner parties, the gentlemen accompanying ladies draw out the chairs and push them back in place as the ladies are seated. At a ladies' luncheon, the butler, when one is in attendance, performs this service for the hostess, an elderly lady or the guest of honor.

QUERY No. 2475.—“Recipe for Candied Grapefruit Peel.”

### **Candied Grapefruit Peel**

Wash the outside of the grapefruit, cut the fruit in halves and remove the pulp in the usual manner to serve in glass cups. Cut the skin in halves, again, and pull off all the membrane without disturbing the white part of the rind. Cut the rind in strips with scissors. The strips should be about half an inch wide. Weigh the prepared peel. Take enough cold water to cover the peel. To two quarts add one-fourth a cup (scant measure) of salt; pour this over the peel and let stand twenty-four hours. Drain,



rinse in cold water and set to cook in a fresh supply of water, drain and renew the water. Let cook from four to six hours or until the peel is very tender. Take the weight of the peel in sugar and half the weight in water. The water in which the peel was cooked may be used if not too salt. Boil to a syrup; add the peel and let simmer until the syrup is almost absorbed. Set aside to cool in the syrup; reheat a little, remove with a silver fork to a plate of granulated sugar, roll in the sugar and drop on a piece of table oil cloth. Orange peel may be prepared in the same manner. If more convenient, the peel need not be cut in shreds until after it has been cooked. Peel, candied for use in pies, puddings, etc., is left in quarter or half sections.

QUERY No. 2476.—“Recipe for Clover-leaf Biscuit.”

### Clover-Leaf Biscuit

- |   |                                     |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1 cake compressed yeast                   | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted shortening |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalded and cooled milk | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt      |
| 1 cup scalded and cooled milk             | 1 level teaspoonful sugar           |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups (about) bread flour   | Flour for soft dough                |
|   | 1 egg-white                         |

Crumble the cake of yeast into the small measure of milk, mix thoroughly, then add the cup of milk with the cup and a half of flour; beat the mixture until smooth; cover and let stand out of draughts until foamy and full of bubbles, then add the shortening, sugar, salt and flour needed to make a soft dough; knead until smooth and elastic. Wash and butter the mixing bowl; put in the dough, cover and set aside to become doubled in bulk. When ready, shape the dough into small balls, a generous inch in diameter; set these, three each, in round muffin pans—preferably tin—when light bake about twenty minutes; brush over with white of egg, beaten and strained, and return to the oven to cook the egg.

QUERY No. 2477.—“What is the difference between Confectioner's and Powdered Sugar? Can one be substituted for the other?”

### Confectioner's and Powdered Sugar

Confectioner's sugar is much finer than powdered sugar. The latter does not make good uncooked frosting; confectioner's sugar makes a very good uncooked frosting.

QUERY No. 2478.—“Recipe for Currant Cake, in which the currants will not settle to the bottom of the cake.”

### Currant Cake

- |                           |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter  | 2 cups flour         |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar | 2 slightly, rounding |
| 1 cup currants            | teaspoonfuls         |
| 2 eggs                    | baking powder        |
| 1 cup milk                |                      |

Add the currants to the sugar, creamed into the butter, then the eggs, beaten without separating the whites and yolks, and, alternately, the milk and flour sifted again with the baking powder. Bake in a loaf about one hour. If the currants settle, try adding two extra tablespoonfuls of flour, or chop the currants. The recipe for Park Street cake, given below, is delicious, with currants, but the greater part of the currants always settle to the bottom of the loaf.

### Park Street Cake, with Currants

- |                                |                                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter       | 1 slightly rounding            |
| 2 cups sugar                   | teaspoonful cream              |
| 4 egg-yolks                    | of tartar                      |
| 1 cup milk                     | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mace |
| 3 cups flour                   | Grating of lemon               |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda | rind                           |
| (level)                        | 2 cups currants                |
|                                | 4 egg-whites                   |

Beat half the sugar into the creamed butter, the other half into the beaten yolks, then beat the two mixtures together, and finish mixing in the usual manner. Bake in a large dripping pan or in two large brick-shaped bread pans. Reserve a few of the currants to sprinkle over the top of the cake after it is in the pan or pans; dredge generously, first, with granulated sugar, then sprinkle on the currants. Bake in the sheet about 25 minutes, in loaves, about one hour.

QUERY No. 2479.—“Is sugar more sweet than formerly? I am not having good re-



sults, though I use a measuring cup; have always taken half a cup of sugar to one of flour, but now I am getting things too sweet."

### Use of Sugar

We do not think there has been any change in the sweetening value of sugar. Some brands of sugar are more highly refined than others, and some show less tendency than others to grain when boiled for frosting or candy. The quantity of sugar to be used can not be determined entirely by the quantity of flour; the quantity of liquid, as milk, water or eggs, that is to be used, must also be considered.

QUERY No. 2480.—"Kindly give suggestions for a Pink-and-Green Luncheon."

### Suggestions for Pink-and-Green Luncheon

A green-and-pink luncheon is easily carried out. Pink and green can be secured in soup by use of whipped cream above cream of tomato, with a sprinkling of fine-chopped parsley or pistachio nuts above the cream; if consommé is preferred, garnish each plate of soup with a spoonful of green peas and half a dozen small chicken quenelles, tinted pink with vegetable color-paste, or with figures cut from a custard royale made with tomato purée and cream in such proportion as is needed to get a pink tint. Olives and radishes give the colors in relishes. A cucumber salad for fish may be sprinkled with fine-chopped parsley and garnished with cut radishes; parsley branches may garnish the fish dish, or fine-chopped parsley be sprinkled over the potatoes served with the fish, while cress may be used with the meat course. Shreds of green pepper will harmonize with almost any salad as will, also, slices or halves of pink cherries, though the latter are often reserved to give color to the sweet course. For the sweet, a pineapple Bavarian cream, Pompadour style, a dish that originated in these pages, can not be improved upon. Another dish in these colors, which was, also, gotten up especially for this magazine, is

"Coupe, Topo Pino"—the recipe follows. For simpler desserts, fruit jellies, with whipped cream, tinted pink, and sprinkled with shredded or chopped pistachio nuts, or strawberry or raspberry sherbet, or even a lemon sherbet, tinted pink, are all admirable. For bonbons, Hyler's green and pink "curls" are obtainable almost everywhere. Candied mint leaves, with three or four tiny pink (or white) candies set, in a group, on each leaf before the coating is dry are available for those who are skillful in home-made sweets.

### Coupe, Topo Pino

In long-stemmed glasses with handles set two or three sunshine strawberries with a tablespoonful of the strawberry syrup; above set a rounding spoonful of vanilla ice cream made with junket; in this place a tip of fir balsam with the "needles" removed, with the exception of a few at the top; sprinkle the top of the cream with blanched pistachio nuts, shredded to simulate the needles removed.

### Junket Ice Cream

Heat one quart of rich "whole" milk, one cup of double cream, one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of vanilla to about 80° F. Add one junket tablet, crushed and dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water; mix and let stand in the can of the freezer to jelly. When jellied, chill and freeze. Three times the recipe will be needed to serve twenty-five people.

QUERY No. 2481.—"In mixing Cannelon of Beef and Timbales of Cooked Fish or Chicken, some recipes give egg-whites, others egg-yolks; can one be substituted for the other?"

### Interchange of Yolks and Whites in Mixtures

Sometimes it makes no particular difference in mixtures whether whites, yolks or whole eggs be used. Often whites are indicated simply to keep the

mixture white. Yolks alone in timbales, etc., give a richer, softer and less firm mixture than do whole eggs or whites alone. Yolks alone are preferable for so-called "boiled" custard made in a double boiler. Baked custards and omelets are richer and more delicate in consistency, when yolks are used in excess of whites. Doughnuts are better with an extra yolk or two.

QUERY No. 2482.—"Kindly give composition of white and yolk of eggs. Shall milk, cream, butter, white, or yolk of egg be used when a rich brown exterior is desired on rolls, biscuit, potato cakes, etc., that are cooked in the oven? In breading cutlets, making French toast, etc., is it necessary to use the whole egg or may whites be taken? Can the white be diluted with water? If so, how much may be used?"

### Composition of Eggs

	Refuse	Water	Protein	Fat	Ash
Whole egg, <i>uncooked</i> .....	11.2	65.5	13.1	9.3	.9
Whites, <i>cooked</i> .....		86.2	13.0	.2	.6
Yolks, <i>cooked</i> .....		49.5	16.1	33.3	1.1

### Brown Exterior of Rolls, Etc.

The fact that fat browns quickly decides the question as to the use of the white or yolk of egg, when a brown exterior is desired in food. Sometimes in making biscuits, or potato cakes, butter is used, the tops of the biscuit or potato cakes being brushed over with a generous supply of melted butter. Cracker crumbs stirred into melted butter and spread over the surface of creamed dishes or a slice of fish are easily browned and give a pleasing browned exterior.

### Eggs for Breeding Cutlets, Etc.

In breading fish, croquettes, cutlets, etc., for frying in deep fat, we not only wish the articles to take on color, but we wish also to exclude fat; the whole egg saves breaking too many eggs, and is preferable to either whites or yolks, alone.

White of egg alone needs a reinforcement of fat; this can be secured by using

olive oil; a tablespoonful, each, of oil and water for each two whites is recommended by most chefs, but in practice two tablespoonfuls of water or milk can be used successfully with one tablespoonful of oil and two egg-whites. In using yolks, water or milk equal to the volume of egg is considered the correct proportion, but successful results are secured when milk is used, if the quantity be increased considerably. This is possible because milk contains the same coagulating principle found in the egg.

QUERY No. 2483.—"Recipe for Old Election Cake."

### Old Election Cake (Four Loaves)

3 cakes compressed yeast	4 eggs
3 cups scalded and cooled milk	Grated rind 2 lemons
4 cups sugar	2 lbs. citron
1½ cups butter (soft- ened)	1 lb. raisins
	8½ cups bread flour

Mix the yeast cakes into one cup of the milk, cooled to a lukewarm temperature, then add to the rest of the milk, and stir in enough of the flour to make a batter that can be beaten thoroughly. Beat very thoroughly, then cover and set aside until light; then add all the other ingredients and beat with the hand until smooth; turn into four pans (brick-loaf bread pans or the equivalent), and when light bake about forty-five minutes.

QUERY No. 2484.—"Recipe for Marzipan."

### Crown Princess Marzipan

Blanch a pound of sweet almonds and twenty bitter ones at night and let stand in cold water till morning, then dry between towels and pound to a paste in a mortar. Add a pound of powdered sugar; mix well; add a little rose water but do not make too moist; form into a ball; roll up in a cloth and let lie for six hours. Then place on a board and roll out. Cut out the little cakes and place on a sugared paper on a baking sheet and set in a moderate oven. Let

dry rather than bake and remove before the cakes turn yellow.

There are many recipes for marzipan; if this be not the one desired, write again and more explicitly.

QUERY No. 2485.—"Recipe for a never-failing Crisp Waffle."

### Crisp Waffles

1½ cups pastry flour	1 cup thick sour cream
2 level teaspoonfuls baking powder	½ teaspoonful soda
¼ teaspoonful salt	2 tablespoonfuls melted butter
2 eggs	

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt; stir the soda into the cream (less will be needed if the cream is only soured slightly), and add it to the yolks, beaten light; stir the liquid into the dry ingredients, then add the butter and the whites beaten dry. Bake *at once* in a hot, well-buttered waffle iron.

QUERY No. 2486.—"Can you give me a recipe for the Marshmallow Filling used by bakers in their cake called Chocolate Roll or Chocolate Cream Roll?"

### Filling for Chocolate Roll Cake

Probably the filling which bakers use in the above cake is some one of the proprietary preparations resembling whipped cream—one of them is known as Snowflake Marshmallow Creme.

QUERY No. 2487.—"What causes bubbles to form on the surface of Swedish Timbale Cases?"

### Bubbles on Timbale Cases

The bubbles seen on Swedish Timbale cases come from beating the eggs; less bubbles are seen, if two yolks are used instead of the one whole egg given in the usual recipe.

QUERY No. 2488.—"When making Caramels the mixture always curdles, and it is impossible to remove the hard curd; how can this trouble be prevented?"

### Curdled Caramels

The recipe given by this subscriber is the one published this month in the seasonable recipes. We have no trouble

with the mixture. The milk should be fresh and not be skimmed; bought in a quart can, the cream should be stirred in and then the quantity of milk desired poured off. The last part of the milk should be added gradually, that the mixture does not stop boiling.

QUERY No. 2489.—"Recipe for Chicken à la King."

### Chicken à la King

2 tablespoonfuls butter	½ teaspoonful salt
¼ lb. fresh mushroom caps, peeled and broken in pieces, trimmings and stems of mushrooms, chopped fine	¼ teaspoonful paprika
½ green pepper, shredded	2 cups thin cream
¾ tablespoonful butter	1 cup chicken broth
3 tablespoonfuls flour	1 hot cooked chicken (4 to 5 lbs.)
	2 or 3 tablespoonfuls butter
	3 egg-yolks
	¼ teaspoonful onion juice
	1 teaspoonful lemon juice

Melt the first measure of butter; in it cook the chopped mushrooms and pepper, two or three minutes, stirring meanwhile; then add the pieces of mushroom caps and stir and cook until the mixture has about evaporated; set these aside to add later; in the same dish, which should be of good size, melt the second measure of butter; add the flower and seasonings and stir and cook until frothy, then add the cream and chicken broth and stir until boiling; add the cooked mushrooms and pepper, and set over boiling water. Beat the butter to 2 cream; beat in the egg-yolks, one at a time, the onion juice and lemon juice, and stir into the sauce, then add the meat from the hot chicken, cut in pieces about an inch square. Mix thoroughly without breaking up the chicken. Serve very hot with or without toast. There should be about one quart of chicken.

QUERY No. 2490.—"Kindly tell 'how to prepare Pastry Flour?'"

### Pastry Flour

We are in doubt as to what is desired in the above query. The term "pastry flour" is used to designate flour manu-



factured from soft varieties of wheat grown largely in the Middle and Southern States. Bread Flour is made from hard spring wheat; it is rich in gluten and contains a minimum quantity of starch. Less of this flour to a given quantity of liquid is used than of the flour made of softer varieties of wheat. Pastry flour is soft and oily to the touch. Pressed in the hand, it keeps its shape, showing the impress of the lines of the hand. Bread flour is granular to the touch and passes easily through a sieve; a jar will send it through.

---

QUERY No. 2491.—“In substituting cream-of-tartar and soda for baking powder in a cake calling for baking powder, how can the quantity of each ingredient to be used be determined?”

### Substitutes for Baking Powder

In using cream-of-tartar and soda for baking powder, a little less of these two ingredients than the measure of baking-powder indicated should be used. As, if three level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder are called for, use half a level teaspoonful of soda and two level teaspoonfuls of cream-of-tartar, scant measure. The reason for these proportions is obvious, when we recall that cornstarch or some similar ingredient is used in baking-powder as a “filler.”

QUERY No. 2492.—“In a California restaurant we had Crabflakes baked in scallop shells. The mixture was not dry, nor did it seem to be made with either Bechamel or cream sauce. Can you suggest how the mixture was made?”

### Crabflakes in Scallop Shells

Cheese might have been added to either the cream or Bechamel sauce and have changed the appearance. Fresh mushrooms in bits, also green peppers or pimientos, shredded or chopped, are often added to change the flavor of the dish. Crabflakes, Newburg, is a favorite way of serving this food product, though it is not customary to finish the dish with buttered crumbs and in the oven. Anchovy paste is occasionally stirred into the cream sauce to be used for crabflakes.

---

### Crabflakes, Creole Style

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of green pepper, chopped or shredded, and half a teaspoonful of onion; add one tablespoonful of cornstarch and two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce and cook again; add one cup of cream, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, and stir until boiling; add two cups of crabmeat and dispose in ramekins. Reheat and serve in the ramekins.

---

## When Evening Comes

When evening comes, then Mother must lay her mending down,  
Or put aside her magazine, without a sigh or frown,  
And hear our Bobby's spelling, a whole page of review;  
And help Grace with her history, she makes so much ado.  
Then Walter—he's a First Year High—has Lady of The Lake,  
And must recite all Canto I without the least mistake.  
Next Peggy comes, with tears of woe—she is *Divisa est*—ing—

And Mother looks up all the words while Peggy sits there resting.  
Billy is doing Algebra, and I'm *Arma cano*-ing,  
And Mother, who's a right good sport, works hard—but not at sewing!  
But when my college sister wants help on Newton's Laws,  
Then Mother screws her courage up; there comes a little pause;  
And very firmly then she says, “Now can't you, John, my dear—?”  
But Father reads the Evening Post and doesn't seem to hear.

—HELEN COALE CREW.

# The Story of Vanilla

By Clara Spalding Ellis

IT has been stated that more vanilla ice cream is sold than all other flavors put together. A hostess unacquainted with the tastes of her guests feels comparatively safe in providing this dessert, for while one person may dote on coffee ice cream and others prefer peach or strawberry or chocolate, all usually unite in enjoyment of the standard vanilla.

This flavoring is indispensable for many other delicious concoctions of the cook, and the pantries are few in which it is ever absent. Yet there are not many articles of such commercial importance of which so little is known by the consumer. I had been a housekeeper and cook for years before I knew just what vanilla is, where it comes from and how it is grown and made. During a protracted stay in Mexico I learned from observation and research the following facts regarding vanilla, which were very interesting to me, and I trust will be equally so to other housewives who have not given any thought to the nature of the flavoring so frequently used.

A woman, we are proud to know, persuaded a chemist to make the first vanilla extract sold in this country. That was in 1850, and it was a Boston woman who had become familiar with it in Paris, where it was used by a few *chefs* in the primitive way of cutting up one or two vanilla beans, putting them in a linen bag, and dipping the bag into whatever required flavoring. Up to that time no flavoring extract had been used in the United States except lemon. The demand for vanilla grew rapidly, and the chemist formed a company that still stands at the head of dealers in the extract, producing only the finest quality.

The name is derived from the Spanish word *vainilla*, meaning little pod. The plant is a singular vine, really a climbing orchid, differing from other orchids in its fruit opening by two valves that separate from one another at the top. There are fifty-two species of it, none being found outside the tropics, and only those in the New World furnish fruit. The most desirable variety for market is *Vanilla planifolia*, though others are used in perfumery and the scenting of toilet soaps and tobacco. The product of the Central American countries is coarse and not to be compared with that of Mexico, where six varieties of the plant thrive, two of which are cultivated.

The vine has a pulpy stem which grows several yards in length and attaches itself to trees. The leaves are lanceolar and pulpy. There are spikes of blossoms resembling the tuberose and exquisitely fragrant. A small pod springs from each blossom and grows rapidly until it becomes from six to twelve inches long, and about half an inch in diameter at its thickest part. It is curved and changes from green to yellow as it ripens. Many of these drop off before reaching maturity; the remaining ones are filled with minute black seeds like iron filings, imbedded in a dark brown, oily pulp. When prepared for market the pod is reduced to a quarter of its original thickness, is black, and emits a most agreeable perfume.

In its wild state vanilla grows very rank, but the quality of the fruit is so inferior that the only use which can be made of the vines is to take cuttings from them for cultivation. Many important things have to be considered when establishing a plantation: It must



be where there is never any touch of frost; the temperature must range from seventy to ninety degrees, day and night, throughout the year; rains must be frequent and bounteous; the altitude must not be more than 1400 feet, and a dry season must come at the time of development of the flowers. The coast regions are best, with gradual slopes, and more vanilla is cultivated in the State of Vera Cruz, bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, than anywhere else in that country.

The virgin land is first cleared of forest, leaving trees from three to five yards apart for supports to the vines; these are topped, so they will not grow higher than fourteen feet, as it is necessary for the vanilla blossoms to be within reach. Cuttings are planted at the base of each tree, in the beginning of the rainy season, and are tied to the tree. When they have grown to the tops of the trees, clinging here and there with tiny rootlets, bamboos are fixed horizontally from tree to tree and the vines are trained along these. Four or five years after planting the end of the vine which was planted in the ground rots, and then the lowest rootlets clinging to the tree descend to the earth for nourishment.

Another peculiar feature about the vanilla plant is that its flowers have to be artificially fertilized. Among uncultivated vines it is done by insects and the wind, but a more thorough process is requisite when raising vanilla for profit, and the women and boys laboring on the plantation are taught how to pollenate the blossoms. Flowering begins in the second year after planting and full crops are gathered between the third and fourth years. Thirty pods to a vine are considered a generous number for fruitage, and require nine or ten months to ripen. The production of the vine begins to decrease after the seventh year, but new vines are continually taking root from the old ones.

The pods are carefully watched and

each one is gathered before it has fully turned yellow. It is essential that no mistake be made in this, as they will split open in the curing, if they are too ripe, and if picked too green, will dry with difficulty and be defective in weight, color and perfume. They are plunged for half a minute into almost boiling water, then put on mats to drain, afterwards spread in the sun, on blankets or a drying-frame. Every evening they are wrapped in the blankets and shut in airtight boxes to sweat and ferment. The process is repeated, day after day, for nearly a month, while the curer closely watches the appearance of each bean, removing all that become spoiled and separating the blackened beans from the green ones. After they have reached the proper state from exposure to the sun, they are dried in the shade for five or six weeks longer, then separated into sizes of equal length, thickness, color and general appearance.

Mexican dealers have established five grades, of which the best is called *vanilla fina*. This class has several subdivisions. In the second grade two of the pods count as one of the first grade, being perfect, but short. The third grade is composed of pods which are off color, through being gathered before they were perfectly ripe or being over cured. The fourth quality is the fruit of the wild vanilla, if in fair condition, three pods counting as one of the highest class. The fifth comprises very short pods, split and otherwise damaged ones, immature or greatly overcured ones, six pods counting as one of the first class. At the conclusion of the work of division, the pods are tied up in bundles which weigh from twelve to sixteen ounces, and contain from 100 to 150 pods or beans, wrapped in filtering paper and then in tin foil. The bundles are packed in cases. The highest grade beans are packed in cedarwood cases, and the aroma of the bean mingling with the fragrance of the cedar is delicious.





## *In Homes Like These Crisco is Used*

Wherever a housewife takes pride in a clean, sweet kitchen—  
Wherever a family insists on food that is wholesome and appetizing—  
Wherever a wish for "the best" goes hand in hand with regard for economy—  
There Crisco is welcomed and is used with complete satisfaction.

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For Cake Making*

Crisco is of purely vegetable origin and is thoroughly digestible. It contains no animal fat, as other cooking fats do, and which rapidly turn rancid.

Crisco is more economical and more convenient than butter. One-fifth less of it can be used—it costs but half as much per pound—and it neither melts nor gets hard when kept in ordinary kitchen temperature.

Crisco reaches a proper frying heat without any smoking whatever. Thus it makes for a clean, sweet kitchen, and removes one of the most disagreeable features of cooking.

The uses and advantages of Crisco are clearly shown in a book which will be sent you on receipt of *five 2-cent stamps*. The book also contains a different dinner menu for every day in the year, and 615 recipes gathered and tested in actual practice by the well-known cooking expert, Marion Harris Neil. Address your request to Dept. A-2, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Mexico has always produced the best vanilla in the world, and the choicest beans sell at from ten to fifteen dollars a pound. Coarse little beans, from countries to which the vine has been taken from its natural habitat, with subsequent deterioration, have a heavy, sickening smell and taste, and their value is only fifty cents a pound. The cheap vanilla extracts found everywhere in the markets are made of the most inferior beans. The unthinking housekeeper yields to the temptation of purchasing something "just as good" for a smaller price, when the expert can at once detect the difference, and anyone who has seen or read of the extreme care and caution employed in the cultivation and curing of the vanilla bean, and the several grades of the fruit, readily understands why the unadulterated, first-quality extract cannot be sold cheap.

The delightful odor of vanilla is owing to a substance which has been named *vanillin*. Its proportion is about one per cent., and it is found in the form of minute crystals on the surface of the pods, or inside them, sometimes dissolved in the pulp in which the seeds are imbedded. It is very soluble in alcohol, ether, and the fixed and volatile oils. As medicine it is an aromatic stimulant, with a tendency toward the nervous system. Belief in its curative properties was very strong in Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it is seldom used medicinally now, except for flavoring certain lozenges and mixtures.

### The Lady of the Manse

FROM a church in Cincinnati to a pastorate in New York city there comes a clergyman who actually has the candor, although some will call it courage and others temerity, to say that the mistress of the manse has more to do with the success of a ministry than has the pastor himself. And there are hundreds of pastors and tens of thous-

ands of parishioners who will agree with Dr. Watson. She is his private secretary, his critic, his memory, his banker, his valet and his private physician, as well as the mother of his children, his constant reliance in a multitude of cares and troubles and, often enough, the patient exponent of the art of Christian living, who keeps him keyed up to the level of New Testament preaching and practice. In all the country manses in the land she is making dimes do the work of dollars, mothering the boys and girls of the whole region, keeping the women's organizations in successful operation and pouring oil upon the ruffled waters ever and anon with a delicate tactfulness that would have earned the admiration of the most suave master of the arts of diplomacy. And in the city as well as in the country she manages to entertain all comers at her table and, often enough, to lodge them as well; she makes a home out of a manse which frequently is a parish headquarters and general clearing house; and with feminine intuition she senses the tendencies and fluctuating opinions which her husband usually fails to discern. She does about everything except preach the sermons.

### As Sure as the Morning

As sure as the morning, His Coming:

Dark night will soon be gone.

Nor kings nor armies can stay Him

Who rides on the wings of the dawn.

There are those who think they are mighty,

And "might makes right" is their creed;

Oh! little care they for the people

Who stand in the way of their need.

But God in His Heaven still ruleth:

They that follow Him shall know,

Though kingdoms and thrones may perish,

One empire no power can o'erthrow.

As sure as the morning it cometh,

The reign of Jehovah above;

Nor princes nor armies can vanquish

His kingdom of light and of love.

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By MARY B. CHAMBERS, B.S., A.M.

*Formerly Instructor of Normal Classes in Domestic Science, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Professor of Domestic Economy and Head of the Department, The James Milliken University, Decatur, Illinois; Professor of Chemistry and Home Economics, and Head of the Departments, Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois*

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# The Silver Lining

## The Tempting Pie. Oh! My!

Luscious pie upon the shelf,  
Left there standing all itself;  
Wistful gazing little elf—  
“Wonder if it wants some help?”

Skillfully on bended knee  
Climbs he up the shelves of three.  
Just the sugar top can see!  
What great object can this be?

He just takes one bite of pie,  
Rubs his stomach with a sigh,  
Mother's foot-steps are heard nigh,  
So he bids the pie “good-by.”

Open stands his little bed,  
Fervently his prayers are said;  
Billy's little eyes are red,  
He is eating milk and bread. v. H.

---

## No Time

Mr. Bingham—Why did that woman  
keep you standing at the door for half  
an hour?

His Talkative Wife—She said she  
hadn't time to come in.

---

## His First Oyster

A youngster whose parents had taken  
him for the first time from his inland  
home to the seashore became interested  
in oysters. One day they were served  
at table, on the half-shell, and he asked,  
“Mother, what are those?”

“Oysters, dear. Raw oysters.”

“Can you *eat* them—like that?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Can *I* have one?”

“Why, yes, if you want it.”

He put the slippery thing into his  
mouth, but retained it there for experi-  
mentation. The attention of the com-  
pany meanwhile was attracted elsewhere,  
and when finally the mother turned again  
to her son his face had undergone a  
change.

“Would you like another oyster,  
dear?” she asked him.

For several seconds there was no  
reply. There seemed some difficulty of  
speech, and only after a struggle was he  
able to gurgle: “I don't” (glub) “want  
*this* one.”

---

Horace sat and gnawed his pen, con-  
centrating a look of hatred on the blank  
sheet of paper before him. From his  
seat he could see others dashing off  
fluent essays on Henry VIII. “Two  
minutes more!” came from the teacher.  
Then Horace, in desperation, seized his  
pen and made a bid for fame. “Henry  
VIII. was a king of England. He was  
born at Anno Domino, and he had sixty  
wives. The first he ordered to be exe-  
cuted, but she was beheaded. He re-  
voked the second, and the third died;  
and then he married Annie Bowling, the  
daughter of Tom Bowling. When he  
died he was succeeded on the throne by  
his Aunt Mary. Her full name was  
Mary Queen of Scots, or the Lay of the  
Last Minstrel.”

---

A lady in San Francisco engaged a  
Chinese cook. When the Celestial came,  
among other things, she asked him his  
name. “My name,” said the Chinaman,  
smiling, “is Wang Hang Ho.” “Oh, I  
can't remember all that,” said the lady.  
“I will call you John.” John smiled all  
over, and asked, “What your namee?”  
“My name is Mrs. Melville Landon.”  
“Me no memble all that,” said John.  
“Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Membul  
Landon. I call you Tommy.”—*Watch-*  
*man.*

---

## Business Instinct

“The graspin'est man I ever knowed,”  
said Uncle Jerry Peebles, “was an old  
chap named Snoopins. Somebody told  
him once that when he breathed he took  
in oxygen and gave out carbon. He  
spent a whole day tryin' to find out  
which of them two gases cost the most.



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Quickly  
Cuts  
Grease  
From  
**Pots**  
and  
**Pans**



if you had to buy 'em. He wanted to know whether he was makin' or losin' money when he breathed."

### Johnny on the Spot

"What is your name, little boy?" inquired the kindergartner of her new pupil.

"I don't know," said the little boy bashfully.

"Well, what does your father call you?"

"I don't know," still more bashfully.

"How does your mother call you when the griddle cakes are done?"

"She don't call me," beamed the new pupil; "I'm there already."

### The Undying Flame

In a certain Kentucky town Uncle Ike, a local character of color, was doing odd jobs for a gentleman when he was seized with colic in its most violent and painful form. His employer went to his relief with the only aid in liquid form he could find on the premises, the same being a bottle of tabasco sauce.

Uncle Ike swallowed a large spoonful of the stuff and returned to work, weeping copiously.

A few minutes later the gentleman went to look for him and found him doubled up in the hayloft.

"Ike," he inquired, "how do you feel now?"

"Mos' daid, boss!" was the plaintive answer.

"Better let me give you another dose of that medicine, then."

"Boss," said Uncle Ike, "I'd hate to die on yoah hands; but I don't never agin spect to take nothin' whut water won't squench."

### The Crystal Maze

Soon after the state of Georgia voted to go dry an aged rice-field darky limped into a general store in one of the Southern counties down near the Florida line and called for a pair of brogans.

The storekeeper contemplated the two horny and calloused soles which the customer owned, and then he turned to their owner.

"Why, Uncle Mose," he said, "what does this mean? I don't believe you ever wore a pair of shoes before in your life."

"I ain't boss," said Uncle Mose.

"What possesses you to think you want some now?"

"Well, boss," said Uncle Mose, "since dese yeah Pro'hibitionists tuck holt de woods is so full of bottes a nigger can't walk round bar'-footed nowhars widout jest natchelly cuttin' de bottoms right off'n his feet."

### Didn't Work Right

Young Tommy returned from school in tears, and nursing a black eye.

"Betcher I'll pay Billy Bobbs off for this in the morning," he wailed to his mother.

"No, no," she said, "you must return good for evil. I'll make you a nice jam tart and you must take it to Billy and say: 'Mother says I must return good for evil, so here's a tart for you.'"

Tommy demurred, but finally consented. The next evening he returned in a worse plight and sobbed:

"I gave Billy the tart and told him what you said. 'N then he blacked my other eye and says to send him another tart to-morrow."

## CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPERS

Use a Reliable Disinfectant all over the house. A cupful in a pail of water for scrubbing floors and woodwork.

Pour a little in the sink, tubs, basins and toilets. Wash refrigerators and store-rooms.

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# ECONOMY in the use of BUTTER

By using the following recipe one pound of Butter will double its weight and cut your butter bill almost one-half:

## BUTTER MIXTURE

1 lb. good butter      1 heaping teaspoonful Knox Gelatine  
2 pint bottles milk      2 teaspoonfuls salt

Take the top cream of two pint bottles of milk and add enough of the milk to make one pint.

Soak the gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of the milk 10 minutes; place dish over hot water until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved.

Cut the butter in small pieces and place same in a dish over hot water until the butter begins to soften; then gradually whip the milk and cream and dissolved gelatine into the butter with a Dover egg beater. After the milk is thoroughly beaten into the butter add the salt to taste.

If the milk forms keep on beating until all is mixed in. Place on ice or in a cool place until hard. If a yellow color is desired, use butter coloring.

NOTE. This mixture is intended for immediate use, and will do the work of two pounds of ordinary butter for table use and for baking cakes, muffins, etc.

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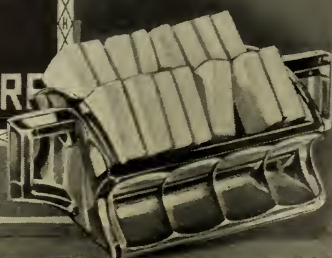
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Who Cares  
uses*

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ON EVERY  PIECE

on her  
table

Buy advertised goods—do not accept substitutes

## Pie or Cake?

WHEN the salad has been removed, and our material senses have thus far been much gratified; when a sensation of comfort pervades the body and kindles the mind, and the maid announces "chocolate pie,"—then the discussion is on.

We two of Boston murmur, "Yes, if you please, chocolate pie." The two from New Jersey declare firmly in favor of chocolate cake, while the little school teacher from western Massachusetts nods smilingly, "The same as the others, Kitty." A tactful answer, an' it pleases you, for she is really in a quandary. She knows the article to be pie, but her esthetic sense urges her to call it cake.

For pie, you must know, is common. Men always eat pie! Pie is sold by carloads in railroad stations, and is the basic principle of cheap luncheon places. It

suggests the hurry and bustle of everyday life. Whereas, on the other hand, how refined and ladylike is cake! What cherished childhood memories of fruit cake, eaten only on state occasions! What delicious odors emanated from the old picnic basket, as the cake was brought forth and placed on the improvised table (and, by the way, instantly covered with red ants!). Why, one really, you know, could write a sonnet to cake!

But all this is beside the question. In this particular instance, it is a practical one, and must be decided on its merits. We Bostonians set forth that the subject of this discussion is not a mere accompaniment of jellies and creams, but is a thing by itself, an entity. Besides, it has always been called pie, and Boston is in the "pie belt." Moreover, it is eaten with a fork and is pie-shaped. And is not form the determining factor of all things? Mere matter without shape is chaotic and not adapted to modern epicures.

However, the natives of New Jersey will not be convinced. They resolutely maintain that cake is cake; that it is a consistency; that shape has little or nothing to do with it. Imagine, if you can, a so-called pie-shaped structure, innocent of matter! Is it either pie or cake? Certainly not! But add the all-important matter, material or consistency, and it immediately becomes a distinct and staple article of food. Therefore, it is cake!

The arguments fly thick and fast; we gesticulate wildly. The little school teacher nods her head approvingly. She appreciates the logic of the defenders of pie; she sympathizes with the claimants for cake; all the time, quietly demolishing the very essence of the controversy. And each time we agree to put aside our differences, and decide that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." A. M. Y.



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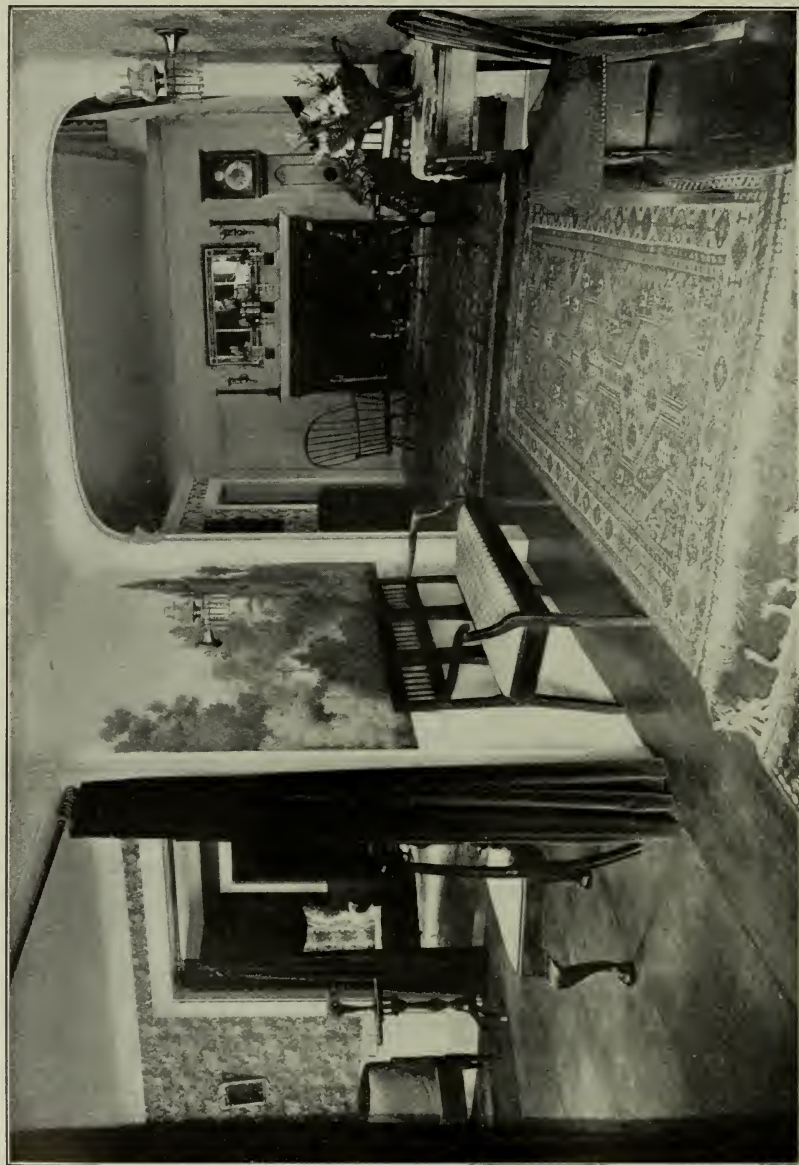
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Baked Apple Tapioca Pudding. Sugar, Cream





THE SIDE LIGHTS ARE GOOD FOR HALL LIGHTING

# American Cookery

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## The Lighting of the Home

By E. E. L.

THERE are many people who regard the illumination of their home as a problem entirely for the contractor. They put the matter into his hands with the assurance that he will give them the "latest ideas" at a reasonable price. It is possible that they may select from his illustrated catalogues or a nearby supply store the type of fixture which seems most attractive to them. But to the special requirements of the individual case very little attention is given.

Lighting, however, should be considered from three points of view. It should be regulated according to the usage of the room in which it is to be put, according to its effect upon the eye, and to the decorative scheme of which it will form a part.

Even its most utilitarian aspect is not always adequately handled. It is not sufficient merely to see that a low candle power is provided for a room that requires little light, a high candle power where it is necessary to illuminate every corner. The distribution of the light, and its reflection, are important factors which have not, apparently, been well understood. Globes and shades of various types have been invented to control its direction, but they are not always scientifically accurate nor intelligently applied. To do so one must realize the different properties of the several kinds of lights.

An upright gas mantle and an electric



A SHADE OF THIS TYPE THROWS THE LIGHT DIRECTLY ON THE TABLE.

bulb both throw the greatest amount of light to the side; above and below there is a radius of very low illumination. An inverted mantle, on the other hand, throws the greater light below. It is obvious, therefore, that the inverted mantle will give the better reading light for one sitting underneath it; that the upright mantle or the electric light must be reflected downward to become fully efficient.

It would be a simple enough matter to regulate in this way, were not its effect upon the eye a matter that must be carefully considered. Too much light is quite as injurious as too little. A glare

upon the paper that one is trying to read causes serious eye-strain. So a light must be not only efficient, but soft, restful, and agreeable. Modern light sources are all too brilliant to be viewed directly by the eye, and must be surrounded with some sort of shade to diffuse the rays and destroy the glare.

There are three methods of lighting in this way; the direct, indirect, and the semi-indirect. In the indirect system, the light is hidden within silver-lined reflectors which throw the illumination into the ceiling, from where it is diffused evenly throughout the room. This provides the nearest imitation of daylight, and is soft and agreeable to the eyes. For general illumination, in rooms where there is no necessity for an especially strong light to be thrown on any one part, it is an admirable method. An objection is sometimes made to the use of the opaque bowls which cover these reflectors, in that the dimmest part of the room, the nearest approach to the shadow, comes directly under the lighting source. An improvement has been made over this in using the translucent glass

bowl and providing a light beneath the reflectors to illuminate it. This forms an ideal light, soft and mellow, but brilliant enough for all usage. To be placed properly in relation to the ceiling, it should be so high that no light falls directly upon the walls of the room. The higher the ceiling of the room, the deeper should be the bowl used.

The semi-indirect system throws part of the light upon the ceiling, but without the use of other reflector than the inner surface of the translucent bowl, since the same light-source is utilized to illuminate the bowl itself. This method does not provide the splendidly even light throughout the whole room, but it gives an interesting and soft variation where a lesser brilliance is required.

The direct system is still very generally employed, however, in the majority of homes, and its efficiency and merits are dependent upon the shade used.

There are two types of shades, the totally enclosing and the semi-enclosing. In using the latter kind, the light source should be well hidden within the shade, so that the eye will not receive the glare



THE MANTEL AND PIANO ARE PROPERLY LIGHTED





THE DISTRIBUTION OF LIGHTS IN THIS ROOM IS ATTRACTIVE

of the light itself. If part of the bulb is exposed, the tip should be frosted for the same reason. When it is desired to reflect the light directly downwards, a wide-angle, conical shape should be used; for the more nearly vertical the sides, the wider is the distribution of the light. A shade that is a mere flat circle above the light, however, does not redirect it at all, and is practically useless.

For residential purposes, the globe that encloses the light completely is the most satisfactory form. The quality and diffusion of the light transmitted is dependent, then, upon the sort of glass used.

The cheapest of these globes are made of clear or crystal glass, frosted or etched in innumerable shapes, many of which are attractive enough in themselves. But, when lighted, the source of light is exposed, the design is entirely obliterated, and the glare is increased from the hard polished surface of the glass itself. The prismatic glass which is, supposedly, scientifically constructed to refract and diffuse the light is frequently attractive in appearance, but is not always as efficient as it is claimed. There is some

question as to the amount of light these prismatic forms usually reflect; the polished inner surface of the glass probably reflects a good deal of light that never enters the prisms at all. Unless interiorly depolished, there is no reduction of the intrinsic brilliancy of the light which is so injurious to the eye. The third class of globes are made of opal glass, which not only destroys all glare but affords perfect diffusion of light. Even when placed on fixtures hung so low that they are constantly within the field of vision, the effect on the eye is in no wise injurious. This opal glass entails a slight decrease in source brilliancy, varying with the density of the opal, but its great diffusive power enables one to use the resulting illumination to far better advantage.

For the best decorative effect of a room that has any special uses, there should be both local and general lighting. General lighting reveals, and local lighting shrouds in mystery the shadowy forms without its glow. There is an undeniable charm in a number of light sources about a room that serve as centers of attraction. A living room, be

it ever so softly and well lighted by an overhead system, seems somehow lacking in sociability, if it has not a smaller radius of light about which the family gathers cosily. A portable lamp on a library table rivals, in a small way, the comfort of an open fire.

The lighting in many of these lamps has not been arranged for the greatest efficiency. The inner surface of the shade, especially those of glass, does not serve as an adequate reflecting surface, and much of the light needed for the reading page is consequently absorbed. If an inner shade of opal glass is placed directly over the light source, it will refract the rays of light downward as well as illuminate the shade. It is also possible to combine both local and general illumination in one lamp. An indirect system can be placed in the top of the lamp above several bulbs that supply the light for reading below, and the whole mechanism be hidden within the decorative shade.

The height of the pedestal of the lamp, as well as the angle of the reflectory shade, regulates the area of light distribution beneath.

The design of whatever shade used must, of course, depend upon the type of room in which it is to be placed, just as must the shape of the shade and the design of fixture itself. There are simple and beautiful forms for all three, in period styles and styles that are based upon excellencies of proportion and line and suitability. A lighting fixture, be it a chandelier or a sconce, a lamp or a candlestick should be beautiful in itself and in its relation to the other furnishings of the room.

Very many of the most interesting fixtures are, indeed, expensive and beyond the average purse. But because exquisite, Adam wall-brackets and Chinese porcelain vases are not possible for everyone, there is no need to forego the pleasure of beautiful lighting. There are innumerable, simple and humble ob-



THIS ROOM IS WELL LIGHTED

jects in the shops which present possibilities for the construction of lighting equipment that is thoroughly satisfying. The various sorts of candlesticks can nearly all be bought, wired for electricity; mahogany and glass of admirable proportions can be used for the base of the portable lamp. The most expensive shades can be copied for quite modest sums; with a wire frame and a few yards of silk or cretonne, some scraps of embroidery and guimpe, deft fingers can contrive the most lovely products. The

painted paper shades are in high favor at present; the design, taken from rug, drapery, or upholstery, is frequently drawn in transparent tones and the background is blocked out in black or opaque panes, so that the light shines through the pattern like a soft glowing fire.

Frequently the color-scheme of lights is adjustable by the use of a thin gelatine film. A soft, rosy glow can be cast over a room at night, or a warm amber simulate the appearance of sunlight. A natural effect is best.

## The Pie of Her Dreams

By Mabel S. Merrill

**L**ITTLE Mrs. Lang peeped from the window at the splendid car drawn up before her door.

"If this was England, now, instead of Massachusetts," she said under her breath, "that car would have a what d'you call it—coronet, I guess—on the door. It's 'my aunt, the duchess,' sure as you live, and the girl with her must be Lady Alice. Oh dear, oh dear, I've been through a lot since I married Morris, but I feel as if this would finish me. Have I got to face her all alone?"

"My aunt, the duchess," as Morris called her, had often been the subject of discussion between young Mr. and Mrs. Lang. Morris had not seen the great lady since the death of his mother—her sister—in his childhood. But he had heard a good deal of the state and splendor she kept in her English home, and since his marriage he and Mollie had planned what they would do in case of a visit from her.

"Our ways of living and doing things would seem pretty barbarous to her, I expect," Morris would say. "The English, you know, like to expose the vulgarity of American millionaires, so they say. If she ever comes, see if I don't

make her believe we're tiptop swells, in spite of our money. Only, fact is, I don't know how, Moll, and of course you don't. You'll have to mend your up-country ways in presence of the duchess, I can tell you that."

And now here she was! Mollie stood trembling in the shadow of the curtains until the visitors were announced, and then she fluttered from her covert, looking more like a scared bird than mistress of this elegant city mansion. The duchess, a tall rustling woman with an eye like a hawk, regarded her critically, as if considering whether it might be worth while to make a meal of her.

"Well!" (the owner of the hawk-eye appeared to reserve her decision for the present) "I suppose you know who I am? Your husband's mother was my sister."

"Yes, I know. Morris is always talking about you," faltered Mollie. "I—I do hope we can make you comfortable while you stay, but—but, of course, 't isn't like what you've been used to."

The hawk-like glance grew somewhat quizzical as it swept down the vista of big beautiful rooms.

"It's my opinion we shall do very well," observed the duchess, drily.



"You know I was born and bred a Yankee." Her tone was so non-committal that no one could have said whether she meant her words for ridicule or the reverse. "This is my daughter, Lady Alice Chester," she added.

Mrs. Lang had time to reflect that Lady Alice, a pretty, bright-eyed girl, with a manner full of friendliness, might prove a palliative during this awful visitation. But the thought was instantly swept away by a flood of worries.

Mollie was still new to her position as mistress of this great house. Both she and Morris were young enough to be a little nervous over what visitors might think of them—especially duchesses! The splendors daunted the girl after the simplicity of the country home from which her millionaire lover had whirled her away. The multitude of servants frightened her, and the terrible figure of the butler haunted her dreams. But it was the cook who almost drove her to distraction—or rather the cooks, for there was a procession of them constantly winding in and out of the rear entrance of the mansion.

"'Tisn't that I mind eating their stuff myself, though I could cook better with one hand tied behind me and a bandage over my eyes," the little mistress would say to herself indignantly. "But Morris always blames me, though he is horrified, if I touch any kind of housework with the tips of my fingers. He's so awfully afraid of what Sellers will say! I can't get it through his head that to have capable servants, you must work with them and teach them the things they don't know. Only, the kind we get hold of don't seem to own an ounce of brains between them, and you can't make a cook unless she has a brain to begin on. Oh dear, I guess I wasn't cut out for a fine lady. Sometimes I wish I was back in the old kitchen at home, making pies, or feeding the chickens out in the orchard."

The first three days of the duchess's visit went off like a progressive nightmare, to the mistress of the house. The

service was faulty ("I've heard all my life how perfectly trained the English servants are!" sighed Mollie), the comfort of the beautiful house was only on the surface, and the cooking was—Morris described it by an adjective which made his wife cover up her ears, in the solitude of their luxurious room.

"I—I can't help it, Morris," she sobbed. "Every cook we get is worse than the last, and you won't let me do a thing myself."

"Of course not, you green goose! What would Sellers say to see you doing kitchen work?" (Sellers was the terrible butler, whose opinion Morris really feared more than that of the duchess.) "This isn't Swett's Corner, young lady!"

And he regarded her with some scorn, as she sat on the foot of the bed.

Being a young city magnate trying to live up to his position, Morris was inclined to be sensitive about what he considered the rustic ways of his wife; she had been a plain farmer's daughter when he lost his heart to her, and there were those who had not hesitated to pity him for marrying out of his own set. So the thought of Mollie doing any of the servant's work always aroused him to wrath. He had a vague picture in his mind of the stately, fine lady he wished her to become, but Mollie was always forgetting to play the part. However, he had expressed himself so forcibly on the subject that she hardly dared stir foot or finger in her own house, and fled from the shadow of the majestic Sellers in panic fear, lest he should detect her doing something that was beneath Morris's dignity. In fact, she had tried so hard to live up to the standard set for her that all her bright, girlish ways had withered like flowers in a heavy atmosphere, and poor Mollie was in danger of falling into a permanent state of melancholy.

On the fourth day of the visit, however, luck in the grim form of grippe came to the little woman's relief. Sellers was stricken, and his stately form stowed

away in bed in a distant room. Breakfast and luncheon had been worse than usual that day, and Mrs. Lang was crowding back miserable tears of mortification over the latter meal, when the duchess, who did as she pleased on all occasions, proposed that Morris should take herself and Lady Alice for a long afternoon at the Art Museum.

"She didn't ask me," thought Mollie, as the car rolled away. "Of course, she thinks I'm the stupidest thing going, and, of course, it's quite true. All the same, I know how to have a whole lot of fun while they're gone, and I'm going to have it. It may keep me alive through the miseries to come. This life is enough to drive a clam crazy!"

The women servants looked at each other in a puzzled way, as their mistress, with unusual "nerve," got them all out of the kitchen, on one pretext or another. But they were nothing loath to go, and presently, Mollie, with the happiest face she had worn for many weeks, was investing herself in an immense bib-apron, as a warrior puts on his armor.

"My!" she breathed, "it does seem good to get hold of a dish and spoon again. I guess they're my natural weapons in the battle of life, and they've been taken away from me!" And she fell to work blissfully.

"I haven't enjoyed myself so much since I first came to the city," she murmured, as, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, she came trailing down the long staircase, dressed for dinner in the most exquisite of her white gowns.

"Your wife is a beauty, Morris," observed the duchess in none too low a voice, as she glanced up at the white figure from the hall below. "But I can't just make her out. You weren't old enough when you were married to know that beauty is only skin deep; somebody ought to have warned you that it needs character behind it. But, there, it's useless to expect a man to have any sense on some subjects."

"Mollie is young, aunt," pleaded the

husband with a mortified flush. He was thinking savagely that Mollie had brought this on herself. No doubt she had been displaying some more of her up-country ways. He must talk to her again. Would she never acquire that dignity and perfect uselessness of the great ladies he had read about in books?

The dinner that day was a surprise that charmed the boyish host from his ill-humor. A modest young man, new to the duties of butler, though with a friendly willingness to please, had been secured to take the place of the prostrate Sellers. This circumstance, in itself, was calculated to raise the spirits of the company, and, as one perfectly cooked dish after another appeared, the hungry party melted into mirth and good cheer.

"I did it all myself," whispered Mollie to Morris, as they entered their own room at the close of a pleasant evening.

But, to her dismay, he whirled upon her in wrathful amazement. No wonder the duchess criticized a hostess who persisted in flying in the face of public opinion as represented by Sellers! He recalled the great lady's remarks in the hall, as Mollie came down, and his pleasure in the first successful dinner served in his house for weeks vanished like dew before fire.

"Mollie," he growled, "you're fairly bent on disgracing me! I'd rather never have had anything to eat. What do you suppose Sellers would say to serving up your countrified grub to a duchess?"

"Why, you liked it yourself, Morris, till you knew who cooked it," retorted Mollie resentfully. "And the duchess praised everything, and Lady Alice ate two pieces of custard pie."

Morris turned his back and began gloomily tearing at his collar button. He had liked that custard pie himself, but he wasn't going to abandon his views for a mere tickling of his palate.

"I shall hunt for another cook tomorrow; we can't go back to old Butterfingers. You must keep out of the kitchen, whatever happens. We seem to

be between the dev— between the deep sea and the other thing.”

“Am I the other thing?” demanded Mollie angrily, but she took no heed of the answer. A spark of rebellion had been kindled in her since she had recovered what she called her natural weapons.

“It’s so foolish,” she said to herself, “for us all to starve in a bunch, or be poisoned, when I can cook the dinner every day, and like the fun.”

So for a whole week the mistress of the mansion had her good times in the kitchen each day, while the rest went pleasuring, after the ordinary fashion. And though every night Morris groaned and scolded in private, he developed a guilty relish for his food, while the duchess and Lady Alice were frankly eager for the latest achievements of the new cook. The continued illness of Sellers and the many outings given the other servants had so far enabled Mollie to keep her secret from the guests. Whether the news of her “up-country doings” reached Sellers in his distant chamber and caused him to have a relapse just as the malady showed signs of leaving him, Mollie never knew. Her own betrayal came in another way.

The little mistress of the house, having grown happy and like herself, in the new excitement and interest of providing for her family, was too pleasant a companion to be left at home any more when the others went abroad for recreation. Lady Alice, in particular, insisted on her company, so the hours in the kitchen were shortened and meals were often hurried.

One day, when they had all been for a long jaunt in the car, Mollie discovered, at the eleventh hour, that dessert was scant. Fruit and nuts seemed hardly enough, in view of the marked taste for pastry lately developed by the visitors.

“I’ve just about time to make a dried apple pie,” mused Mollie, in the kitchen. “It sounds awful—serving dried apple pie to a duchess, but that string of apples Katie brought up from the farm just

made me so homesick I simply had to soak and cook them. Of course I didn’t mean anybody but myself to know about them, but there’s nothing else handy, so here goes!”

The pie, delicately brown and temptingly flaky, was served warm, and met with instant approval from Lady Alice. As for the duchess, she gazed at it, tasted it, and her hawk-like eye flashed.

“It’s the pie of my dreams!” she cried. “I never expected to taste good honest dried apples again in this fallen world! Why, it takes me straight back to my childhood and the old tree in the corner of the orchard that we used to call the dried apple tree, because mother would always have them saved to string. Mollie, I’m going to the kitchen after dinner and interview that new cook of yours. A woman who has sense enough to re-discover the forgotten virtues of dried apples, in this foolish age, is worth making a friend of. I’ll warrant she came from an old-fashioned country home like mine.”

In spite of herself, Mollie colored like a June rose, and, as the duchess stared at her, she burst into a ringing laugh.

“What geese we’ve been, Morris and I, to be so in awe of her!” thought the girl. And, aloud, she said merrily:

“I hope you will be a friend to the cook, aunt, for I made that pie myself.”

Lady Alice clapped her hands, and the duchess stared again.

“Mollie,” she said impressively, “in spite of your beauty, I’ve been suspecting that you were a genius of some kind,—only it was hard to make out what. Next thing you’ll be telling me you cooked all those exquisite dinners that began coming up just in time to save our lives.”

“Yes, I did,” admitted Mollie, not without a tremor.

“Then,” rejoined the duchess solemnly, “I know what kind of genius you have. You are one of those born cooks who are fit to rank with born poets, or great statesmen, and other savers of their



country. Was it modesty that forbade your telling us?"

"No, it was Morris. He doesn't like to have me work in the kitchen, and he was afraid you would be dreadfully shocked."

The duchess fixed her hawk-like gaze severely upon the head of the house. "Morris, *you* weren't descended from any of those shabby genteel folks I knew in my youth, who thought it wasn't 'lady-like' for the mistress of a house to be the cook, too,—if need be. Thank goodness, my mother had sense enough to see the foolishness of that. She went to the other extreme—I believe she considered

that a lady wasn't a real lady unless she was a good cook. And I must say I partly agree with her."

"Mother," broke in Lady Alice, "you've always been anxious for some time to have me learn cooking. Why can't I learn of Cousin Mollie while I'm here?"

"Alice," returned her mother severely, "it remains to be seen whether the intellect necessary for a successful cook has descended to you. But if you can learn to make the pie of my dreams like this, I shall be prouder of you than if you brought home a college degree with all the letters of the alphabet in it!"

## Bacon's Birthday Dinner

By Ladd Plumley

THE soufflé was a failure. Gas stoves are delightful when pressure and the resulting heat does not flicker like an expiring camp-fire. And in suburban towns, when everybody is cooking, clocks are as vain a guide as a time-table in a blizzard.

The guest was a clubman, whose diners, except when he dined out, were sent up from kitchens as perfect in mechanical devices as the engine-room of a war cruiser. For a bride of eleven months to compete with kitchens and chefs of clubdom is like a parcel of digger Indians, with bows and arrows, competing with the cruiser's gunners at a three thousand yard range.

Bacon lifted his eyebrows over the depressed soufflé in a way that made Eloise frantic. She could have wept into her napkin or snatched the soufflé from before her husband and crashed it through a window. But she presented a smiling and cool exterior over an interior that was weeping and sizzling.

"Your favorite dessert," remarked the host, heaping a portion of the soufflé on

a plate and pushing it toward the guest. "Pardon our way of dishing up things. The latest hit the back trail to the city only yesterday. Somewhat difficult to keep 'em—but I won't bore you with the ancient wail. It is fortunate that Eloise took a course in domestic economy; otherwise, it would be raven's beaks for us."

The guest toyed with his soufflé in a manner that suggested that his hunger had been completely appeased, but Eloise's smiling exterior remained smiling. She removed the fragments of the dejected dessert and brought in the coffee and nuts. She thanked the shade of Epicurus that the nuts had no vacillating heat of human preparation back of them and that the coffee was machine-made coffee.

The finis of the dinner was the finis to as dreary a failure as the bride could remember. As she piled up the dishes in the kitchen she dropped a few tears of such bitterness on a dish towel that it is a wonder that the plates were not embittered for the next week.

"That soufflé!" exclaimed Polhemus the next night. "That soufflé! Well, the whole dinner from the oyster purée to the soufflé! The coffee was good—but coffee makes itself."

"You have to fill the lamp," suggested Eloise with becoming meekness. "And you must be certain that you've measured out the correct amount of water."

"That's it!" replied Polhemus. "Cooking is all like that. It's an exact science. That's why the finest cooks are men; masculine minds are fitted to deal with matters of mathematical exactitude."

"But, Polhemus, the gas is about as exact as the sun and rain on your garden last summer. I noticed the masculine mind cannot produce peas and cucumbers with the precision that is outlined in your seed catalogues."

If there was anything that Polhemus loathed it was to sling his failures at him in answer to his criticisms. His first attempt at producing vegetables on the rejected sands of the builders of his house had not proved a ravishing success. Then there had been a drought which would have turned a Garden of Paradise into an Arizona desert.

"Cut the garden," said Polhemus. "Cooking is different. You've got the exact layout and the exact time schedule all in exact phraseology and in printer's ink. You weigh out the butter, you measure the flour, you season with the prescribed sugar, salt, pepper or what-not; you mix as some master mixer has directed, and you subject to heat for a stated time. Nothing could be more easy and nobody could go amiss. With modern helps that are in the hands of all housewives, cookery is as absolutely certain in its results as mixing together the ingredients of gunpowder and producing gunpowder."

"Don't they have explosions in powder mills?" asked Eloise.

"Not when the workmen follow orders. Besides, I'm not speaking of such things as explosions; I am saying that

exactitude will always bring exact results. The trouble with you college girls is that your training gives a smattering of many things, but exactitude in nothing. A man's training in business fits him for exactitude in anything."

"Like cooking, for example."

"Like cooking or gunpowder making or like weighing and counting out gold in a clearing house."

Polhemus was a trusted employé in a clearing house and, therefore, his reference to its activities.

"As I said," continued Polhemus, "cookery is an exact science, and, therefore, any one who has the materials, has the printed directions, has a clock—two hands, and,—well, a trained brain—can produce results just as certain and just as perfect as the foreigner in a white cap who presides over the kitchen of a Hotel Astor. I, myself, in our cubbyhole of a kitchen, could compete with the greatest chef that ever hammered a steak or boiled a—a Welsh rarebit."

"We don't hammer steaks and the only kind of rabbits that are boiled are potted, non-Welsh ones."

"I used steaks and rarebits as illustrations. You get my idea? I see that you do. I claim that I—little Willie here—counts himself a chef, if you give him the materials and a cook book."

"There's nothing to prevent you from proving what you have so convincingly set forth," suggested Eloise.

"You mean?"

"Well, you see, Polhemus, Mrs. Dunlap—the big house opposite—I met her at church. She gives a duplicate on the afternoon of your birthday dinner-party—the stag event I suggested. She asked me this afternoon and I told her about the dinner. Very likely she hasn't got anybody to fill my place. And if you want to try your hand at this exact and certain science, there'll hardly ever be a better chance than your stag dinner. You can have Sally Watrous do the serving—Sally isn't scientific, nor can she be called exact, but perhaps she can be

trusted not to break *all* our plates."

"By George, I'm hanged if I don't accept the challenge. I'll take an afternoon off and I'll serve a dinner that will make the fellows sit up and ask for more. And it will clinch my contention as with copper rivets. I suppose you think you've married a chump. But I've cooked things in camp, all right! Simple things, like baking potatoes under the coals and boiling hard eggs. Go to your duplicate, and if you get back in time you'll find as well fed a bunch as if I'd blowed 'em off at Sherry's."

Mrs. Dunlap had not found a substitute for the place, and, for once, Sally had no other engagement to wait on table, and would assist Polhemus.

"The men brought all the things you ordered—they are in the ice-box or out in the back kitchen," said Eloise, at two of the day of the dinner, lingering at the door. "You'll have no trouble in finding the flour, sugar, spices and all the rest. The confectioner comes at seven with the ice-cream and cakes. The cook books are on the kitchen shelf—all five. Where you find a difference in proportions or in cooking time you'll have to use your judgment. If the oven gas flickers, you must turn it up—but not too high, or it may flare into a Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. And don't give Sally a chance at the brandy bottle—you know her weakness. And remember that the broiler jets are uneven. If you put anything too far to the right, it will be burned. And if you intend to have the chickens broiled, there are all sorts of things to watch about that tricky stove. Ten men, in six weeks, from the gas company have inspected it and pronounced it perfect—that's their masculine idea of exactness. And—I forgot to tell you! Mattie Morehouse has invited me for a spread after the bridge—she's alone. I may be late. If you do get into trouble, call me up at Mattie's—you might, you know,—and I'll come over and help you out."

"That's the way with untrained

minds," remarked Polhemus to himself, after Eloise had gone. "They feel doubt because of previous failure and look for trouble. And, now, where had I better begin?"

The dinner was to be a "simple" dinner, as Polhemus had told Eloise; "grape fruit, oysters, a soup, an entrée, a roast, a salad, a soufflé—say,—ice cream, cakes, coffee, and, of course, the various and usual vegetables will be a sufficient and even a lavish menu. Most of the fellows don't care for wines, and as it's a stag blowout, I'll have Sally serve a cocktail, Bass, and cordials with the coffee."

Polhemus gave his attention first to the soup.

Soups are as endless as they are complicated in construction. At once, as he studied his five guide books, it struck Polhemus that the making of soups requires many materials and much time. He had thought of a simple purée—Cream of Celery—perhaps. But as an eater and critique of purées he had never realized the details that went with the making. He read a recipe for a purée, beginning with "2 cups of White Stock II, III, IV, or V."

By delving into his books, he soon decided that a knowledge of "stocks" would take some months, at the very least. Indeed, the more he investigated the more he became convinced that, although every recipe seemed simple, yet the making of a Cream of Celery soup should begin some ten days or so before the time set for the eating. He had had the idea of brewing something, in the nature of tea or coffee, not the painful and gradual building up of the basal foundation designated as "Stocks."

But what had Eloise said? She had surely said something about soups, the importance of which, at the time, had not been apparent. He remembered: "If you want no trouble at all, there are tinned soups in the cupboard. But be sure to heat them."

He had always sneered at tinned



soups, but after his delving in the five cook books the sneer changed to congratulations that by heating a tin can he could sidetrack his first and considerable difficulty.

He found the soups and selected two cans of Mulligatawny. These he placed on the shelf over the range, where his hand could fall upon them when the time for heating had come. And he turned his attention to entrées.

Entrées proved a difficult study. He could see that weeks might be given up to this one item of the menu. He began to wonder that with all the other things a girl was expected to master how she ever had the temerity to attempt to learn to cook even the dishes that are generally regarded as simple. However, there must be some entrée that could be juggled with the minimum of time and effort. He had in mind something of the nature of those little shells of pastry filled with minced meats that had delighted his palate, but the more he studied entrées of that nature the more he comprehended that a vast knowledge of the preparation of pastry must precede the actual making of the dish. He concluded he must give up the patty idea and find a recipe that used no pastry. And such a recipe he did find. But he observed that, like the soups, there seemed to be a background of effort with nearly all the entrées. And for the next half hour "Béchamel" and other sauces held his absorption. It was clear that in the limited time at his disposal he could never construct the simplest of sauces. He discarded the large assortment of spices, flour, butter and whatnot that he had piled around him. The wonder grew how any woman before the age of sixty, at least, could prepare a company dinner—and have any time for other things.

He did discover an entrée that required no pastry nor even sauces; "Chicken Livers en Brochette." He did not care for chicken livers himself, but he had the livers and he had the bacon.

But he had no skewers, and he could see that he would need a considerable number of skewers. Doubtless, however, by tying the chicken livers into little packages with twine he could dispense with skewers. This took a good deal of time and was a fussy and unpleasant task. And to his dismay he noted that it was already a half after four. He must hasten, and he arranged all the vegetables he had selected in heaps here and there on the kitchen floor. It was hard to make a choice and the recipe books had to be studied again. By this time he was almost dazed with his delvings; he would have liked to pitch all five books out of the window. But he gripped himself together and cut many of his vegetables into slices and chunks and filled a pot with the pieces. There was no time to consult cook books as to the cooking of vegetables. He would let them boil to a finish and when they were done he would remove them from the range. If necessary, Sally could warm them before serving. Then, of course, Sally could put the liver and bacon into the broiler a few moments before the time for the dinner.

He had thought of roast fowls. But when he looked into the matter of recipes for roast fowls, stuffings and sauces had a prominent place. After all, nothing could be nicer than broiled chickens. So he decided on broiled chickens in place of a roast. The time was now five-thirty and he hastened his preparations with the frantic zeal that is not unknown to housewives. When he had cut his chickens into chunks, he knew that he was not only perspiring freely, but that the kitchen held anything but that certainty of order and exactitude that he had desired. Chickens in chunks, their livers, bacon in jars, flour in cups and bowls, vegetables strewn at random and their peelings, a motley of opened cook books everywhere, spices, sugar of various kinds, and all the ruff-raff known to cookdom littered the small room as if a shrapnel shell of these many

things had exploded and had strewn its contents everywhere. And the man pottering amid this litter felt as if a shrapnel bomb of recipes and directions had exploded within his brain. It was a disheveled and frantic experimenter of things of exactitude that met the amazed eyes of Sally, as she pushed her rotund body into the disorder. Sally had been warned: Mrs. Bacon had told her that for his own reasons Mr. Bacon would prepare the dinner.

"Dis hyer kitchen done look lik' er place fo' 'stractin' er brain ter th' bustin' of th' wits!" exclaimed Sally.

"Don't get excited," said Polhemus wildly, rumpling his hair with a hand that was clotted with mingled butter and flour. "The thing is to keep one's head in the face of difficulties. Set the table. The guests will arrive in a half-hour. Here is a written list of what you are to do—carefully prepared with the utmost exactness. The cocktail bottle is there—on the table. Everything is ready. By referring to my arranged time-schedule you can go right ahead. I must shave and make myself presentable."

"You shorely done need ter make yourself present'ble," said Sally. "Fo' th' Lord, Mister Bacon! ain't I got time ter clean up dis mess?"

"It only looks messy because of the necessary proximity of things. Chickens, livers, everything have their place, with the correct seasoning on plates right beside each article. When you get at it, you'll bless my forethought. There's nothing to be done except the finishing touches."

Polhemus threw himself from the kitchen. He found the order of the bathroom delightfully soothing, after the reek and confusion below. He could not help but wonder, if always, when he himself was preparing for dinner, Eloise was trying to patch in time for her own dressing and if her mind and the kitchen held such a vast jumble of recipes with the more material makeup of the coming dinner.

When the guests arrived, they were greeted with a host of outward placidness and of inward confused doubts and worry.

"Seat yourself, fellows," remarked the host. "Everything is or should be ready and the cocktails will be in presently. This is an informal stag-dinner, but until it is over I will not tell you who is the cook. I think that I can promise you some surprises."

The first surprise was at hand. When Polhemus pressed the foot lever on the floor, Sally did not appear. After the tenth pressing, Polhemus excused himself and rushed to the kitchen.

Sally was seated in a chair.

"Dis hyer drink what youse done wants me to bring!" exclaimed Sally. "Dis drink is shorely mos' powerful. I'll git my footsies in er minute. Jes' a drop, Mister Bacon, and my head's turnin' somethin' scand'lous!"

Bacon poured out the cocktails into glasses—he forgot the icing—and jumbling them on a waiter he leaped toward the dining room. He paused at the door to say,

"For heaven's sake, Sally, pull yourself together! The oysters come next. They are on the ice."

"My head's turnin' an' turnin' somethin' scand'lous," again mumbled Sally.

"Put it under the cold water faucet. And don't forget the entrée and the chickens and the—Oh yes—the soup! Heat the cans as quickly as possible. Study your time-schedule—everything is duly set forth."

The first man who tasted his cocktail put it aside without comment. The others drank, but with wry faces. Polhemus said nothing. Warm cocktails have an unpleasant taste, but there is no use in mentioning the fact.

There was a long wait after the cocktails. Two of the men told funny stories and Polhemus blessed them. It was in the very middle of one of the funny stories that Polhemus was shaken in his chair as if a dynamite bomb had exploded in

the back of the house. He was no more prepared for the explosion that had taken place in the kitchen than the reader is. The guests leaped to their feet.

"Stay where you are!" exclaimed Polhemus. "It's probably the gas. Eloise warned me that the gas was uncertain. Stay here and I'll make an investigation."

It was not the gas. Polhemus found Sally humped up in a corner of the kitchen. Mulligatawny soup was strewn about with a liberality that suggested that another bomb of high power and loaded with Mulligatawny had exploded in the middle of the room.

"I was jes' 'bout ter take a can from th' stove when she goes off," groaned Sally. "I ain't scalded none, 'cause I was low and she goes over my pore head. Dis is shore a 'spiracy. Bombs an' things bustin' an' my head turnin' an' turnin' somethin' scand'lous!"

The guests were told that some trouble with the gas range had resulted in a slight explosion that might delay the rest of the dinner. As in the space of forty minutes they had been served with only warm cocktails they were certainly prepared for the delays that were to follow.

The confusion of his dinner haunts Polhemus to the present hour. The oysters were entirely forgotten. A sullen and staggering Sally, at odd times, brought in burned fragments, which might have been chicken livers, bits of charred bacon, and singed drumsticks. These were occasionally flanked with bits of potatoes or other vegetables, cooked to shreds. Even the salad was mysterious to the tenth degree of mystery. Bacon could not recognize the ingredients he believed he had prepared. He fancied that Sally had mingled everything returned from the dishes that had gone before, and the salad was strongly flavored with Mulligatawny.

Indeed, when he had an opportunity to think the dinner over, he remembered that everything had been flavored with

Mulligatawny.

The coffee machine was on the sideboard and Polhemus remembered with satisfaction that he had filled the lamp and had measured out the proper number of cups of water. Sally, reeling and muttering scraps of reproaches against bombardments and the potency of cock-tails, had retired to the kitchen. Polhemus lighted the lamp of the coffee machine and brought out a box of cigars.

"Old fellows," he said, "things haven't been just up to my wife's standard. She thought that we would have a better time by ourselves, and, well—you're awfully kind not to have said more things than you have. Let's forget it—the coffee always makes itself in this house—so that is certain to be good. And I don't think you'll find much the matter with the cigars."

Polhemus gave the coffee just twelve minutes. "Suppose you officiate at the urn," he said to a man whose chair was near the machine.

The cups were filled and handed around and Polhemus lifted his to his lips. He set it down hastily. "That Sally!" he exclaimed. "Don't drink it—heaven knows what it is!"

It was at the moment of doubtful sniffing above cups that the door of the dining room was pushed open by Miss Morehouse's maid. Following her came Eloise, who carried a waiter which was heaped with many things, and following Eloise came Miss Morehouse with a similar waiter.

"It's a good thing to know when to cave in," said Polhemus, at breakfast the following day. "Here's where little Willie takes off his hat to feminine genius. To dance, to play bridge, to know and do the million and ten things we expect our wives to know and do, and, in addition, at twenty-odd, to be able to hit off a decent dinner is no less than a miracle. Take it from me, Eloise, if the men who serve the soufflés would prepare a single meal, criticism would be turned to praise."



# How the Names of Some Common Foods Originated

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

**W**HAT'S in a name?" asked the fair Juliet, believing the rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but when we come to look into the origin of many of our common household words we find them fraught with meaning and fragrant with the memory of association. For as Lavater so aptly said, "Words are the wings of actions."

In fact, in studying the history of cookery there is no branch more interesting than tracing the birth-names and birth-places of some of our ordinary daily dishes.

For instance, take that form of soup commonly known as *purée*. How did it originate? It comes from the old English and French *porée*, an old-time favorite vegetable pottage, named from the Latin *porrum*, a leek, *porrata*, leek soups.

We go into a restaurant and nonchalantly order *Julienne* soup. What fanciful chef, we ponder, dubbed it *Julienne*? Was he partial to that name? Then culinary history points us back many, many years to sunny Italy. Here, this soup was first made, and in it was used sorrel, called *alleluia*, because its ternate leaf was regarded as an emblem of the trinity. The soup was later introduced into France by the Italian cooks of Catherine d' Medici, under the name *Juliola*, which afterward evolved into the present day well-known *Julienne*.

Perhaps we may have a roll or some form of biscuit served with our soup, and here again in the word biscuit we have another example of keeping alive an old Latin phrase "*bis coctus*"—meaning twice cooked.

The simple word sandwich is also freighted with meaning. To England we are indebted for the sandwich idea, and to no less a personage than John Mon-

tagu, Fourth Earl of Sandwich. Born nearly two hundred years ago—November 3, 1718,—and living to the ripe age of seventy-four, he won himself an enviable niche in the hearts of cookingdom by introducing the fad of placing meat between bread. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, a lucid debater, plenipotentiary to the Congress of Breda from 1746-1748, and thereafter holding the post of first lord of admiralty till 1751, posterity chiefly remembers him as the enthusiastic card player, who became so interested in his game that he commanded his attendants to bring him this compact form of nourishment that he might be permitted to pursue his absorbing pastime uninterrupted by the demands of formal meal taking. Thus was established this highly desirable article of quick lunch, which has become so generally and favorably known as the sandwich.

To France we are indebted for innumerable culinary terms.

Vinegar is simply a corruption of *vin aigre*—sour wine. Though the French may claim the honor of naming this much-used commodity, they did not name the vinegar's "mother." Undoubtedly most everyone surmises that there is some natural relationship between vinegar and its mother, but this is not so. The word was originally "mudder," which is found in all Germanic languages, and implies a natural sense of mud or thickening. France gave us the word dandelion, *dent de lion*,—lion's tooth, suggested, presumably, by the jagged appearance of its deeply cleft leaf. Cutlet, likewise, comes to us from this same source. Foreigners in studying our language might infer that a cutlet meant a little cut. But it does so no more than bracelet means a little brace. Cutlet comes to us from the French *côtelette*,

and means a rib (*côte*) of any kind of animal.

The term "jerked beef," heard so frequently in this country since pioneer days, is very puzzling since the process of preparing it has absolutely nothing to do with jerking. We simply adopted this word from the Peruvians. Prescott, in his "Conquest of Peru", gives us an inkling of enlightenment on the subject. "Flesh," he says, "cut into thin slices, was distributed among the people, who converted it into *charki*, the dried meat of the country."

Our much-prized sirloin is nothing more or less than it pretends to be —*sur (le) loigne*—above the loin, although our later fantastic etymology has bestowed on it the honor of knighthood, as it were, and will have it Sir Loin.

So many of our household commodities have gained names through the locality of their production being embodied in the appellation. Thus we are still wont to call our twilled and richly figured linen fabrics damask, for the ancient city of Damascus, which eight centuries ago excelled in the manufacture of these beautifully ornamented textiles. In such wise do currants keep Corinth memorable; calico, Calicut; Port wine, Oporto; while Cognac and Burgundy make their origin apparent at first sight.

The beverage designated as bock beer is somewhat more misleading. It is said to be derived from the town of Einbeck, in Hanover, where particularly strong beer was once made. This was gradually changed into *ein bock*, meaning a glass, and finally came the familiar bock beer.

Gin, which was sometimes called Geneva, gave many the impression of being a distinctively Swiss drink. Such is not the case. This liquor is made from the juniper which in French is *ginièvre*, hence the abbreviated name of gin.

Mulled wine, a prime favorite of some of our less abstemious ancestors, was prepared by heating and flaming with spices. The word mulled, we are told,

comes from mould, earth, and signifies the wine used at the *molde ealu*, or funeral feast.

Catsup has nothing whatever to do with the likes or dislikes of kittendom. It is a word the English long years ago appropriated, changing the Indian word *kitjap* to the spelling now familiar to us all. In this class might be mentioned our word butcher, which is also only the anglicized spelling of the French *boucher*.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to state that that good old word, recipe, dear to the hearts of all students of cookery, simply means *do thou take*.

Pudding was originally puddin, till latter day refinement, unlike Jacky Horner, who pulled out the plums, insisted on putting in a "g."

Clouted cream is merely a corruption of clotted cream.

And Welsh rarebit is nothing more or less than a corruption of Welsh rabbit, an early slang name given to this delectable dish of melted cheese and toast. It was, unmistakably, but the flippant name of an idle hour, but it has hung on as tenaciously as "Munster plums" has clung to potatoes, "Digby chickens" to herring, and as "Cape Cod turkeys" bids fair to hold to our much-valued codfish.

In scanning present day cook-books one cannot but be impressed with the names of dishes which are purely Americanisms. Take, for example, our toothsome New England dish called chowder. Be it made of fish or clams, it is distinctively American in name. Some authorities suggest that this concoction was first made on the Brittany Coast and the idea brought to us by sea-faring men. Be that as it may, English cookery books accredit it an American dish and all agree that we ingeniously coined the name from the French *chaudière*, meaning a kettle.

The names of several others are Dutch contributions. Prominent among these is cruller, which comes from the

Dutch *kruller*, to twist, hence our twisted fried cake or doughnut, and without question that mode of serving cabbage known as cold slaw is from the Dutch *kool sla*.

The influence of the early Red Man is still vibrant in the words succotash, mocassin, hominy, Indian meal, etc., while goober, the common name for the peanut throughout the Southwest, is of African origin.

And so on, here and there, we find a location that has crept into general acceptance. Who knows but that, a hundred years from now, that word of to-day's mintage—Fletcherizing, which is now so closely allied to food and food problems, may be of every-day usage, and, to the casual speaker, give no hint of our national hurry-up habits that created it. Out of experience language and custom evolve.

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### Comforting

There's such a lot of trouble in the world,  
There's such a lot of worry everywhere,  
But there always is a while  
When at sorrow you can smile,  
And the grief is half assuaged that you can  
bear.

There's such a lot of fretting every day,  
There's such a host of hardships to be met,  
But though paths be rough and long,  
They'll be better for a song,  
Keep your watch for something better yet.

There's such a lot of malice and of hate,  
There's such a crowd of evils to appal,  
But this world's of pure assay,  
If you make your own life pay,  
That's the thing that matters after all.

L. M. THORNTON.

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## Shopping in Nature's Market

By Stella Burke May

THE city housewife, who gives her order to the groceryman over the telephone, will furnish you convincing arguments why her way is best; the woman from the small town, who has no telephone, but to whom the order boy comes every morning for the list of the day's supplies, will assure you that, for economy of time and satisfaction of service, hers is the only way; and the farmer's wife, who lives just on the edge of town, and makes a personal visit to the market once or twice a week, is positive that both the others are wrong, and she unalterably right.

But there is a fourth way of supplying the family table, and the advocate of this

will demonstrate why it surpasses all other ways of securing the essentials for the household larder, and her way is shopping in Nature's market.

The disciples of the first three ways of marketing, could not follow the latter plan, probably from climatological reasons, but will, no doubt, be interested in hearing how one woman in Florida, whose home is five miles from a grocery store or meat market, feeds her family of twelve, and is as independent of the groceryman and butcher as is the city housewife independent of the market basket.

Every morning she goes out into Nature's market and selects her day's sup-



plies from crisp, green rows of appetizing vegetables that offer endless variety, from a fruit "stand" hanging before her eyes in luscious temptation; while for meat courses, she has but to give her order to one or other of her guests, who keep her table and refrigerator supplied with fresh fish, fowl or game.

Let me take you visiting with me, five miles from a railroad, in the lake region of Florida. Picture an old Southern home, situated on a high ridge a mile long and quarter of a mile wide,—the dividing line of the Florida peninsula,—a long strip separating two clear, fresh lakes, the waters of one emptying into a little stream that journeys east and finally reaches the great Atlantic Ocean, the other flowing into a little creek that meanders into Peace River and finally finds its way westward into the Gulf of Mexico. The lakes teem with fish, mostly big-mouthed bass, or, as they call them here, green trout, weighing from one-half to twelve pounds. The woods adjoining her grapefruit and orange grove, which surrounds the house, furnish quail, pigeons and ducks, and, occasionally, a wild turkey or a venison. Aside from the wild game, she has, of course, her own chickens, ducks, turkeys and pigs and, being a good housewife, a cow with a crumpled horn, which provides her bounteously with milk, cream and butter.

Her fruit trees offer oranges, grapefruit, bananas, peaches, persimmons, pears, guavas, and mulberries, all in season, as well as limes and lemons; and for small fruits, there are the winter strawberries, the spring huckleberries and summer blackberries, the latter two growing wild.

But it is the vegetables raised in her garden that make their city cousins turn a pale and sickly green with envy; for besides sugar cane, corn and sweet and Irish potatoes, she has an endless variety, including beans, peas, cabbage, lettuce, onions, squash, cucumbers, tomatoes, spinach, endive, peppers, turnips, carrots,

and beets; for greens, there are collards, kale and mustard.

To be sure, she has her pantry shelves stocked with such staples as sugar, salt, pepper, coffee, tea, and the various condiments and flavors, as well as flour, baking powder and soda; but for daily supplies, the component parts with which to furnish a meal, she selects each morning, planning her menus with care and regard to her visible supply, and a ten minutes' conversation with her will convince you that shopping in Nature's market is infinitely more appetizing and vastly more satisfying than the telephone, the order-boy or the personal-trip-to-market.

Every winter there comes to this lake-side home a half dozen married couples from Northern points, the masculine members of the families intent on hunting and fishing, and because they are all true sportsmen and are satisfied with a few quail, a couple of ducks or a string of a half-dozen fish, there is seldom an over-supply, but always an abundance for this happy family of twelve.

If your mental vision pictures an over-worked housewife, grubbing in a garden, dressing fowl and cleaning fish, eliminate all such thought from your mind. In its place, substitute a photograph of a trim and dainty woman, dressed in white from the tips of her canvas shoes, to the immaculate collar on her crisp, fresh gown, directing the management of the eighty-acre grove, planning the day's menus, arranging the routine for the two house maids and for the man-of-all-work, who looks after the garden in connection with his various other duties,—a regular old Uncle Tom of a darkey, who will display a huge basket of luscious red strawberries, or a particularly fine head of lettuce, with all the pride of his creation.

If it were not for the ice, for which they send to town once a week, or an occasional visit to the village for additions to the supply of ammunition, such as a box of shells, a package of fish-hooks or a particular kind of a spoon with which

to lure the wily bass, they would be strangers to the village, for the rural mail carrier delivers mail daily, and thus are all their wants supplied.

And now for the menus. Let us start with breakfast, Sunday. First, we will seat our guests at the long table with its centrepiece of flaming red hibiscus. At each plate is a generous dish of mammoth red strawberries, with powdered sugar and a pitcher of thick, yellow cream. Having partaken of this, the piece de resistance of the morning meal is brought in. A crisp slice of golden, buttered toast, on which rests a chubby quail, browned to a turn. Hot rolls, coffee, and cakes, with Florida cane syrup, for those who like them, complete the morning repast.

For dinner there is an appetizer, merely as a matter of form,—for assuredly none is needed,—consisting of a grapefruit cocktail with a red, ripe strawberry in the center. A boiled fowl, with new peas, potatoes scalloped with peppers; lettuce, tomato and cucumber salad with French dressing; a lemon pie made from the huge, rough lemons that taste better than they look; and half cups of coffee, furnish the household with a full meal.

A light supper consists of a tomato rabbit, with toast, sliced bananas, sponge cake and tea. The bananas are the delicious, little lady-finger sort that grow down by the Lake, and are sliced lengthwise for sake of variety.

Monday morning, for breakfast, she serves grits. For the benefit of those who have never been South, let me explain that grits are fine-ground hominy, and are cooked as a cereal in the manner in which rice is prepared. A Southerner loses his appetite, if he sees a Yankee eat cream and sugar on his rice or grits, for the proper mode below the Ohio River is to eat both with salt and butter. With the grits she has sliced bacon, for, of course, ham and bacon are always in stock, and fried bananas, broiled potatoes and coffee.

Dinner is served at noon, on week days as well as Sundays, because the lack of twilight in Florida calls for early hours, and this wise mistress of the house thinks it best to serve the hearty meal at mid-day, with a light supper at night, preparatory to early retiring.

So, for Monday dinner, there is a cream of string bean soup; a stuffed, baked bass,—a ten-pounder, caught on Saturday, and kept in the live box on the lake until early Monday morning, when it was killed and dressed by the cook's colored helper, served with plain boiled potatoes,—corn meal muffins, lettuce-and-egg salad, and for dessert, individual baked custards, with coffee.

Supper brings stuffed green peppers, in which one discovers the remnants of the left-over fowl from Sunday's dinner, with potato salad, hot rolls and tea.

When Tuesday morning comes, there is no question of, "dear me, what shall I have for dinner, I just can't think of a thing," for this mistress of affairs does not have to think of things, the things to eat just hit her in the eye each time she goes out of doors.

A fat young pig, razor-back, crossed with Berkshire, has recently been slaughtered, so sausage cakes are available for breakfast, with creamed potatoes, dry toast, orange-and-grapefruit marmalade and coffee.

Four pin-tail ducks have been brought low by the fowlers, so roast wild duck with guava jelly, mashed potatoes, boiled onions, cabbage-and-cocoanut salad, hot biscuits, coffee and cottage pudding with orange sauce are the order of the dinner.

Supper, consisting of halves of grapefruit, hot, ham sandwiches, sliced guavas, gathered fresh in the morning and served with sugar and cream, with tea and little sugar cookies, sends the weary ones early to bed.

By Wednesday morning everyone is loudly clamoring for more strawberries, and, in accordance with their desires, they are given strawberries and cream,

(Continued on page 644)

# AMERICAN COOKERY

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### The Nest

Glad is the grove with light,  
And the glen is song-caressed,  
But longing comes ere night  
For the one, dear nest!

Far fields may seem more fair,  
And distant hills more blue,—  
Still claims that nest my care  
In the dawn—in the dew;

For tho the wild may woo  
My wing to many a quest,  
Sweet in the dawn and the dew  
Are home and rest!

*Florence Earle Coats, in Scribner's.*

### A REMINDER

THIS magazine is thoroughly alive to the interests of its readers. Its purpose is to give good advice and provide useful and helpful material in conducting the affairs of the household. The editor is a practical housekeeper of long experience; she has no other interests than the welfare of this publication. We are anxious to know just what you want in your household periodical, and, as far as we know and are able, to furnish the same for you. At any and all times we are at your service. Though in times distraught, let us try to maintain a cheerful disposition, which means, also, a wholesome condition, and, above all, let us not regard our housekeeping as one of the things worthy of least consideration.

### MAN'S WANTS.

MAN wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." To achieve happiness here man has two main wants. The first is for something to do—an occupation that he likes and in which he can do good work and be contented. Blessed is the man who has found his occupation. His second great want is that of a good wife or help-mate. Considering the full measure and significance of these things, we do not see how much can be added to or subtracted from them, as the indispensable needs of the average, normal man.

All education and government should be directed to the attainment of these so essential means of successful living, on the part of each and all. What other object can possibly be conceived of that is worthy of consideration? People provide for themselves a government to do what they can not well do as individuals. Peace, justice, individual freedom, in short, the protection and enlightenment of the people should be the actuating motive of all governments. Be just, be generous, be great.

While we are busily engaged in our



several occupations in life, and we could not be happy otherwise, of course, we have our ideals and hopes, and it is quite important to know what these ideals are. We are reading much at present of the spirit of loyalty, the mono-idealism, the new worship that seems to actuate the nations now at war. Little is said about that other sentiment, "All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye, etc.," which may be summed up in the one word, justice. Can a people cultivate a more lofty ideal than this? Now justice is our ideal; we desire to see truth and justice prevail the world over.

### ECONOMICS AND WAR

**E**CONOMICS bids fair to become the deciding factor in the issues of the present war. Already the scarcity of food-supplies and the cost of maintenance begin to loom up large. In the near future, the conditions must become appalling.

Recently an officer in high rank is reported to have used the word stupid to characterize the needlessness of the present war. Useless, stupid, cruel, are mild terms with which to stigmatize the inhuman, selfish conflict now raging in Europe. Will people never learn to refuse to feed and clothe and support large masses of their countrymen in unprofitable idleness, else engaged in the wholesale destruction of the lives and property of their neighbors? Aside from the loss of life and the suffering occasioned by the struggle, the material waste and destruction surpasses the limit of comprehension. Who is to pay for all this wanton destruction? Certainly the prospect of neither the present nor future generations appears attractive. From an economic point of view, war is surely a poor venture.

Unfortunately, too, the innocent suffer with the guilty. Wars, it seems to us, will cease only when the people, as masters, become intelligent and wise enough to refuse either to fight them-

selves or to pay others to fight for them. Even now, is it not true that strictly defensive wars are not likely to be expensive or of long duration? No other than defensive warfare can be in any wise justifiable.

### OUR DUTY

**T**HE people of America are feeling the ill-effects of the troublous times. The ordinary peaceful pursuits of life, the regular channels of commerce are disturbed or broken-up; all things seem to be topsy-turvy. In the varied appeals of the day, if one were asked to state what he considered his individual, personal duty to be, it would, we think, be hard to say. The customary ways of thought and activity are sidetracked. Of necessity, people everywhere are more or less distracted by the world-wide confusion. At any rate, this much of duty is plain, we must meet the best we can the changing conditions as they arise and, in accordance with the light that has been given us, maintain always the cause of truth, justice and righteousness.

### LIGHT

**L**IGHT falls upon the brown earth and a carpet of green springs forth. Every springtime is a resurrection morn.

Light perfumes the violet and tints the orchid.

Light falls upon a bud and it bursts into glory of bloom.

Light shines on a pallid face and paints a rose upon it.

The light of the rising sun sets the birds singing and the woods tremble with ecstasies of joy.

Light lights upon a darkened face and presently an illumination blazes forth and melancholy flees like a phantom.

Light turns all the world's wheels; wind, water and steam.

Light impels the body machine, aids every vital function and quickens every cell in the merry "dance of life."

It transforms—digests—a bitter green

fruit into a sweet and toothsome morsel—"cooked in the sun."

The sallow, sour, dyspeptic slave of business gets out into the sunshine for a week and can digest a farmer's dinner.

Build your house on the sunny side of the street. Keep the shutters open; roast in the sun every time you get a chance.—*J. H. K. in Good Health.*

### HAPPINESS

IN "The Great Society" Mr. Wallis brings up the question of what it is that makes happiness among those who perform hard and monotonous manual labor, who prefer positions involving such labor to positions with much easier duties. This form of the question is a great advance on the method of abstract investigation of the nature of happiness. Happiness eludes definition, and escapes any effort to isolate and photograph it. It is what happens under certain circumstances, and the nearest we can get to it is to find out the circumstance which in given cases gives it. Employment, the most monotonous, does not exclude it, because there is, one discovers who looks not from the outside, much opportunity of getting satisfaction and in discovering hidden varieties. Even pain does not exclude it, because those who have suffered most know that some fine forms of happiness come with pain. The important fact is that happiness is never a certain something, like heaven, or a gold mine, which the lucky or the good may get and be sure of. The deep says of it as of wisdom, "It is not in me," and the sea saith, "It is not with me." The only way to find out what it is, is to do the things that bring its lasting and unembittering forms, and avoid the things whose pleasure is spurious and delusive. For elusive true happiness is, but never delusive; and to no human condition is its attainment closed. Every truth about happiness is a reform in our ideas of heaven, for he who thinks of it as some attainment a man may have and be sure of will never reach a heaven. For the

state of being sure of one's attainment and perfection has nothing heavenly about it.—*Christian Register.*

In the schools of the United States the movement is now on, it is said, to fix the mind of the pupil as early as possible on some important work to be done in life, and prepare him as well as possible for this work.

"We ought to see to it that we eat and sleep efficiently, that we do not cheat our stomachs to please our palates and do not dawdle away our time. Listening to the clock strike at night is as lazy a habit as watching it in business hours. And when we go in for pleasure we should look out that we get the worth of our time and money. We ought not to waste our playtime in doing anything less than what we most delight in doing, so far as that is attainable. This also is an essential part of the efficient life."

### By the Sun-Dial

Each minute that my dial shows  
Breathes of the fragrance of the rose;  
Each hour that, singing, dances by  
Fades where the slumbering sunbeams lie.  
Scented paths are at my feet—  
Chalice of lily, heavy-sweet,  
Lures where velvet shadows fall  
'Neath whispering leaves where the fairies  
call,

And gossamer rugs by the wee elves spread  
With dewy woof of silvery thread.

So in my garden die the hours,  
Winged with the witching breath of flowers.  
Lo! the faint moon comes and wanes.  
Summer passes—the wind complains—  
Alone the autumn-burnished bough  
Tokens the vanished glory now.  
Whisper of winter, sobbing low,  
And now my dial is hedged with snow.  
Ah! but the dial's verse is mine,  
Held in my heart till the verge of time:  
He who loves with love so true  
Shall see the old year's face anew.  
Sun of summer, winter's pain—  
Only love shall be the same.

R. R. GREENWOOD.



PECAN NUT-MEAT SAUSAGE, FRIED BANANAS

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Tongue Canapés

**T**OAST rounds of bread and spread them to the edge with butter, beaten to a cream and mixed with mustard; have ready some rounds of cold, boiled tongue, cut very neatly a little smaller than the rounds of toast; there should be a ring of mustard butter completely around the tongue, when it is set in the center of the prepared bread. With star tube pipe a tiny rosette of mustard butter in the center of each canapé. Serve very cold.

### Cream of Lima Bean Soup

Soak one cup of dried Lima beans over night; drain, rinse in cold water and set to cook in boiling water to cover. When tender (one to two hours) press through a sieve with the water in which they were cooked. While the beans are cooking, cut an onion in shreds and let cook, stirring meanwhile, in two or three tablespoonfuls of fat from the top of a kettle of soup until yellowed and softened somewhat; add two or three parsley branches and a cup of water and let simmer about twenty minutes, then

strain through the sieve used for the beans into the bean purée. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of black pepper, then add one quart of milk and stir until boiling; add the purée and half a teaspoonful of salt and milk or water as needed to make the soup of the proper consistency. The soup should be rather thin.

### Pecan Nut-Meat Sausages

Mix together three-fourths a cup of hot, cooked cream of wheat, one-fourth a cup of soft, sifted bread crumbs, two cups of fine-crushed (food chopper) nut meats, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper and half a teaspoonful, each, of powdered thyme and sage; mix all together thoroughly, then mix with one egg beaten light and form into about ten shapes to resemble sausage links; set these on a pan rubbed over with olive oil or butter and let bake about twenty minutes. Serve with bananas, cut in halves crosswise and then lengthwise, rolled in flour and sautéd in hot fat, first on one side and then on



the other. Serve at the same time time about a cup of tomato or cream sauce.

### Mock Beef Steak

Put one quart of boiling water over the fire. Add one teaspoonful of salt, then gradually stir in one scant cup of cereal; let boil two or three minutes, then stir in about three cups of nut-meats, chopped exceedingly fine in a food chopper. Season to taste with pepper or add one or two tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper; cover and let cook about two hours, then turn into a bread pan or into empty cocoa cans. When cold cut in slices, brush over with olive oil or melted

this dish. Stir one generous cup of cooked chicken, cut in cubes, (cooked celery or peas may replace part of the chicken) into a scant cup of Bechamel sauce (two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, half a cup, each, of chicken broth and cream); spread part of this mixture over two or three dishes; break an egg into each dish; season with salt and pepper; cover with the rest of the mixture. Cook about five minutes.

### Eggs à la Jockey Club

Split English muffins, toast and spread lightly with butter; over each



EGGS Á LA PRINCESS

EGGS Á LA MORNAY

butter and cook over the coals or in the oven. Serve with or without tomato sauce.

### Shirred Eggs à la Mornay

To serve three, make a cup of cream sauce, using two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and one cup of rich milk or thin cream; stir in about one-fourth a cup of grated cheese. Put about two tablespoonfuls of Mornay sauce into each shirring cup, then break a fresh egg into each cup and pour over the rest of the sauce. Set the cups into the oven to cook the eggs delicately. About five minutes' cooking is enough.

### Eggs à la Princess

A shirring dish (cup) or ramekins, cup-shaped or the flat shape used for serving Welsh rabbit, may be used for

half muffin set a thin slice of boiled ham, carefully broiled; above the ham set an egg poached in water just below the boiling point; over the eggs pour cream sauce in which a few fresh mushrooms, split through cap and stem, have been simmering. Serve at once. One cup of sauce answers for three eggs.

### Fried Poached Eggs, with Hot Macedoine

Poach the required number of eggs either directly in the water (just below boiling) or in buttered cups. Do not cook too long; leave the yolks soft. Let the eggs cool, then dry on a cloth; cover with beaten egg diluted with two or three tablespoonfuls of milk, then cover with sifted, soft, white bread-crumbs. Fry in deep fat until nicely yellowed, and drain on soft paper. Serve around a mound of cooked vegetables peas,



MACARONI CROQUETTES

string beans, carrots, turnips, celery, etc., seasoned with butter, salt and pepper.

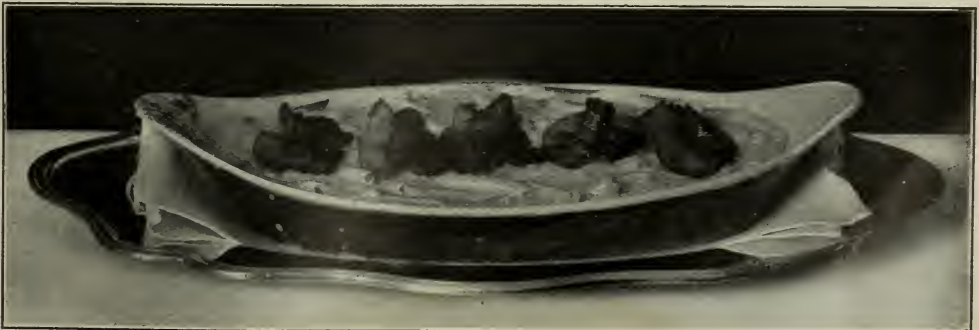
### Macaroni Croquettes

Cook two-thirds a cup of macaroni—in short lengths—in boiling, salted water until tender; then drain, rinse in cold water and drain again; dry on a cloth and cut in rings about one-fourth an inch thick. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook four tablespoonfuls of flour, and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; add one cup of milk and one-fourth a cup of cream and stir constantly until boiling; melt in this sauce half a cup of grated cheese, then add the macaroni, mix thoroughly and turn upon a buttered plate; when cold form into balls and roll these under the fingers, on a board, to cylindrical shape; roll in soft, sifted bread crumbs; beat one egg; add three tablespoonfuls of milk and beat again; use the egg to cover the croquettes; as soon as one is covered with

egg, roll it a second time in the crumbs. Fry in deep fat.

### Creamed Macaroni, with Bacon

Cook one cup of tube macaroni broken in short pieces in rapidly boiling, salted water until tender. It will take nearly an hour, and the water must be replenished as needed. Drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour and a generous quarter of a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, then add one cup and a fourth of milk, broth or tomato purée and stir until boiling; add half a cup of grated cheese and the macaroni; lift the macaroni with two forks, to mix all together thoroughly, and turn into a shallow baking dish. Have ready five or six slices of choice bacon, cooked until transparent; set these, side by side, above the macaroni and set the dish into the oven to finish cooking the bacon. The fat must be nearly cooked from the



CREAMED MACARONI, WITH BACON

bacon before it is set above the macaroni.

### Macaroni Omelet

Have ready three-fourths a cup of cooked macaroni cut in small bits (rings). Beat the yolks of three eggs light, and the whites dry; into the yolks put half a teaspoonful (scant) of salt, a dash of paprika, three tablespoonfuls of tomato purée or milk, and the macaroni; mix together thoroughly, then fold in the whites of the eggs. Have ready a hot omelet pan; in it melt a tablespoonful of butter, letting it run all over the bottom of the pan; turn in the mixture,

let cook twenty minutes. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; beat in the yolks of two eggs, one after another, then add half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika and about half a cup (generous measure) of grated cheese. Stir this evenly through the hot mixture, and continue the cooking and stirring until the egg is "set" and the cheese is melted, then turn into a buttered dish (agate or tin) to make a sheet about half an inch thick. Let cool, then cut in such small shapes as desired or as will suit the dishes to be used. Set these shapes, in two or three layers, in the several



GNOCCHI À LA ROMAINE IN INDIVIDUAL RAMEKINS

make it smooth on the top, let stand on the range a minute, then set into a moderate oven. Let cook until a spatula pressed into it comes out without uncooked egg adhering to it. Then score at right angles to the handle of the pan and turn on to a hot platter. Serve at once. Tomato, brown or cream sauce, with or without cheese, are acceptable with this omelet.

### Gnocchi à la Romaine (Individual Dishes)

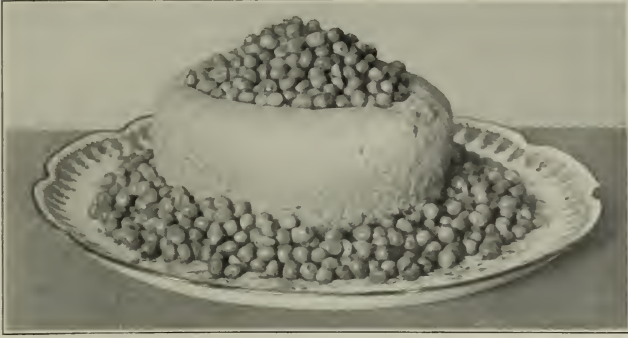
Scald one cup and a half of milk in a double boiler; mix one-fourth a cup, each, of cornstarch and pastry flour with half a cup of cold milk to a smooth consistency, then stir into the scalded milk; continue to stir until the mixture thickens and is smooth, then cover and

dishes, sprinkling grated cheese on each piece as it is set in place; sprinkle the top generously with cheese. About ten minutes before serving set the dishes into the oven to reheat and melt the extra supply of cheese. Serve for luncheon or supper, with a green salad, apple sauce or cooked fruit and bread.

### Cheese Soufflé

Put in a double boiler one cup of milk, one cup of grated American cheese, a tablespoonful of butter, one-half a cup of soft bread crumbs, one-quarter a teaspoonful of salt, a little paprika and mustard. Cook for three minutes. Take from the fire and pour on the beaten yolks of three eggs. Fold in the beaten whites and turn into a buttered pudding dish; bake from twenty to twenty-five





HAM TIMBALE, WITH PEAS

minutes in a slow oven. Serve immediately.

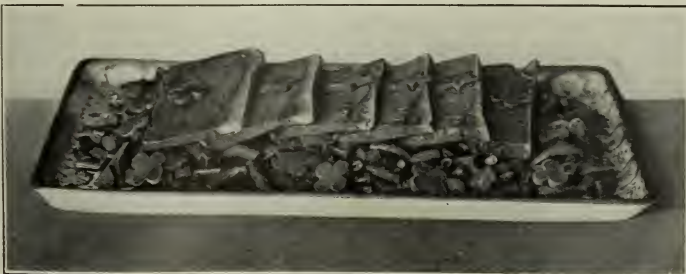
### Cold Corned Beef, with Macedoine of Vegetables

Fancy brisket is the cut of corned beef from which the slices shown in the illustration were cut. Set the meat to cook in cold water, let heat to the boiling point, then simmer about six hours. Any cooked vegetables at hand may be used for the macedoine; all should be cut in small pieces. Green string beans and carrots, cut in small bits and in conventional designs, were used in the dish shown in the illustration. For about a pint of prepared vegetables, chop fine one slice of onion, three branches of parsley, five olives, a level tablespoonful of piccalilli and a teaspoonful of capers; add four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika; mix all together thoroughly, then mix through the vegetables

and dispose on a serving dish with slices of corned beef above. Mayonnaise may be passed in a bowl if desired.

### Ham Timbale, with Peas

Mix together three eggs, beaten without separating the yolks and whites, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, one-third a cup of soft, sifted bread crumbs, and one cup and a half of fine-chopped cooked ham. Turn into a thoroughly buttered timbale mold and let cook, standing on many folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water, until firm in the center. Let stand a moment (out of the water) to contract a little, loosen at the edge with a knife and unmold on a serving dish. Fill the center and surround with peas seasoned with salt and black pepper. If canned peas be used, drain, rinse in cold water, reheat in boiling water and add a teaspoonful of sugar to the seasonings given above. Tomato or cream sauce may be served in a bowl if desired.



COLD CORNED BEEF, WITH MACEDOINE OF VEGETABLES

## Panama Salad

(To serve with meat)

For a single service set a slice of pineapple on two or three heart-leaves

three-fourths the height of the iron, and let cook in the hot fat until crisp and delicately colored. Shake from the iron to soft paper; dip again in the hot fat, shake a little over the fat, to remove



PANAMA SALAD (THORNDYKE)

of lettuce; on the pineapple set a canned or fresh-cooked artichoke bottom; fill the artichoke with choice piccalilli and set two Julienne shreds of pimienta above the relish. Before filling the artichoke with the relish, pour over it one tablespoonful of olive oil, one tablespoonful of pineapple syrup, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a few grains of salt mixed together.

## Creamed Carrot Patties

For the patties, sift together a scant two-thirds a cup of flour, and a scant quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; beat

superfluous fat, then dip again in the batter and fry as before. The batter should be held in cups or receptacles to correspond to the size of the cup and the saucer. The batter will make ten cups and ten saucers. They may be used at once or reheated in the oven (an instant only) before use. The patties may be filled with creamed chicken, fish, lobster, oysters, crabmeat, shrimps, cooked vegetables or fruit in a syrup.

## Creamed Carrots

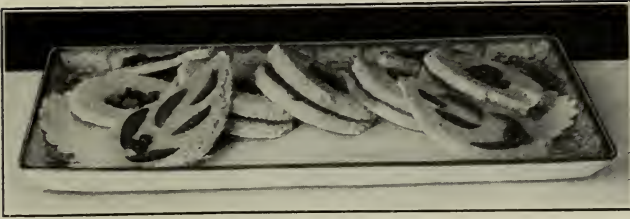
Cut scraped carrots in small cubes, cook until tender in boiling water, drain



CREAMED CARROT PATTIES

one egg slightly, add half a cup of milk, mix thoroughly, then gradually stir into the flour and salt. Heat one of the irons (there is a saucer and a cup iron) in hot fat, then dip into the batter to nearly

and season with salt and pepper. For a pint of cooked carrot, make one cup and a half of sauce, of three tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, a scant half-teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika.



OPEN SANDWICHES

and one cup and a half of rich milk. Mix the sauce with the carrots and use to fill the pattie cups.

### Carrots Glacé, with Cream

Scrape the carrots, cut in halves or quarters according to size, then cut in short pieces about an inch and a quarter in length. Cover them with cold water and let cook about fifteen minutes; then drain, rinse and add boiling water; also add for each pint of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter and let cook until the carrots are tender and the water is reduced to a syrup. Stir the carrots in this syrup until well glazed, then add hot cream to cover; let simmer a moment or two, then serve at once.

### Open Sandwiches

Cut rounds from one-fourth-inch slices of bread; cut out the centers from half the slices (a doughnut cutter

is useful in cutting these, if a plain cutter of same size is available for the plain rounds). Spread the plain rounds with sauce tartare, press the open rounds above and fill the open space with fine-chopped chicken, ham or olives, pressing it into the sauce below to hold it in place.

### Open Sandwiches No. 2

Stamp cutlet-shapes from bread cut in slices one-fourth an inch thick. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of grated cheese, and season with paprika, also salt if needed. Spread the cutlet-shapes smooth with the cheese-mixture and garnish each with slices of olive or green or red pepper (pimientos) and two or three capers.

### French Rolls and Sticks

Mix one cake of compressed yeast with one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water, then stir in bread flour to make a dough; stir with a knife in a small



FRENCH ROLLS AND STICKS, WITH PANS FOR BAKING





CUSTARD, WITH MACAROONS AND SNOW EGGS

earthen bowl, and continue the stirring until the mixture cleans the bowl; knead on a floured board until smooth and elastic, then cut across the dough to the depth of one-fourth an inch, in both directions. In a mixing bowl turn one cup of boiling water; let cool to lukewarm, then drop the little ball of dough into it. Let stand out of drafts until the dough floats on the top of the water a light porous mass, then add one-fourth a cup of melted shortening and flour and mix to a dough. Use the knife and continue the mixing and cutting until the bowl is cleaned. Butter the bowl. Knead the dough until it is smooth and elastic. Let rise in the bowl, then shape into eighteen balls; when these are light, roll under the hands to fit the spaces in oval roll-and-

bread stick pans. When again light bake about eighteen minutes. Brush over with white of egg, slightly beaten, and return to the oven for one minute.

### Custard, with Macaroons and Snow Eggs

Set a macaroon in each of five glass cups; if desired, pour a tablespoonful of sherry over each macaroon, or, the wine may be omitted. Scald two cups of milk in a double boiler; stir one teaspoonful of cornstarch and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk to a smooth consistency, then stir into the hot milk; continue stirring for two or three minutes, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks

(Continued on page 642)



APRICOT PASTE, CHOCOLATE DIPPED

# Menus for a Week in March

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Cresco Grits  
Stewed Figs  
Bacon Cooked in Oven  
Hashed Brown Potatoes  
Pop Overs                      Coffee

## Dinner

Vegetable Soup  
Roast Ribs of Beef  
Franconia Turnips  
Scalloped Potatoes Watercress  
Macedoine of Fruit in Cake Cases  
(fruit maltaise)

## Supper

Lettuce, Apple-and-Date Salad  
Nut Bread and Butter  
Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges  
Poached Eggs on Anchovy Toast  
Ryemeal Muffins  
Coffee

## Dinner

Cold Roast Beef, Sliced Thin  
Mashed Potatoes Baked Squash  
Prunes Stuffed with Nuts, Cream

## Supper

Tomato Soup, Croutons  
Chocolate Cake

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Stewed Prunes  
Hashed Beef on Toast  
Baked Potato Cakes  
Doughnuts  
Coffee

## Dinner

Fillet of Fresh Fish, Breaded, Fried  
Creamed Potatoes  
Cabbage Salad  
Canned Blueberry Pie  
Cheese

## Supper

Cheese Custard  
Canned Fruit                      Cake  
Hot Water

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges  
Halibut Omelet  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Twin Mountain Muffins  
Coffee

## Dinner

Tomato Soup  
Cold Corned Beef with  
Vegetable Salad  
Rhubarb Pie, with Meringue  
Half Cups Coffee

## Supper

Mexican Rabbit on Toast  
Sliced Pineapple, Cake  
Hot Water

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream  
Cold Boiled Ham  
Fried Potatoes      Fried Bananas  
Bread and Butter  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Round Steak, with Vegetables, en  
Casserole  
Watercress or Lettuce  
Lemon Pie

## Supper

Milk Toast  
Prunes  
Cookies  
Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges  
Beef-and-Vegetable Hash  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Ham Timbale, with Peas  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Spinach with Sliced Egg  
Caramel Bavarian Cream

## Supper

Cream of Lima Bean Soup  
Browned Crackers  
Evaporated Apricots  
Sponge Cake                      Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges  
Eggs Cooked with Cheese Sauce  
(en ramekin) Toast  
Yeast Doughnuts  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Halibut Sauté  
Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cabbage  
Macedoine of Fruit in Cups  
Wafers      Cream Cheese

## Supper

Oyster Stew  
Olives or Pickles  
Stewed Rhubarb  
Macaroons

# Lenten Menus for a Week in March

Play must be incidental in a satisfactory life.—Dr. Eliot.

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Eggs Cooked in Shell, French Rolls  
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Cream of Lima Bean Soup  
Mock Beef Steak  
Boiled Onions  
Sliced Oranges  
Cake

## Supper

French Rolls, Toasted  
Mock Orange Marmalade  
Cake  
Tea

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Grapefruit  
Creamed Finnan Haddie  
Halves of Potatoes, Boiled  
Doughnuts Coffee

## Dinner

Cream of Spinach Soup  
Baked Beans, New York Style  
Mustard Pickles  
Baked Indian Pudding, Hard Sauce

## Supper

Rissotto  
Nut Bread and Butter  
Stewed Prunes  
Peanut Cookies Tea

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Grapefruit Rice Omelet  
Cornmeal Muffins Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Cheese Soufflé  
Canned String Beans  
Lettuce, French Dressing, with Onion  
Juice  
Snow Pudding, Boiled Custard

## Supper

Stewed Kidney Beans  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Evaporated Peaches  
Chocolate Cream Pie Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Cream of Wheat, with Dates, Thin Cream  
French Omelet with Croutons  
Fried Potatoes Graham Muffins  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Boiled Fresh Fish, Egg Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes Spinach Greens  
Rhubarb Pie (fresh or canned)  
Cheese

## Supper

Lettuce-and-Fresh Fish Salad  
French Rolls  
Sponge Cake Fruit Jelly  
Tea

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges or Barley Crystals  
Eggs Cooked with Cheese Sauce  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Dry Toast Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Vegetable Soup  
Macaroni Croquettes, Tomato Sauce  
Cabbage Salad  
Squash or Custard Pie

## Supper

Milk Toast Jumbles  
Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Gluten Grits, with Sliced Ripe Bananas  
Scrambled Eggs  
Potatoes Cooked in Milk  
Pop Overs Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Fresh Fish or Kornlet Chowder  
Cold Slaw  
Canned Apricot Shortcake

## Supper

String Bean Salad  
Rye Bread and Butter or  
Whole Wheat Yeast Biscuit  
Tea

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Oranges  
Salt Codfish Balls  
Fried Mush, Honey Syrup  
Dry Toast  
Coffee

## Dinner

Vegetable Pie, Southern Style  
Gnocchi à la Romaine or  
Cheese Custard  
Apple Sauce  
Seamoss Farine, with Custard and  
Meringue

## Supper

Lettuce, Date-and-Apple  
Salad  
English Tea Cakes or  
Hot Graham Toast  
Drop Cookies  
Tea



# Simple Menus for Luncheon Parties in Lent

## I.

Vegetable Consommé  
Cheese Soufflé  
Cress, French Dressing with Chili  
Sauce  
Lady Finger Rolls  
Baba, Rum or Apricot Sauce  
Cocoa, Whipped Cream

## II.

Halves of Grapefruit with Bar-le-duc  
Rolled Turbans of Halibut, Baked,  
Bechamel Sauce  
Mashed Potato Cups, with Peas  
Cucumbers, French Dressing  
French Rolls Rhubarb Tarts  
White Grapes and Walnuts Glacé  
Coffee

## III.

Macedoine of Fruit in Glass Cups  
Cream of Pea Soup  
Macaroni Croquettes  
Cold Spinach, Sauce Tartare  
Lady Finger Rolls  
Caramel or Banana Parfait  
Coffee

## IV.

Cocktail of Hot House Tomatoes  
Cream of Kornlet Soup  
Cheese Croquettes  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Salmon-and-Lettuce Salad  
Lemon Sherbet or  
Little Lemon Pies, with Meringue

## V.

Fresh Lobster or Halibut Cocktail  
Sandwiches  
Gnocchi à la Romaine in  
Individual Dishes  
Cress, French Dressing  
Parker House Rolls  
Pineapple Omelet  
Coffee

## VI.

Cream of Pea Soup, St. Germain  
(with pea timbales)  
Bread Sticks  
Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare  
Yeast Rolls  
Pineapple Sherbet Small Souvaroff  
Coffee

## VII.

Tomato Soup, with Whipped Cream  
Halibut Steak, Baked with Oysters,  
Oyster Sauce  
French Potato Balls, with Parsley  
Cucumbers, French Dressing  
Parker House Rolls  
Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream

## VIII.

Tiny Sardine Eclairs  
Eggs Cooked in Cheese Sauce  
(in ramekins)  
Yeast Biscuit  
Lobster or Salmon Salad  
Graham Bread Sandwiches  
Orange Sherbet  
Sponge Cake, with Potato Flour  
Coffee



## Lenten Entertaining

By Jessamine Chapman Williams

INSTEAD of the formal and more elaborate entertaining by balls, receptions, theatre and dinner parties, the Lenten season gives an opportunity to seek out a few friends and entertain them in the simplest, most informal manner.

A Lenten breakfast is a more unusual method than giving a luncheon and there is an added charm in the freshness of the morning hours and in the guests' spirits and one's own, which cannot fail to make the occasion a success.

From six to twelve guests are quite enough to invite, in order to keep the affair simple and unconventional. Set the hour as early as nine o'clock and plan to be seated at the one long table, like a family, at half past nine. Make the service English style, the hostess pouring the coffee and a well-known friend acting as hostess. If you possess a sun-parlor, be sure to lay the table there in the brightness of the morning sun. A yellow color-scheme, using daffodils, yellow crocuses or hyacinths, will accent the brightness of spring and Lent, which should not mean sadness and gloom but the opposite. A yellow color-scheme is easily carried out both in table decorations and in the food served. Use the bare table with Cluny lace doilies, or an inexpensive, yet equally attractive, plan is to use paper sets with a yellow decoration.

One cover will require a fruit plate set on the doilie, at the right of which are the fruit fork, cereal spoon, and breakfast knife, in the order in which they are

to be used. At the left of the plate, the breakfast fork is placed, and to the left of the fork a napkin with its open corner toward the fork and the edge of the table (this for convenience in unfolding). The water glass is placed at the tip of the knife, the finger bowl directly in front of the plate, and the bread and butter plate, with butter, roll and spreader at a convenient angle, in front of the napkin or at the tip of the fork, as the space allows. The place card with a yellow daffodil in water colors is placed on the napkin.

An attractive centerpiece may be made by placing a large table mirror in the center of the table, and around the edge a row of daffodils without stems. A low, small, cut-glass bowl may be placed in the center of the mirror, filled with daffodils. A very tall vase would be more effective still and allow more of the mirror to be seen.

The following menu for the breakfast is carried out in yellow, but its appeal to the appetite is not sacrificed for sake of the color-scheme.

### BREAKFAST MENU.

(Color-Scheme—Yellow.)

Rings of pineapple and sections of orange, arranged around a mold of powdered sugar.

Cornmeal mush (cooked in milk and beaten very light)

Grated Maple Sugar and Cream

Fish Soufflé in chafing dish

Hollandaise Sauce

French-fried Potatoes  
Golden Wheat Muffins  
Orange Marmalade  
Coffee

On each fruit plate arrange a slice of pineapple (inedible parts removed). Remove all the white membrane from sections of oranges and lay five sections, like the spokes of a wheel, on the slice of pineapple. Pack powdered sugar in tiny, individual jelly moulds and turn out in the center of each plate just before the guests are seated. If placed too soon the juice of the fruit will begin to dissolve the sugar. Use an oyster fork for this course, which may be either laid on the plate or across the other silver at the right of the plate. A tiny, yellow crocus or a narcissus set in the mound of sugar will add to the attractiveness of this fruit course.

The cornmeal mush, often considered a plain, homely dish, will seem "glorified" if, after cooking in a small amount of water until partly cooked, milk is added and it is allowed to steam slowly in the double boiler until the milk is completely absorbed. Just before serving, it should be beaten several minutes until it is very smooth and light. Be sure it is not too thick and pasty. It will be found delicious, served with the grated maple sugar and cream. The host will serve this from a large, covered, cereal dish, the maid making the exchange of plates. The maple sugar and cream she will pass on a small tray.

While the guests are enjoying the cereal, the maid will bring in the fish soufflé, which has been cooked in the chafing dish and is steaming hot. This is deposited on a small stand placed at the left of the host, the burner remaining lighted to keep the contents hot when ready to serve. The maid will bring in the warm breakfast plates, also, and place them on the side table, and the coffee pot she places at the right of the hostess. Either the maid or the host serves the soufflé from the chafing dish, and the

potatoes and sauce are placed on the individual plates as well, then the maid simply exchanges the cereal dish and plate for the filled breakfast plate. In the meantime, the hostess is pouring the coffee and giving a homely charm by adding the sugar and cream according to the dictates of each guest. The maid will find time to slip out and bring in, steaming hot, the muffins, partly hidden in the folds of a napkin to keep hot and attractive. These muffins are made of wheat flour, but with the yolks of eggs, and are as light and fine in texture as cake. Only a very small amount of sugar is used, making them a true breakfast bread, not a tea-muffin or cake. With the second supply of hot muffins, the orange marmalade is passed, and the coffee cups refilled with fresh coffee. One of the secrets of success in this simple meal is having everything very hot, and every provision for this can be made. A second chafing dish can be used, if needed, for the refilling of plates. The soufflé cannot fail to be hot and will not fall if cooked in this way. A second baking of muffins can be managed during the cereal and first serving of last course, and will prove more satisfactory than attempting to keep all of them hot. Two pots of coffee should be made as well.

The guests will enjoy sitting at the table an hour or an hour and a half. The remainder of the morning may be turned into a thimble party, or cards are indulged in, unless Lent has placed a hand on that pleasure.

Just before the guests leave, a refreshing, yellow fruit punch may be served from the punch bowl placed in the corner of the living room. A profusion of yellow daffodils should reign about the bowl. Tiny wafers or cakes of yellow may be passed with this.

There is no doubt that, after the conventional forms of entertainment have been the order throughout the season, the more informal, unusual and friendly manner will be enthusiastically received by all.



# How Every Man Cooks His Rice

By Gertrude Morrison

**T**HE black man's recipe to dress rice runs, "Wash him well, much wash in cold water, the rice flour make him stick. Water boil already very fast. Throw him in, rice can't burn, water shake him too much. Boil quarter of an hour or little more; rub one rice in thumb and finger, if all rub away, him quite done. Put rice in collander, hot water run away; pour cup of cold water on him, put back rice in saucepan, keep him covered near the fire, then rice all ready. Eat him up!"

The yellow man, the brown man, the white one, each has his own favorite way of having his rice served to him. The globe around, people are eating rice. Modern dietitians are recommending that it be used more freely, particularly as a substitute for potatoes as a vegetable to be served with meats. Japan, India, Turkey,—one scarcely knows where to begin, so sure is he of finding rice a staple article of diet.

## Japanese Rice

Boil 1 cup of rice; add 3 chopped shallots, 1 teaspoonful of soy and salt to taste. Place on a platter, cover with chopped, hard-boiled eggs, sprinkle with salt, paprika, and chopped parsley. Garnish with some thin slices of smoked salmon.

## Italian Rice

Put 1 tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add to it 2 cups of boiled rice and 1 cup of tomato sauce or tomato chutney; season well with salt and pepper, stir until heated through and serve plentifully sprinkled with grated cheese.

## Rice, Milanaise Fashion

Put 2 tablespoonfuls of butter into a stewpan, and when hot cook in it, with-

out browning, a slice of onion, chopped; then add half a cup of rice, thoroughly washed, and about a quart of stock (white) or hot water. Cook until the rice is tender and the liquid is absorbed then add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and salt, if needed. Stir gently with a fork, turn into a serving-dish, and sprinkle the top with a little more of the grated cheese. Serve as a vegetable, or as a luncheon dish, either with or without a brown sauce.

## Indian Rice

Boil 1 cup of rice in chicken broth; add a pinch of curry-powder and season to taste with salt and pepper. Boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of saffron in 1 cup of the stock; then let all cook slowly until the broth is entirely absorbed by the rice. Serve very hot.

## Turkish Pilaf

Set  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of stock, with one cup of stewed and strained tomato, over the fire. When boiling, add 1 cup of well-washed or blanched rice and half a teaspoonful of salt; stir lightly with a fork, occasionally, until the liquor is absorbed. Then add half a cup of butter and stir with a fork before serving.

## Spanish Rice

Fry one large, chopped onion with two cups of tomatoes; add one cup of stock, salt and pepper to taste. Cover and let simmer ten minutes; then add 2 cups of boiled rice. Mix well together with 1 tablespoonful of butter. Let get very hot, and serve.

## Spanish Rice (2)

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add half a cup of rice, and stir it for fifteen minutes; then add one chopped onion, one

chopped tomato, and one clove of garlic, cover with hot water, or vegetable stock, and season highly with salt and pepper; stir well, then cover, and let the rice cook slowly for forty minutes.

### Rice, Creole Style

Chop, fine, one white onion and two green peppers, sauté with half a cup of raw ham, shredded rather fine, in one-quarter a cup of butter; cook about ten minutes, then add one cup of blanched rice and three cups of beef broth, simmer twenty minutes, then add four tomatoes, peeled and cut in slices, and one teaspoonful of salt. Cover and finish cooking in the oven or in a double-boiler.

### Norwegian Rice

Cook rice until tender; then reheat in a well-seasoned chicken stock. Put on a platter; sprinkle with chopped chicken liver, scrambled eggs and grated cheese and serve at once.

### Vienna Rice Custard

Boil half a cup of rice in one quart of milk; add salt to taste; boil until very soft. Beat the yolks of three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and stir in the rice. Flavor with rose-water and put in a well-buttered pudding-dish. Beat the whites with pulverized sugar to a stiff froth; spread on the custard and let bake in the oven until done. Serve cold.

### Rice Czarina

Butter a baking dish, and put a one-inch layer of boiled rice in the bottom. Over this sprinkle fine-chopped fresh or canned tomatoes, season with salt and pepper, and dot well with butter; then place another layer of rice somewhat thinner, and over this spread fine-chopped green peppers, and so alternate tomatoes, peppers, and rice until the dish is well filled, having a layer of rice on the top. Garnish this with thin slices of tomato in the centre, and encircle the edge with thin-cut rings from the peppers. Pour two tablespoonfuls of

melted butter over all, cover light with a tin cover, and let cook in a slow oven for twenty minutes; just before serving add two more tablespoonfuls of melted butter.

With other nations, rice is used more as a dessert than as an entrée. Rice pudding appeals to as many palates as does its more serious brother.

### Belgian Rice Dessert

Cook one pint of milk; add half a cup of boiled rice and some currants; stir in the yolks of two eggs well beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Remove from the fire. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla; then form into cylinders. Dip in beaten egg and fine bread-crumbs and fry a golden brown. Sprinkle with pulverized sugar and put some red currant jelly on top and serve.

### Swedish Rice Pudding

Mix three-quarters of a cup of rice in one quart of milk; add one cup of sugar, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into a pudding-dish. Put bits of butter over the top and let bake in a moderate oven until done. Serve cold.

The Swedes have also a peculiar combination of rice and codfish which makes a delicious family dish.

### Baked Rice and Codfish (Swedish)

One and one-half cups of rice, one cup of water, four cups of milk. Add the water and milk gradually to the rice while cooking and cook for half an hour. Remove from stove and add one cup of rich milk, two well-beaten eggs, and three cups of shredded codfish. Pepper and salt to taste. Bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes. Serve with drawn butter sauce.

### Dutch Rice Pudding

Mix one cup of rice in two cups of milk; add one tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of four eggs, the juice of half

a lemon, one cup of sugar, and nutmeg to taste, half a cup of chopped raisins, half a cup of nuts and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a well-buttered pudding-dish until done. Serve cold.

### Dutch Rice Fritters

Take one cup of boiled rice and mix with three beaten eggs. Then sift half a cup of flour with one teaspoonful of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Add

some sugar to taste. Beat to a light, thick batter and fry, a spoonful at a time, in boiling lard. Sprinkle with pulverized sugar and serve hot with cooked fruit.

### Russian Rice Pudding

Mix cold, boiled rice with the juice and rind of a lemon, one cup of sugar and half a glass of fine rum; then press into a mold. Let get very cold, and serve with cold cooked fruit.

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## The Lone Luncheon

By G. C. H.

THE bride from the house around the corner hesitated in the doorway of Mrs. Mayberry's bright living-room. "Why," she said; "why, I didn't know women ever—" then she paused in confusion.

"Ever lunched?" finished Mrs. Mayberry with a smile.

"Well, of course, I knew everybody lunched, after a fashion, but I didn't know anybody made such a function of it as you seem to be doing. A chop and a baked potato and a fresh doily!"

"Have you had your luncheon, Mrs. Brownlee?"

"Why, yes; that is," the girl confessed, "I should have said so, five minutes ago; now, I'm not sure. I had a cold biscuit and a fried egg, left over from breakfast."

"At the kitchen sink?"

Mrs. Brownlee nodded. "But how did you know?" she asked.

"That's easy," laughed Mrs. Mayberry; "sit down and let me give you a cup of tea and some advice."

Mrs. Brownlee settled herself contentedly in a big chair and took her cup of tea, as Mrs. Mayberry continued her catechising. "How often do you eat luncheon?" she asked.

"How often? Oh, I see what you mean. Why, nearly always; sometimes I'm not hungry and sometimes I'm too busy and sometimes there isn't anything left that I care for, but I really do try to have something every day. I'm afraid I miss pretty often, though. The days when I'm invited out in the afternoon I never bother with luncheon."

"In that case you don't get anything until four or half-past; or if you're up town in the afternoon, you drop in somewhere and get a sandwich; if you've been at home all this afternoon, you begin to feel 'all in,' so while you're getting dinner you nibble here and there. Then at dinner your appetite is spoiled, and you say, 'I don't believe I care for any of the steak, Charlie, and give me just a little of the potato, please;' and he says, 'Why, Emily, aren't you well? You look all fagged out. Now, understand, if the housework is too much for you, you'll have to have a maid.'"

"Mrs. Mayberry, you're a witch—or else you've been through it yourself."

"The latter guess is correct. I've been all through it and it's because I want to spare you the experience that I'm taking it upon myself to give you this scolding. When my children were in the grades,



there wasn't any question about luncheon, of course, but after they started to High School and couldn't come home at noon, my troubles began. It was worse for me, because I had always enjoyed the noon hour with them so much, and eating by myself seemed such a ghastly performance. I tried your method for a while—and before I knew it I was a victim to nervous dyspepsia and almost nervous prostration."

"Nervous prostration?" said the bride, "does it begin with heart-burn and—"

"It begins with all sorts of unpleasant things and doesn't improve as it goes on. I see, my dear, that I crossed your path just in the nick of time."

"I've always rather prided myself on my good sense, so it was a dreadful blow when our old doctor told me bluntly that all the trouble had been brought on by my own carelessness—laziness, I think he said, though it wasn't really. He told me that my salvation lay in myself and I went to work to repair the mischief as best I might. It was a tough pull, but at the end of five years I won out."

Mrs. Brownlee leaned forward impulsively. "I wish you'd tell me just how," she said, "I don't want to wait to work it out for myself."

Mrs. Mayberry pointed to the little tray. "That's the biggest part of the answer. I went about planning my luncheon as carefully as any of my other meals: it was no longer to be a matter of 'no leftovers, no luncheon.' When I'm getting dinner, I definitely look forward to to-morrow's or maybe next day's luncheon. I put by a nice slice of the roast and a saucer of the cauliflower. When I have pie for dinner, there's always enough dough left for a little tart. With my jar of salad dressing handy, it's easy to fix up a salad of some sort. The

Sunday dinner always provides for a day or two and, in an emergency, I bake a potato, as I did today.

"So much for the meals, themselves: I make it a rule never to eat in the kitchen when I'm alone, for something about the surroundings makes one certain to hurry through. And I scarcely eat in the dining-room, because it accentuates the loneliness. In the summer, I take my tray to the back porch, where I can look out at the garden; in cold weather, I come here by the living-room window, where I can have the companionship of passers-by while I eat. And when I have finished I spend an hour just as I please. Some women like to lie down for a while in the afternoon, but that doesn't appeal to me, so, instead, I have a book or a magazine or an interesting bit of fancy-work at hand. And, really, I've discovered that I'm not bad company for myself. At the end of the hour, I'm rested in body and mind and ready to finish up the morning's work.

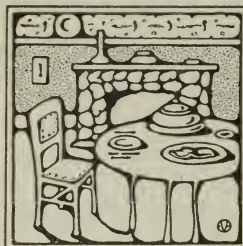
"When I go down town shopping, I always plan to lunch somewhere, as near my regular hour as possible. I go to a quiet place where the food is good and the crowd interesting. It rests me, and I usually get some new ideas for my own table. Did you ever try the sweetbreads with pimienta at the Women's Exchange?"

Mrs. Brownlee rose and put down her cup: "Charlie will thank you from the bottom of his heart when I tell him about this talk," she said. At the door she turned: "No more cold, fried eggs for me."

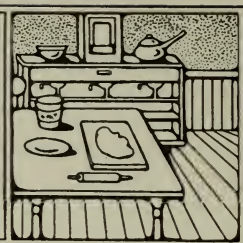
"Bravo!" cried Mrs. Mayberry: "And when you have cold biscuits next time, put them in a paper sack and heat them in the oven: they're better than new, that way."

G. C. H.





## HOME IDEAS and ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### In the Garden

**R**OTATE the vegetable garden as well as the field. All plants do not take the same nourishment from the soil; therefore, when one kind of vegetable has exhausted such properties of the soil as it needs, the ground is still rich in some property that will suit another kind of plant.

Some claim it to be a good plan to set the tomato plants in poor, thin soil, but putting a shovelful of fine manure in each hill to give them a good start. Then when the roots reach the poor soil, growth will be checked, inducing fruitfulness and early ripening.

A few late tomato plants may be set out in old tin pails, sinking them level with the surface of the ground and keeping them well watered. These, being removed to the cellar in the fall, will furnish ripe tomatoes far into the winter.

In a very old magazine I find the following information, which might be well worth trying, as it can do no harm and costs little trouble. "It is stated that cabbages may be saved from the attacks of cut-worms by planting dill among them. A steward of an estate in Hanover, having observed that one bed of cabbages was left untouched by caterpillars, while others were infested with them, found that the healthy bed had a quantity of dill growing on it, the smell of which was apparently obnoxious to the caterpillars. As dill may be raised in almost any soil, it will be well for gardeners in this country to experiment with it."

As a substitute for Paris green for killing potato bugs, try a small quantity of coal tar thoroughly dissolved in boiling water, and when cool enough to use, sprinkle the potatoes well with it.

As an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, it would be well if every gardener would follow the example of the one who, seeking to prevent cabbage worms rather than to depend on killing them after they come, makes a practice of placing a torch over a large vessel of water to attract the cabbage butterfly. This should be done early in the evening, when the moths will seek the light, and, between the fire and the water, many of them will come to grief.

Such vegetables as beets, radishes, spinach, etc., must grow very rapidly to be crisp and tender, and must, therefore, have a very rich soil, and should be planted where they will have full sunshine to promote quick growth and delicate flavor.

The old style of sticking peas with brush is no longer necessary, now that wire netting can be used with so much less trouble. Drive strong stakes along the rows near enough together to hold the netting firmly, and tack on netting, two or three feet wide, and you have an ideal support. When the season is over, the stakes may be pulled up and the netting rolled up and put away, for next year; it will last many years.

Slightly pulling and starting the roots of cabbages, when the heads are forming too rapidly in growth, will prevent them from bursting.

Transplanting may be accomplished

with great success, even in very dry weather, if proper care be exercised. Make a hole with the trowel where the plant is to be set, and fill it with water. When the water has become absorbed, set the plant, placing the roots deep and packing the earth well about roots and stem, then cover the surface with mellow earth. Shade, if necessary, for a few days, from the hot sun.

A tablespoonful of white hellebore steeped a few minutes in a gallon of hot water, and when cool enough sprinkled over the bushes, will clear off the worms from the currant bushes. E. I. L.

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### Delights of Doughnut Making

THE frying of doughnuts is one of the pleasantest stops in a year's culinary journey. Of course, when we say doughnuts, we do not mean the heavy, death-dealing doughnut of comic supplement fame. Such an anomaly does not exist in the scientific housewife's achievements. When we say doughnuts, we mean the delicious, crisp, tasty, sepia-toned creation, covered with confectioner's sugar, which melt in your mouth without leaving a regret except for the rapidly diminishing pile before you. We mean the doughnut which, when stacked high upon a platter in the pantry just off the back porch, causes the milk-man to stop and exclaim, "What a sight for a hungry beggar," and you know instantly that you have one before you. He sheepishly accepts two and disappears across lots calling back, "They taste just like the kind mother used to make." We mean the doughnut which is acclaimed with shrieks of delight by the children when they come home from school, and which causes the head of the house (so-called) to eat until he feels stuffed, and blames you for making them too good. This is the doughnut we mean, and it is in no way to be confused with the soggy, leathery, tasteless variety technically known as sinkers.

Aside from the anticipated and certain delight of the way in which they are received, there is the initial delight of making doughnuts. No student of human nature can fail to recognize it as an operation fecund with human interest. There is almost as much entertainment in frying a batch of doughnuts as there is in a bridge party.

Doughnuts have individuality. They are not troubled by convention, and are not acted upon alike by environment. You never can tell what notion a doughnut will take when it is dropped into the hot, deep fat of its experience. They go in as alike as holly leaves and come out with personality, plus. They puff out and shrink in at the most unexpected angles, and absolutely refuse to conform to type. The small boy's doughnut-dog shaped with infinite pains comes out unrelated to the canine family, minus his carefully-carved tail, and with one clove eye imbedded amidships. Cookies, like prosaic, unemotional folk, may be depended upon to come through their baptism of fire all alike, but doughnuts have the artistic temperament, and proceed to carve out their own destiny with fine disregard for the divinity which shapes ends. They assume as many distinct types as people. There is the fat, pompous individual, with the swollen look and waddling walk, typified by the extremely heavy-set doughnut; there is the rough and uncouth but benevolent person, represented by the doughnut which throws out knobby little protuberances, and bursts to reveal its creamy interior. There is the intellectual and cultured type which changes shape with absolute symmetry and browns a beautiful even shade. There is the clown, recognized in the doughnut that runs into grotesque contours, seeming to revel in its whimsicalities. They seem at times to take on the characteristics of people like M. Dumas' animal pets, so that you facetiously name them for friends—and foes.

Decidedly, doughnut frying is no prosaic task. You become so fired with



imaginative fervor that you feel you have had an afternoon out, hobnobbing with a versatile and interesting company, and it is with a decided shock, after arranging them congenially upon a platter, to see them consent to be devoured as though they were mere crullers. MRS. F. S. C.

\* \* \*

### Macaroni à la Italy.

**W**E are all familiar with the regulation dish of macaroni and cheese, but the Italians use meat or meat stock, often, in the preparation of it. Macaroni is rich in food values, but lacks the fat requisite for a perfect food; this fat we have been supplying by means of cheese, but there are other ways.

A dish of macaroni with a white sauce may have bits of bacon cut over the top and browned in the oven; this gives a richness and delicacy not found otherwise. Any small left-overs of meat may be chopped and put over the top of a dish of macaroni, and the fat pieces of ham, which are often discarded, make a very valuable addition to this savory dish. Any scraps of chicken may be diced and incorporated in a dish of macaroni, spaghetti, or other Italian paste.

Very attractive little dishes can be served from a few scraps of meat and a generous supply of macaroni, cooked and dressed with a cream sauce; the macaroni is cut small, cooked for twenty minutes in boiling, salted water, drained in a colander and just for a second flooded with running water, to wash away the stickiness, then thrust immediately into a prepared sauce of thickened milk or cream. Sweetbreads, oysters, chicken, tripe, any pieces of left-over meat may be used with this, and the whole put into small ramekins and browned in the oven. Or the whole may be put into a large casserole, with crumbs of cheese over the top.

The shell of a pineapple cheese makes an excellent receptacle for baking macaroni, after it is properly cooked and creamed; the cheese will furnish plenty

of flavor and richness, and the shell will always hold for baking and careful serving, if placed in a large dish while in the oven.

Timbales are always acceptable, served with macaroni; the macaroni is cooked, and the strips are cut the height of the timbale, and laid about the mould; the bottom is filled with a strip of macaroni wound to fit; the centre is then filled up with any desired or convenient mixture of chopped meat, chicken, oysters or Welsh rarebit. Bake about twenty minutes, covered with buttered paper.

Many Italians throw an onion pierced with a few cloves into the boiling macaroni. And soup, soup-stock, canned soup, or beef extract all come in very good for seasoning and adding nutriment to macaroni. Spaghetti can easily be cooked unbroken, as it beds quickly by immersing or partially immersing in the hot water until the amount needed is under the water. Macaroni without meat is a very nutritious dish, as it holds the best of the wheat, and there is an especial kind of wheat used for its production which is known the farming world over as macaroni wheat. When milk and cream are used with macaroni a full ration of nutriment is provided, but when tomatoes or soup-stock, free from fat, is used, a little meat or cheese is needed to make it a complete food.

S. M. R.

\* \* \*

### Stretching the Weekly Allowance

**O**H! Mrs. Harvey, I came over this morning for some advice, to sort of throw myself on your mercy as it were," Mrs. Newlywed hesitated.

"Yes, my dear, go on," encouraged the older housekeeper, "you know that anything I can do or say to help you will be a pleasure. What is it?"

Loath to make the little admission which Mrs. Harvey was more than suspecting, the bride flushed and then went directly to the cause of her early morning call,

"It's just this—my allowance for the week has almost given out, and I hate to ask Bob for more. I have only one dollar and a quarter left, and still two days remain to be provided for before I get my next money."

The older woman laughed at the serious young face before her. "Oh, dear, how tragic," she said. "Of course, I might invite you and Bob to dinner one night, that would leave only one to provide for, but I'm not going to this time, for I believe it is kinder to help you plan it all out, and then next time when there is a shortage you will know just how to manage."

Reaching for a pad and pencil, Mrs. Harvey began her calculating, while her companion looked on. "One can of tomatoes with a pint of your morning's milk will make a cream of tomato soup. A pound of chopped steak will make six delicious meat cakes, fried in butter or broiled, at twenty cents. You say you have plenty of potatoes on hand, so boil and mash some."

"Three bunches of carrots, at ten cents, will make a good vegetable, after you scrape, slice and boil them, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. Use a jar of your preserves with a ten-cent can of sweet crackers with coffee, and you will have an excellent dinner, with outlay of fifty cents, for your staples."

"You are a wonder; that dinner is good enough for any two people with a big substantial allowance," said the younger woman, as light commenced to dawn upon her problem.

"Now for dinner number two," continued her adviser with a laugh, "and we have seventy-five cents left. Suppose we start with half a grape fruit, each; fine, heavy Florida fruit is to be had at six cents each. Then buy a pound of top-round steak, cut it in small pieces, put it in the casserole with two fine-diced carrots, one sliced onion, butter, pepper and salt and as many potato balls, cut with a scoop, as you think there will be need of to make two generous portions; adding a

gill of milk and a gill of water, cover the casserole and cook in the oven from one to two hours.

"And you make some quick, hot biscuit to go with it in place of bread. A ten-cent cauliflower, boiled and well seasoned, completes this course; then get ten cents worth of cooking apples and make a nice apple pie to go with the coffee. We might afford an eight-cent head of lettuce, if desired, which would leave twenty-two cents margin; so if all goes well you and Bob can go to the 'Movies' after dinner and be able to stamp your letter home, telling your mother how well you managed to get through on your first week's allowance."

"Well, you are a born financier, and I call getting two three-course dinners, a 'Movie' show and a two-cent stamp, all out of a dollar and a quarter, overworking the cash, but I won't tell Bob a word about it until it's all over, then for a good laugh."

"If you take my advice, my dear, never tell him about it, for experience is our great teacher, and the sooner we digest our lessons and 'deliver the goods', the more capable we will show ourselves, in providing and living within our means, which is the secret of true success, and aids materially in founding the fortune we all hope some day to acquire."

J. Y. N.

\* \* \*

## A Pleasant and Healthful Dessert

**A**T a recent family luncheon a dessert came in that seemed a salad of apples and oranges, with a slice of jellied figs in the centre, but it was not exactly this. Instead, it was jelly of lemon thickened with grapenuts. English walnuts may be mixed with this jelly, or mixed with the apples and oranges, as desired, or with both. There is much less orange than apple, and a high-flavored orange, like the tangerine, is preferable to the less aromatic kinds.

Plain cream or whipped cream is served with this, but it is very nice with-

out either. Some sugar is used over the fruit, which is prepared just before sending to the table, so as not to have it darkened by the air.

### Instantaneous Wine Jelly

For light housekeeping people, and others who wish wine jelly without buying a supply of wine, it is well to know that a package of jelly comes now already flavored with either sherry, port, or Madeira. One has simply to pour on the required amount of boiling water, stir and set away to harden again in a less solid mass; for instead of being granulated, or in strips, it is a hard block of jelly that one must use a knife to divide.

### The Banishment of Washing Arrangements from Bedrooms.

The present fashion of dressing, in turn, in one or more bathrooms, according to the size of the home or apartment, where a bathroom for each bedroom is an impossibility, makes the old-fashioned guest sigh for home. Washstands are banished, to save room and work and cost of toilet china. The poor guest may dread that "revulsion of feeling" which comes when something disagrees with the stomach, for the bathroom may be occupied, or the house still for the night, and to go back and forth may rouse the family, and she finds no appurtenances in her room for illness, no tumbler of water wherewith to rinse her mouth. Or supposing she keeps well, it is very unhandy to travel back and forth, if one wishes but to dip her hands in water after fastening shoes, or brushing a dusty hat, or stand the alternative of waiting fifteen or twenty minutes for the bathroom to be vacated.

It, also, means that personal supplies of soap, tooth-powder, washcloths, etc., must be taken from the room each trip or else left in the bathroom at the mercy of careless children, or new servants, who pick up anything and use it or

misplace it, hence choice soaps and perfumes are more likely to be wasted, because of less sense of proprietorship than there is when these are kept in one's own room.

It saves work to have one general place for dressing, but it does not conduce to comfort and despatch in dressing.

Why discard the washstand entirely?

J. D. C.

\* \* \*

### German-Style Greens

To the amount of greens used for a small family, add one pound of German sausage, one large onion or two small ones, and let boil for about three hours or less. About an hour before the greens are done, add one-half a cup of coarse oatmeal. The oatmeal thickens and enriches the gravy, as well as helping to make the dish attractive in appearance. If preferred, potatoes may be boiled with the greens, and are put in after the oatmeal has been added. People, who usually find the taste of greens objectionable, find this dish palatable.

### Pot Roasted Pork Chops

Choose neck or shoulder chops, only medium fat, and somewhat thicker than usual. After browning the chops on each side in the frying-pan, add an onion, cut fine, and pepper and salt. Then cover with water and let simmer on the back of the stove for about an hour and a half. Sprinkle a little flour to thicken the gravy, and serve.

### Beans, Old German Style

Boil marrow-beans till done. But about half an hour before they seem done, add several whole, peeled potatoes. After straining off the water, put beans and potatoes into a dish, and cover with a thin layer of raw onion, cut very fine. Over the whole pour a gravy made of melted butter and seasoned with pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of vinegar. B. S.





## *Queries and Answers*



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose address and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY No. 2493.—“Suggest a few Fillings for Sandwiches other than the ones usually seen, as ham and other meats, cheese and nut, date and nut, peanut butter, olives, salmon, jams and butters.”

### **Fillings for Sandwiches**

Sauce Tartare, sardine and egg-yolks, mayonnaise of cress and chopped egg, cold tomato or other rabbits, dates and cream cheese (or use date bread with cream cheese as filling), cooked figs (paste) and nuts, honey, chocolate frosting, with or without nuts, orange marmalade (preferably with nut bread).

QUERY No. 2494.—“Recipe for Welsh Rabbit.”

### **Welsh Rabbit**

$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound cheese cut in very thin slices	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful mustard if desired
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt	2 egg yolks
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful paprika	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream

Melt the butter and let run over the surface of the dish; put in the cheese and seasonings and stir constantly (over boiling water) until the cheese is melted; have ready the eggs beaten and diluted with the cream; add these to the cheese mixture and stir constantly until the whole is smooth and thick. Serve on crackers, or on the untoasted side of bread toasted on but one side.

### **Welsh Rabbit, with Variations**

In place of cream, use the same measure of ale or tomato purée or oyster broth. The soda may be omitted; it is

used to aid in softening the cheese and to replace the potash salts found in milk fresh from the cow.

QUERY No. 2495.—“Recipe for Nut Bread made with yeast.”

### **Nut or Noisette Bread**

1 cake compressed yeast	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water	2 tablespoonfuls molasses
1 cup scalded-and-cooled milk	1 cup noisette or filbert meats
1 tablespoonful shortening	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white flour
	Entire wheat flour as needed for dough

Add the shortening, salt and molasses to the milk; when lukewarm, add the yeast mixed evenly through the water, the nut-meats (which are left whole), the white flour and the entire wheat flour as needed. Mix in an earthen bowl with a knife. Knead until smooth and elastic. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Shape into a loaf and when again light bake one hour. Less nut-meats may be used. Unshelled filberts cost about eighteen cents a pound. These nuts are like a hazelnut, except larger. Do not blanch the nuts.

QUERY No. 2496.—“Recipe for Tomatoes Scalloped with Green Pepper.”

### **Tomatoes Scalloped, with Green Pepper**

This may be made with either fresh or canned tomatoes. Take about half the bulk of the tomato in soft, fine bread crumbs. For a cup of crumbs, melt one-fourth a cup of butter, put one or two

tablespoonfuls of the butter in a saucepan, mix the rest of the butter through the bread crumbs. To the butter in the saucepan add a slice of fine-sliced onion and half a small green pepper, shredded fine. Stir and cook until softened and yellowed a little, then mix through the crumbs. Dispose the tomatoes and prepared crumbs in alternate layers in a baking dish, sprinkling each layer of tomatoes with salt and pepper. Have the last layer of crumbs, bake about twenty minutes. The onion may be omitted.

QUERY No. 2497.—“Recipe for Russian Salad Dressing.”

### Russian Salad Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise dressing	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful mustard
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful vinegar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful paprika
	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chili sauce

Mix together the oil, vinegar, mustard, salt, paprika and chili sauce, then gradually—using the egg beater—beat them into the mayonnaise dressing.

QUERY No. 2498.—“Recipe for Kornlet Chowder and Mexican Rabbit.”

### Kornlet Chowder

2 small slices fat salt pork	tato cubes
$\frac{1}{2}$ small onion	1 can kornlet
3 cups boiling water	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls salt
1 cup (generous) po-	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper
	2 cups hot milk

Cut the pork in bits and let cook without browning in the least until the fat is well drawn out; add the onion, peeled and cut in shreds, stir and cook until yellowed and softened a little; add the water and let simmer about ten minutes. Meantime, cover the potatoes with boiling water, and let simmer four or five minutes, then drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Strain the water from the pork and onion over the potatoes and let cook until the potatoes are tender, then add the kornlet, seasonings and hot milk and let stand over the fire until very hot. Serve with crackers, reheated in the oven or browned.

### Mexican Rabbit

1 tablespoonful butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
1 green pepper in squares	$\frac{2}{3}$ cup kornlet
1 pound cheese	$\frac{2}{3}$ cup tomato in small pieces
2 eggs or 4 yolks	Crackers or bread

Melt the butter; in it cook the pepper until softened a little, but not browned; add the cheese and stir constantly until the cheese is melted; beat the eggs, add the salt and kornlet, mix thoroughly, then stir into the cheese; continue to stir until the mixture is smooth, then add the tomato and, when all is hot and well blended, serve on crackers or on the untoasted side of bread toasted upon but one side. The tomatoes should be pieces of canned tomato nearly an inch across, taken without seeds.

QUERY No. 2499.—“Recipe for Amber Marmalade.”

### Amber Marmalade

1 grapefruit	7 pints cold water
1 orange	5 pounds sugar
1 lemon	

Wash and wipe the fruit with a soft cloth, cut each in quarters, then cut each quarter through peel and pulp into exceedingly thin slices, discarding the seeds. Pour the water over the prepared fruit and let stand overnight. Cook until the peel is very tender; it will take four or five hours. Again set aside overnight. Add the sugar and cook, stirring occasionally, until the syrup thickens slightly on a cold dish. Store in glasses—cover with paper, when cold.

QUERY No. 2500.—“Can you give recipe for ‘Brownbread Joes’?”

### Brownbread Joes

We are unable to give a recipe for “Brownbread Joes.” It has been suggested that they may be a sort of biscuit made of the “heel” of a loaf of brown bread soaked in water or milk, thickened with flour or meal and baked.





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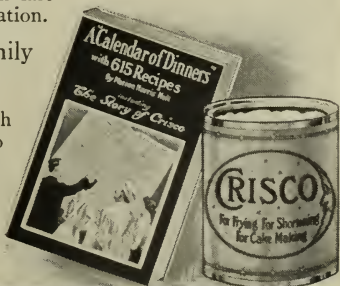
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QUERY No. 2501.—“Recipes for Angel Food and Fruit Cake.”

### Angel Food Cake

Beat the whites of eight eggs until foamy; add half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and beat until dry, then gradually beat in one cup and a half of granulated sugar; then fold in one cup of pastry flour measured after sifting. Bake in a tube pan about fifty minutes. Divide the time into quarters; in the first quarter, the oven should be of such a temperature that the cake changes its appearance in no way except by rising. If the cake colors in the least, the oven is too hot, and the heat must be lowered. Open the oven door as many times as you wish, but be sure and close it gently. Move the cake during this first quarter if necessary, though it is better to protect it with a tin sheet or piece of paper. During the second quarter, the cake should rise to its full height and begin to color in spots; in the third quarter, it should become colored uniformly, and in the last quarter, settle a little. If the cake rebounds upon gentle pressure, it is baked.

### Ten-Pound Fruit Cake

1 lb. butter (2 cups)	1 teaspoonful soda
1 lb. sugar (2 cups)	Whites 12 eggs
Yolks 12 eggs	2 lbs. seeded raisins
2 cups molasses	2 lbs. sliced citron
1 lb. (4 cups) sifted flour	2½ lbs. currants
1 teaspoonful cloves	¼ lb. candied orange peel
2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon	¼ lb. blanched almonds
2 teaspoonfuls mace	

Beat the butter to a cream; beat in the sugar, the yolks of eggs, beaten light, the molasses, flour sifted with the soda and spices, the whites of eggs, beaten dry, and, lastly, the fruit and nuts. This may be baked in two hours and forty minutes in tube pans 8 inches in diameter. The cake will be three inches thick.

QUERY No. 2502.—“Recipes for Orange Vol-au-vent, Fig Bars, Ice Cream Cake, Individual Chicken Pies.”

### Orange Vol-au-Vent

Roll puff-paste made of half a pound, each, of butter and flour into a thin sheet. Cut out an oval piece for a bottom and three oval rims. Set the bottom on paper in a baking pan, brush the edge with cold water and set a rim in place upon it; brush the rim with cold water, and set a second rim over the first; brush with cold water and set the third rim in place; prick the paste with a fork, repeatedly, that it may puff uniformly in baking, and let bake until done. It will take 30 to 40 minutes. The rims may be baked separately, if desired, then piled, one above the other, on the edge of the bottom, then pipe meringue down the sides and ends to hold the rims in place. Return to the oven to cook the meringue. When ready to serve, reheat slightly and fill with sliced-and-sugared oranges.

### Fig Bars

Use any choice recipe for cookies; roll the dough thin and cut in long, narrow cakes; after the baking pan is filled with shapes, spread each not quite to the edge with cooked fig-paste; brush the edge of each with cold water and set a second shape above it, pressing the two close together on the edge; brush over with beaten white of egg, dredge with granulated sugar and bake about ten minutes. Lift from the tins with a spatula.

### Fig Paste for Fig Bars

Cook half a pound of figs in boiling water to cover until the skins are tender and the water is mostly evaporated; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and let cook a few minutes longer; chop fine, let cool, and use as above.

### Ice Cream Cake

1 cup butter	(level)
1½ cups sugar	soda
1 cup eggs	2 teaspoonfuls
1 cup milk	(slightly rounding)
4 cups flour	Cream of tartar
1 teaspoonful	¼ teaspoonful mace

Cream the butter; gradually beat in

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the sugar, then add the eggs, two at a time, unbeaten, and beat each time until very light; sift the soda, cream-of-tartar and mace with the flour and add to the first mixture, alternately, with the milk. Bake in loaves or in a sheet. Frost as desired, or after the mixture has been spread in a dripping pan, sprinkle the top with a few dried currants and dredge generously with granulated sugar, when no frosting is needed. In loaves, bake about one hour and a quarter, in a sheet, about half an hour.

### Individual Chicken Pies

Make flaky pastry with two cups of sifted pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of shortening, two tablespoonfuls of butter (rolled in at the last) and a little cold water. Have ready some small, brown, earthen baking dishes (6x4 or 5x3); lay one upside down on the paste and cut with a knife all around it, one-third an inch from the edge. The pastry will make six or eight "covers." Brush the underside of crescents or other small figures, cut from the paste, with cold water and set them on the paste, and make an opening in the centre of each cover. For the filling, have thin slices of cooked chicken, freed of all inedible portions, and cooked exceedingly tender in stock or boiling water to cover. For each cup and a quarter of meat make one cup of sauce (two tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and one cup of the liquid in which the meat was cooked). Have the sauce boiling; in it heat the meat, turn into the dishes, spread over the cover and press it down over the edge of the dish. Let bake from ten to fifteen minutes. Serve at once, or reheat in the oven before serving.

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QUERY No. 2503.—"Kindly give meaning of the term Bar-le-duc and state if the term is applied to other fruit than currants."

### Bar-le-Duc

Bar-le-Duc currants, strawberries and

gooseberries are grown and prepared for market in the town of Bar le Duc, situated in the province of Meuse, France. These confections are thus known by the name of the place to which they owe their origin.

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QUERY No. 2504.—"Recipe for Griddle Cakes made of Buckwheat flour."

### Buckwheat Griddle Cakes

(Baking Powder)

Sift together one cup of buckwheat flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, two level teaspoonfuls and a half of baking powder, and one tablespoonful of sugar; pour in one-fourth a cup (scant measure) of sweet milk, and one cup of cold water, and mix thoroughly; bake at once on a hot griddle; turn as soon as the batter on the griddle is well filled with bubbles. Serve from the griddle. The milk causes them to brown more quickly than if water alone were used.

### Buckwheat Griddle Cakes

(Yeast)

Scald one cup of milk; add one cup of boiling water and pour over one-fourth a cup of cornmeal (not granulated); add half a teaspoonful of salt, mix, cover and let stand until lukewarm; then add one-third a cake of compressed yeast, mixed with one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water, one cup and a half of buckwheat flour and one tablespoonful of sugar. Beat until perfectly smooth; cover and let stand overnight. The first thing in the morning stir down and set in a warm place. When ready to bake, add one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda mixed in a tablespoonful of water; beat again and bake.

Some of the batter may be left over to start a supply for the next morning. To this supply add liquid and other ingredients to get about the same quantity of batter as before. Probably the soda is unnecessary the first morning, but may be essential this second morning.





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# The Silver Lining

## Her Revelation

A little girl traveling in a sleeping-car with her parents greatly objected to being put in an upper berth. She was assured that papa, mama, and God would watch over her. She was settled in the berth at last and the passengers were quiet for the night, when a small voice piped:

"Mama,"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Now go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Go to sleep like a good girl."

This continued at intervals for some time until a fellow passenger lost patience and called:

"We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and first cousins. All here. Now go to sleep!"

There was a brief pause after this explosion. Then the tiny voice piped up again, but very softly:

"Mama!"

"Well."

"Was that God?"—*Kansas City Star.*

Dr. M. S. Rice of Detroit tells this story on himself: In his earlier ministry he was much impressed by the statement of Bishop Quayle, that some of his greatest thoughts had come to him in "God's out-of-doors" during terrific storms: "I made up my mind," said Dr. Rice, "that I would go out in the next big storm and see if I couldn't have a great thought, too. It came in the middle of the night, but that never daunted me, and two o'clock in the morning found me sitting out on a rock, drenched to the skin, and with thunder and lightning going on all about me, but no great thoughts within. Years afterward I told Bishop Quayle about it. The only thought

I had, I said, was what a big fool I was. 'Well,' drawled he, 'wasn't that worth while?'"—*Christian Advocate.*

The foreman of a large iron-works was short of laborers, and, as a last resort, went to an old tramp who was lying asleep beside one of the furnaces, and roused him with the question: "I say, my man, are you wanting work?" "What kind of work?" asked the tramp. "Can you do anything with a shovel?" "Yes," replied the tramp, rubbing his eyes. "I could fry a piece of ham on it."—*The Bristol Times.*

One evening, at the Eastern Star Fair, one of the fattest members sat down to rest. Every one who passed by seemed amused, and she rose to seek a less conspicuous seat. She glanced round, and saw that she had been sitting in front of the guessing-cake table, directly under the placard, "Guess my weight and I am yours."

The street-car conductor examined the transfer thoughtfully, and said meekly: "This transfer expired an hour ago, lady."

The lady, digging in her purse after a coin, replied: "No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."—*Puck.*

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## New Books

*Chemistry of Familiar Things.* By S. S. SADTLER. Cloth, 8 vo., \$1.75 net. J. B. Lippincott, Company, Philadelphia.

"There are signs that Science has entered daily life, and become a welcome topic for reading and discussion by the average man. Exact knowledge is the only kind that will count with both men and women in the near future, and they are coming to realize that such knowledge is not only valuable, but when presented in a non-technical way, intensely interesting and easily understood. It is profitable to know accurately at least a little chemistry; there is much of interest in a subject which treats of the composition of things about us. The writer has given full scope to its natural attractions in dealing with such subjects as Air, Water, Metals, Rocks, Soil, Food,

Textiles, Light, Heat and the chemistry of household substances of many kinds. Each subject is developed into the realm of the practically useful, and a store of valuable information bearing upon everyday life and problems will be found in this layman's Chemistry."

Here is an excellent and commendable work. The subject is treated and presented in about as simple, interesting and attractive manner as this thing can be done. To most people a text-book of Chemistry holds uninviting dull matter. To large numbers this book should be inviting as well as instructive. It is offered especially for perusal by those who are interested in scientific matters and for careful study by those who desire an exposition of every-day practical Chemistry.

*From Kitchen to Garret.* By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER. Cloth, 16 mo., ill., \$1.00 net. Sturgis & Walton Company, New York.

The book is designed for suggestion and guidance in the direction of system, simplicity and intelligence in housekeeping, or, in other words, its purpose is to tell its readers how they can make work easier, health more secure, and the home more enjoyable and tenacious of the whole family. This book is one of a series of small volumes prepared for "The Young Farmer's Library." The young woman, who is desirous of doing her housework well and making home life wholesome and agreeable, will find in this volume much that will be suggestive and helpful.

"Do you know, my dear," said the young husband, "there's something wrong with the cake? It doesn't taste right."

"That is all your imagination," answered the bride, triumphantly, "for it says in my new cookery book that it is delicious."



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# Menus for Easter Dinners and Luncheon

## I

Strawberries  
Essence of Chicken, with Pearl Tapioca  
Bread Sticks  
Guinea Hen, Roasted  
Grapefruit-and-Endive Salad  
Mashed Potatoes, Vienna Fashion  
Egg Plant, Sautéd  
Meringues Glacé, Panaché  
Candied Mint Leaves  
Half Cups Coffee

## II

Macedoine of Fruit in Glass Cups  
Consommé à la Royale  
Chicken Patties  
Raspberry Sherbet  
Mild-Cured Ham, Baked  
French Endive, with Chives  
French Dressing  
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style  
Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce  
Macaroon Bavarian Cream  
Half Cups Coffee

## III

Anchovy-and-Egg Canapés  
Salmon Cutlets, Sauce Tartare  
Leg and Loin of Lamb, Roasted, Mint Jelly  
Baked Bananas, Jelly Sauce  
Franconia Potatoes  
New or Canned String Beans  
Lettuce and Cress, French Dressing  
Frozen Pudding  
Half Cups Coffee



## Luncheon Easter Week

Tomato Bouillon  
Brook Trout, Fried, Sauce Tartare  
Potatoes Maître d'Hôtel  
Chicken Patties  
Cress and French Endive Salad, Garnished with Radishes  
Meringues with Macedoine of Pineapple, Grapes and Peaches  
Whipped Cream  
Candied Mint Leaves      Blood Orange Turkish Paste  
Salted Pecan Nuts  
Half Cups Coffee



TABLE LAID FOR LUNCHEON (For Menu, see preceding page)



# American Cookery

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## Summer Residents' Aid to Community Life

By Mary Harrod Northend

THE "Summer People" throughout New England may be said to bear the same relation to the "Country People" that tourists bear to natives abroad. The attitude toward these temporary invaders by the permanent inhabitants is all too frequently marked by resentment mingled, perchance, with avarice. Summer people are often accused of demoralizing any community which they make popular. It is said that their automobiles, their beautiful clothes and their general style of living make the farmer's wife or daughter envious or dissatisfied, and that their lavish expenditures have a most pernicious effect upon the owner of the "General Store," the village carpenter or the man who does odd jobs. Even the old sailor, who once wrested a precarious existence from the sea, now earns enough in his three months of personally conducted sailing parties to sit in front of the fire and smoke for the rest of the year.

In a measure, the accusations are true, but there are compensations which are too often forgotten. Just as the tourist has become a legitimate economic factor to the hotel-keepers, guides and all the great army of those who cater to them, so have these wealthy people brought many advantages to the village they have chosen for their brief sojourn. Not only does the improved standard of living bring about better roads, better light and water systems, more artistic buildings; not only is interest awakened and ambi-

tion stimulated among those who are too far removed from the active world to keep pace with the times, but also many other definite and radical improvements in hundreds of towns are due to summer residents.

New England—the favorite playground of the United States—is dotted thickly with visible proofs that summer people bear the best interests of their three months' home with them through the winter, sincerely trying to decide what is most needed by that community and generously responding to that need.

At Magnolia—one of the most fashionable resorts on the North Shore—it was



PORCH OF TEA-ROOM, ROWLEY, MASS.

these very people who worked out an experiment that deserves to be known all over the country. There are several large hotels in Magnolia, and of the nine hundred employées engaged in them about five hundred are women—the majority of them, a distinctly high type of woman. Indeed, many of the waitresses in the hotels are college students or school teachers who are trying to earn a little money in healthful surroundings to defray their winter expenses. The ladies in the community realized that these young girls had no place to go for recreation—no chance for proper social relaxation. In spite of their good manners, it was not possible for them to attend the entertainments and dances given for hotel guests, and yet they were in many cases as youthful, attractive and eager for a good time as the young girls they waited upon.

So a room in a public library was secured and fitted up as a club room by the ladies. Dances were held, classes in embroidery and basketry were organized, and occasionally entertainments given by

guests of the hotel. The experiment was successful, and the next season a small house was rented—the amount raised by popular subscription from the summer people. A piano and sewing machine were added, and the classes of the previous year continued. The club now numbered one hundred and forty, with an average daily attendance of forty and forty-five.

At the end of the second year another step was taken. A suitable lot was purchased and a house that was to be solely used for club purposes was erected. There were extra rooms in it that might be let, so as to contribute to the running expenses, and it was near enough to the hotels for the girls to run in during spare moments and yet far enough away for them to have a sense of freedom. The membership was only fifty cents a year—the expenses that are not covered by this, by the renting of the rooms and of the large entertainment hall, were met by the patrons who had originated the idea. Is it necessary to add that the employées at Magnolia are of a continually higher



EXTERIOR OF WOMAN'S CLUB-HOUSE





INTERIOR OF CLUB-HOUSE, WHERE GIRLS ENJOY THEMSELVES

grade, that they are contented, happy workers, and that the "servant problem" has ceased to exist?

At Manchester-by-the-Sea the enormous taxes paid by the summer residents have made possible many civic improvements—one of the most striking being the reclamation of a deserted brick yard—ugly—empty—forlorn. The land was purchased, the brickyard turned into a park, water was diverted from a near-by brook to make a pond, and now pond lilies and tall reeds grow there and the unsightly spot is a place of beauty.

A community tea-house, which was started as an output for the village handicraft, has been the center for a most admirable experiment, in which various women were assigned various tasks—one baking the beans for several, thus saving them labor and fire—another baking the bread, etc. This community tea-house, beside being the center for all such friendly experimentation, is used for a station to sell handicraft work and for a general meeting place. It is, also, used as a week-end house for college students during the winter, and they flock

here so eagerly that their rooms are taken for weeks in advance.

Sometimes it is an individual and not an organization that gives a new impetus to a town, and very often this individual is one of the much maligned "summer people." It was at Duxbury, Mass., that a summer resident, a lover of gardens, purchased an orchard of gnarled and ancient apple trees. Her interest affected first one neighbor and then another—one by one, they began to refurbish their yards and their orchards, and as their interest deepened they engaged a landscape gardener to give them a lecture once a week. Thus, in an entirely natural and unpatronizing way, a sincere interest in floriculture spread through the community, and was reflected in half a hundred garden beds. A not very "demoralizing influence" for one summer person to emanate!

At Buzzards Bay, a certain wealthy woman, whose summer home is there, has given a new impetus to the old hand-work which used to be characteristic of Cape Cod. In the building that she has provided the farmers' wives meet to



braided rugs, to make patchwork quilts, even to weave and spin, to embroider, to crochet and to do that marvelous "American Filet," which is almost as beautiful as the old Sicilian. The boys may learn cabinet-making, if they wish, and there is an opportunity for them all to display their wares and sell them. Only those who have lived in a country village before a common interest became part of the daily life can appreciate the immense value of such an institution,—not only to encourage the home industries, but to keep alive good will and friendly rivalry.

Visitors to the beautiful Keene Valley, New Hampshire, know that the charming Neighborhood House was contributed, in toto, by the city people for the enjoyment of their country friends. This house is kept heated and lighted and may be used freely for entertainments and gatherings throughout the year—a God-send, indeed, to a community twenty miles from a railroad. This same summer flock have given a complete surgical equipment to the hospital and pay for the trained nurse in constant attendance.

The kindergarten, the social worker, the classes in arts and crafts at Rowley,

Mass., are another instance of similar generosity.

A summer resident at Burlington, Mass., was responsible for a club that has been a remarkable success. Soon after she came to the town, she noticed that there was no place for the townswomen to meet socially, and that they needed such a relaxation. So she promptly opened her own house, and twice a week provided an entertainment there—sometimes a singer, sometimes a friend with pictures to show, always someone to bring to those women in a small country village a pleasure which they had no other means of enjoying.

It really is time to stop grumbling about the "demoralization" which the summer people bring in their train. Many a Village Improvement Society, with its "Clean-up Day" and its planting in public places, its cultivation of artistic sense, owes its inception to the unselfishness of a resident who comes only for a few weeks or months in the year, but whose good works last throughout the year.

Summer people are no longer to be regarded as an ephemeral and sporadic



THE DESERTED BRICK-YARD—UGLY—FORLORN

growth, suddenly appearing in a community, accepting all of its advantages and making no return. They feel their responsibility to those whose manner of life they have inevitably affected by their very presence, and that they do not cease to consider the community,

when they leave it, but meet the responsibility squarely and gladly, finds proof in the Tea Houses and Community Houses, also in the good will and the industrial awakening in fashionable resorts throughout the country. Welcome the summer resident.



NOW POND-LILIES AND TALL REEDS GROW THERE

## Comrades

We stand amid the drifting years  
That bear us whither none may know,  
Beneath us surge of mystic tides,  
Beyond dim waters flow.

We wait the finish of the quest  
Which we have sought not of our will;  
We watch for glimpse of haven light  
Where wind and wave are still.

For answer to the question old  
Of who we are and whither bound,  
We long in vain, while on the dial  
Of time the years spin round.

Yet all the doubt of all the years,  
Our drifting far on waters wide,  
Take not away the joy of life,  
If love be at our side!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

# War-Time Cost of Food in Paris

*Ideal Conditions of Living under Regulations of the Committee on Provisioning and a Food Censorship: the Ideal Middlemen*

## *Salt, the War Barometer*

By Blanche McManus

IF money is the sinew of war, salt is the sinew of housekeeping, and the saline sinews of Paris got strained about this time.

Nothing had been easier than moving from my hotel into a furnished apartment, this week of war. Two-thirds of Paris apartments were vacated and most of them were to sublet, but not at double the original prices. Proprietors were so surprised to have applications for leases this week that one made one's own price.

I got a gem of a place opening out on a big garden courtyard, hidden away behind mysterious walls, veiled in clambering vines and flowers; the concierge, keeper of the "grande porte," and myself the only occupants of a building which normally housed fifty people. War which had always seemed mythical in Paris was now a dream. What an ideal time and place for work. I gleefully opened up my typewriter.

War correspondents may have troubles, but so do every-day writers, during a prospective siege. The first was salt. I was just getting into a good swing when Alphonsine, the concierge, who was running my one h.p. ménage for me as a favor, put her head in at the door with the pessimistic remark: "The Prussians have got down to Soissons and the salt has given out." Salt was our war barometer here in Paris. It was by the appearance and disappearance of salt in the market that we could gauge the advance and receding of the tides of battle. So it was that, as the German armies advanced over the French frontier, the glittering whiteness of our daily salt underwent strange transformations. After the opening battle of Charleroi, it was only to be had in big crystals, but still

white. As the Germans trickled down towards Paris, the salt became grayer and grayer and coarser and coarser, so that when von Kluck's Army had got to Compègne, but fifty miles from us, "sel gris," what the frugal French commonly use for cooking salt, was all that could be had. When the Germans got into their closest contact with Paris, at Lagny, but fifteen miles away, salt disappeared entirely, to reappear again timidly only after the successful Battle of the Marne.

As with everything that went wrong, it was explained simply by the catch phrase of the times: "*C'est la guerre*," or as having been diverted "*sur le front*," that vague and fluctuating limbo which had a curious way of absorbing most things. But this particular nervousness in saline stocks came from the over anxiety of the Parisian housekeeper, whose sole fear of a German advance was the dread of an advance in food prices. The useful condiment of salt, being a government monopoly, lay especially outside ordinary calculations and was by them considered as the weak point in the domestic fortifications and furthered the impression that salt might leap to any price as a war measure.

This week as the Allies were falling back on Paris, under the seasaw of the war news: "Our right wing has made some progress: Our left wing has slightly fallen back," salt played with us a hide-and-seek game difficult to follow. True the salt mines of Lorraine were being occupied as forts by the Germans, but France has some thousands of miles of indented, salty seacoast, I argued crossly, as I shut up the typewriter and went out to investigate the salt mar-



ket of our own particular shopping district.

Paris is divided into infinitesimal "*quartiers*," each self-contained as to its business and living, and it is considered very bad form, indeed disloyal, to trade outside one's "*quartier*." A little street three-blocks long contains our nest of shops. I rushed to its grocery establishment, which stocked American goods to the envious admiration of its competitors. Here my inquiry for salt was met with the surprised air of having been asked for gold dust, and the indignant reply was that there was no salt. Feeling that I had been asking for something immoral, I retired to the next shop in size. "No, no salt," they whispered in my ear mysteriously, as if it were war news which had slipped past the censor. "When will there be some?" "We don't know," they returned haughtily, with further amazement at my indiscretion.

I then made the rounds of the smaller shops without hope and was not disappointed, though, at the last and most insignificant one, the proprietor smiled knowingly and led me to a dark corner, as one might be escorted to the hiding place of a secret treasure (it was a wonder that I was not blindfolded) and out of a drawer fished up a handful of dingy grey stuff that looked like the top dressing of a road surface. Such was French salt in the fourth week of the war.

Back I hurried with half a pound of the mixture to appease Alphonsine with the news that, even if salt was coming to us in the state of nature, it had not altogether fled before the Germans, neither had the price gone up. "Just let me know if it does," was Alphonsine's darkly cryptogrammic remark, the key to which lay in the hands of the "Committee on Provisioning of Paris," a unique and most successful venture in municipal housekeeping.

It was when the Municipality of Paris became a military body, working under the instructions of the Ministry of War, and finally got their bearings, that they

found out to their astonishment that, in the hurry of the country going to war, only milk and potato trains had been provided to nourish the Parisians, that way-stations were stalled with food, while the city was in a panic over the lack of it, that a potato sold for five cents one day and had almost to be given away the next. Such was the state of the market. Then was organized the famous "Committee for the Provisioning of Paris" and with it came an ideal service of middlemen, formed of the representatives and agents of the "Halles," Paris' central wholesale markets.

At the head of the committee was the president of the Syndicate of Dealers in Vegetables and Fruits; its secretary was the Director of the National Agricultural Society, and with them were associated the presidents of the Syndicates for Fish, Meat, Poultry, Game, Butter and Eggs. They established themselves under the aegis of the Military Governor of Paris, and as their first act got their telephone registered as an official one under the control of the war department, which meant that they could use it when they wanted to. They also arranged that their telegrams to and from Paris on the subject of provisioning were given immediate precedence after those of the military exigencies.

Now they "requisitioned" automobiles, which is the polite war phrase for anything private that was needed by the authorities, who simply went and took it. These automobiles were filled with the accredited agents of the Paris Food Committee and sent to various centres throughout France to buy provisions for the capital on the spot. The system of marketing in France lent itself admirably to this purpose. All produce is brought by the farmer to his own little market town on a certain day of the week, and from there forwarded to the big centres of distribution. The Committee and its agents became the middlemen between Paris and the farmer.

Then they organized their publicity bureau. Notices were sent out through every local paper giving reports on the different lines of communication as they were gradually opened up on the various railway lines.

It was arranged with the Ministry of War that a certain number, and a sufficiency, of trains be given over to the use of the market people and their produce.

Then was laid down the law, and this shows what the right type of middleman can do, and it was agreed that all produce sold at the "Halles," the Paris central markets, should be sold at cost price, that is, the purchase price plus the transport and handling, but without profit. Municipal duties on staples were abolished.

Thus was voluntarily put into operation a patriotic scale of prices such as had never been worked out before, not even by the big commission merchants themselves acting on their own initiative, which secured, as a result, a reasonable and steady food supply for the city and a profitable market for the farmer.

The Committee opened farm employment offices; they studied the working conditions, and where labor was scarce in the country, arranged to send it out from Paris. Thus it was that the Parisian learned to become a farmer. The next step was to keep the retail merchants from raising their prices un-

duly, which was not easy. Not that this class was less patriotic, but that they were more in the way of direct temptation, because of the abnormal desire to make extensive provision by a people who were clutched in the panic of an impending siege that intensified every day. Not to raise prices, when the demand exceeded the supply, was asking too much of human nature. The Committee did ask it, however, politely, and also took measures to insure it. A committee on retail prices was appointed. Its members not only loafed daily about "Les Halles," but policed the little shops of the "*quartiers*" in a discreet manner, for here were the worst offenders. They hoped to be overlooked because of their insignificance. Offenders were not simply reprovved, but were brought up sharply against the law in the shape of a Military Council of War, which held sessions daily, and, if found guilty, were not only fined but their places of business were closed up.

Wholesale prices for staple commodities were made public, daily, in the papers, and other methods were adopted to strangle the possibility of overcharges. But, lastly, when one day the Committee learned with satisfaction that a group of housewives had wrecked an *épicerie*, which had indiscreetly offered salt at two francs the pound, they decided to take that national force, the Frenchwomen, on their side, and, re-



Says Paris, "Who would have thought that I would have made such a success of domesticity?"

Salt Was Our War Barometer

"Have we Salt? Of c



membering what she had done in the past in this direction, officially announced that, if the women of Paris discovered any overtax on food products, they might take the law in their own hands.

I don't believe many Frenchwomen actually read the daily market reports, but nevertheless they appeared to know down to the fraction of a *sou* what the price of every food product should be. As two-thirds of the population of Paris was at this time women, and nine-tenths of all its shops were run by women, the astuteness of the Committee can be gauged by this measure of policing the city food-supply.

And it was for this that Alphonsine cunningly used me and my interests to further her patriotic oversight into prices. She followed up salt with a sugar investigation. Sugar was not only likely to go up to a fabulous figure, but would disappear entirely. Sugar was indeed already at "the front." With the principal beet fields of Northern France and all of Belgium's serving as battle-fields for the armies of Europe, at this moment the prospects of the French sugar crop did look shaky, and I shook myself over the possibility of any rise in this commodity.

My sugar investigation turned up the curious fact that, when there was a scarcity of this product, the big shops would not sell less than a kilogram at a

time, a trifle more than two pounds. I rather thought this was to discourage buying it, knowing the French dislike buying more than a few cents' worth of anything at a time. Even being wanted "at the front" could not explain this. But the indirect result was felt on the jams and confections, which were cautiously moved forward a cent or two at a time so as to escape official notice. As a matter of fact, the food censor was indulgent towards all these small luxuries, especially those of foreign extraction, and as the French housekeeper actually uses an astonishingly small amount of sweet stuff, preferring fresh fruits to preserves, Alphonsine was staggered herself to find that sugar had taken a flight of but three cents during the period of the biggest German victory to date.

I was just sneaking back to the typewriter, when the mutton panic came on. One butcher's shop supplied our quarter, which is about the proportion that meat takes in the French bourgeoisie cuisine, the owner himself, in a white apron draped across one shoulder, tabard style, and an assorted lot of knives buckled about his waist, served the customers with the help of a single assistant. Two apprentices, who payed for the privilege of learning the business, brought the beef and mutton from the abatoirs, some miles away, in a hand cart, one pushing and the other



" said the big grocer.

" No, no salt," says the next in size shop.

The nearer the German army got to Paris the grayer got salt.



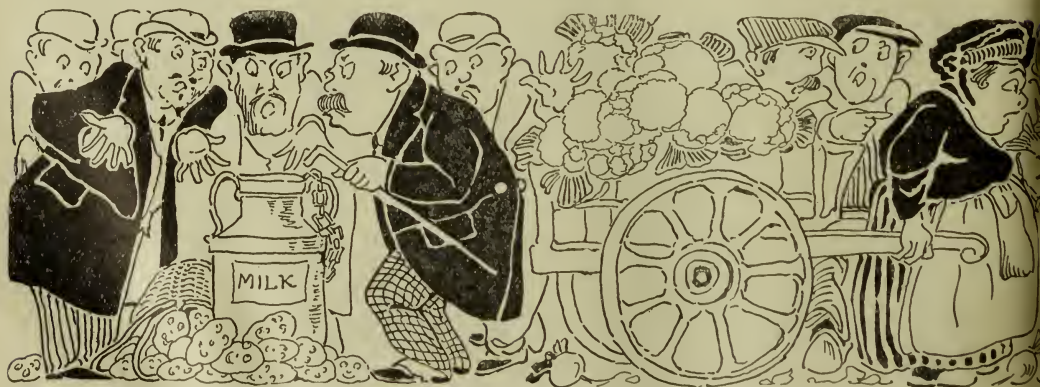
pulling. The proprietor's wife sat in the pulpit desk in charge of the cash drawer and also helped to conduct the social end of the trading, for not the least important feature of the shopping district of a Paris quarter is the knack of entertaining customers. The butcher himself was skilful, in filling in the waits between cuts with commentaries on the news from the battle-fields. The shop whose conversational powers could longest detain the customers easily led in popularity. The meat was weighed out on scales of a size and build that might have served as a model of those of Justice herself. Weighed in with the meat was a sheet of tissue paper, a sheet of glazed paper and a large sheet of thick brown paper that was somewhat weightier than usual.

The butcher received my order for chops this morning with an air of surprise, which was the accepted war-time manner of covering any deficit, but instead of the usual brief "*c'est la guerre*," he remarked, in a stage whisper, that "the sheep had all gone to the front." Putting an extra sheet of paper on the scales he went on to explain. Much of the meat, it appeared, followed the army around on foot as a sort of a movable base of supplies, or was parked up close in the rear of the fighting line. A hundred and twenty beasts were the daily allowance for an army corps. The French army was getting spoiled. It

won't eat preserved meat unless obliged to, and, consequently, was being nourished on the best of fresh rations to an extent never dreamed of on the menu of any other campaign. "You wouldn't have them fed on sausage, like the Germans?" demanded my butcher, as he handed me my purchase, enveloped, finally, in an outer covering of newspaper.

"But why a shortage in sheep, alone?" Well, he thought that sheep, being nomadic, could be more readily adapted to army life. But still I protested. Shiploads of sheep were even then being brought over from North Africa with a convoy of cruisers and torpedo boats to protect their lives, this being the principal work of the French navy in the Mediterranean. "Desert-bred sheep are thin and scrawny," he insisted, with the finality, "*mais c'est la guerre*."

When I told Alphonsine the sheep news of the day she was quite triumphant and suggested that I had better look into the matter of pork. Pork comes in a class all by itself and is not to be found at the regular butchers. All pork products are classed together as "*charcuterie*," and may be sold in grocery stores that handle only package or canned goods. Next to mutton, it is the popular Parisian viand. Every French farm keeps a pig or so, in a sort of Irish country style, which is fattened in a pen until it can scarcely crawl. Perhaps



The surprise of the Committee on Provisioning when they found out that potatoes and milk was all the food the Ministry of War had provided for Paris.

this was the reason that the pigs had not gone to the front, on foot at least, as pork had, strangely enough, gone down in price 30%, though even so the consumption had fallen off a quarter at least. The *charcuterie* establishment keeps all kinds of pork-products, *paté de foie gras* and truffled delicacies, preserved according to the excellent French recipe of being sealed up from the air and humidity by lard. But the slump in the demand for this foodstuff was enormous, and the *charcuteries* fell back on keeping a few eggs, a little butter and cheeses.

These were the three staples which, in spite of economy and the slump in the population, did not vary much in their demand. People made up their deficit in the consumption of dearer meat by eating more of these three staples that were cheaper. I first got on to this from the regular egg, butter and cheese shops. Our quarter was served by five of these, which also purveyed milk, and, on the side, a few jams and some canned goods, with a small assorted quantity of vegetables piled up on the sidewalk before the door. The milk reposed in well-like receptacles built into the counters, though there was always bottled milk for the exclusives.

I interviewed the portly women in blue cotton aprons and black knit shawls, who were invariably knitting a muffler for their husbands at the front, and who

sat behind the counters. One particularly, was openly delighted over the discomfort of those amateur tourists who visited "Les Halles." It appears that a number of energetic housekeepers clubbed together and went to the Central Markets, thinking to buy at wholesale figures, especially when buying butter in quantity, which they intended to put into preserve in their cellars. This little manoeuvre was broken up, when the Committee on the Provisioning of Paris prohibited more than twenty pounds of butter to be sold, even at wholesale, at one time.

She was, however, equally sad at being allowed to sell but half a pound at a time to a client. She sighed also a little over the egg question: "*C'est la guerre*," she murmured. Fluctuations in eggs before the war had been the cause of one of the most profitable gambles of the small Paris shops. Now they were obliged to work on the basis of a fixed price established by the Committee, which was disconcerting in its simplicity. Eggs to be boiled were sold at 4 cents, fresh eggs, at 3 cents, and all outside the pale at 32 cents the dozen. So did war stop all wild speculation in the "*oeuf de jour*" in Paris. Eggs did not go to the front, so, in spite of the fact that the importation of "foreign" eggs from Turkey, Egypt and elsewhere, fell off fifty per cent, prices remained normal, also, strangely enough, did their



Food Censor in The Halles regulates prices to the detriment of its merchants.

A few of the types of The Halles.



consumption.

Alphonsine never became concerned over the vicissitudes of fish, and yet they were remarkable. Up to this week fish was plentiful and a drug on the market. Of fifty thousand kilos of fish received in one week forty thousand remained unsold, and this in spite of the fishermen of the coast, all being "maritime conscripts," being mobilized for the Armies of the Sea and Land. This proves that the French put fish in the class of luxuries and not that of necessities, and fish is always high-priced in France. This week fish spoiled in the "Halles," and the population was begged to come and take it at their own price. The ordinary class scarcely eat it at all; fish is food for the well-to-do almost exclusively. So Alphonsine, as did all Paris, simply put fish out of the calculations.

Alphonsine next became disturbed, and disturbed me, over the vagaries of the potato market. Potatoes are the bulwark of the French table, which is further evidence of the Irish taste of the French. The war-price of potatoes fluctuated like that of stocks and bonds in a panic. They rose from fifteen to fifty francs the hundred kilos in two days and then ran down to four or five cents a kilo, about half. Of course, the regulation of transportation had much to do with this, but folk's nerves had more; besides, the French are very par-

ticular about potatoes, kinds and prices. There must be red, yellow and white potatoes always in the kitchen—a different tint for each sort of *plat*. In my literary mood a dusty potato in the basket was a dusty potato, and nothing more, but Alphonsine, even in war time, was, I found out, obliged to have three different colors for one's palette.

After having established the fact that potatoes, even the costly red variety, were about as cheap this week as they ever had been in Paris, I turned wistfully to my typewriter, but Alphonsine interposed with a word about poultry. I thought, perhaps, the poultry had, also, winged its way to the front with the aeroplanes, as I had remarked none in the neighborhood since the war began, though, as usual, it is to be found anywhere but at the butcher's shop. There was one little shop, the town agent for the produce of a little suburban farm, which had one, each, a chicken, a goose and duck, evidently judged to be the limited demand of our quarter's population.

I never heard of any one in the quarter who bought one of these birds, and I believe they were kept simply for show. I had to cross the frontiers of the quarter before I could find a game and poultry shop, and there learned that poultry in general had fallen fifteen per cent in price and forty per cent in the demand, and was cheaper, in conse-



"No, no mutton. The sheep have all gone to the front.

Sheep being nomadic can more easily keep with the army."



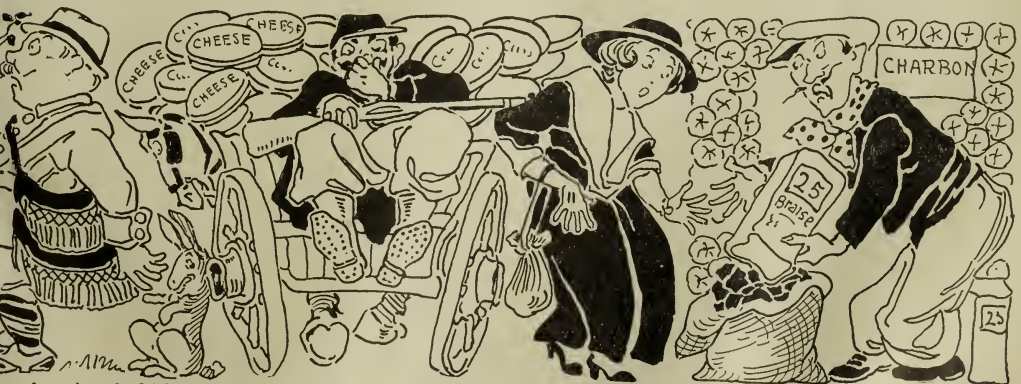
quence, than it had been for many a long day. It was easy to see that the Parisians, in their panic of economy, had passed poultry by and that the population that did habitually buy it had left town.

It was at the little shop of the "*marchand de volaille*" that I picked up information on the subject of game which was even more interesting. The Frenchman does not talk as much about the game season as does his ally, the English, but he is just as devoted to the sport and as fond of the result. The bourgeoisie luncheon table, during the open season, has always a rabbit or a hare or a game pie or a brace of *petits oiseaux* as one of the courses.

This season, the country being after bigger game, shooting game was forbidden, but for the Paris market the national customs dues were taken off and game was allowed to be brought in from England in sealed packages, only to be broken after arriving inside the fortifications, and not again allowed to be sent outside. The rest of the country suffered this privation of their favored dishes silently but uncomplainingly; it was realized that Paris was entitled to the best of everything. The small amount of cold-storage game that is actually held in France was destined for consumption on the front. There is some justice in the rumor that the French army is being overfed.

I carried this cheering news back to Alphonsine, and felt that it should secure me immunity from household cares for some time to come, but Alphonsine only asked pessimistically: "How about coal and wood." I thought myself that, with the armies occupying two-thirds of the coal area of France and all that of Belgium, it was well worth looking into. I interviewed both of our neighboring coal merchants. They dealt in coal and wood and had a small café under the same roof, both establishments being about the size of a telephone booth. The proprietor came out of the depths of a small black hole that might have held a ton of coal. The façade was made up of artistically disposed, small, cross-cut logs and kindling wood done up in small packets, sold by the pound. This year there was practically no charcoal, the chief fuel of the French kitchen, but as an offset I was informed that anthracite was cheaper than last year. He seemed aggrieved, and I smiled; the Provision Censor was doing his work well.

I returned home with determination. "Alphonsine," I said, taking refuge behind the typewriter, "here is my food report. After many years spent over the cost of living in town and country throughout France, here in Paris, in plain war-time, faced with the prospect of a siege, I have never found food so plentiful and of such a good quality.



Shooting forbidden,  
sorrow of the French  
man.

Cheeses, too, are sent to the front,  
under escort, for the overfed French  
army.

"Coal is cheaper than usual," says the  
coal dealer sorrowfully.

With two armies, averaging each a million men, headed our way, food was never more generously displayed and offered than in Paris today. Vegetables and fruits are finer than I have ever had them where they grow. I have paid less for both here in Paris than I ever did in the French countryside. Eggs are one to two cents a dozen cheaper than at this time last year in a country town. Meat is, to be sure, a few cents dearer, but no more costly than one has to pay on the Riviera at any time. Butter and cheese are no higher than in the neighborhood where they are produced. Fish is cheaper than if you had spent the time trying to catch it yourself. You could not raise a chicken on

a farm as economically as you can buy them here at retail. Chocolate and cocoa, though army delicacies, are plentiful and normally priced. Coffee and tea have not gone up a cent, perhaps, because they are so high usually in France that the public would not stand for more. I have paid a third more for coal not nearly so good in other parts of France. War-time housekeeping in Paris, with a food supply bossed by a Board of Provisioners and a Food Censor, results in less cheating and more nearly ideal conditions than I have ever experienced before. Now, may I finish my story?"

You will see that Alphonsine kindly consented.

## Mr. Sabine's Nephew

By Alix Thorn

MY Aunt and I will be very glad to entertain one of the delegates," and Margaret Selden paused in the vestibule of the old stone church, a chilly Sunday in November.

"Thank you, Miss Selden, that is most kind of you and Mrs. Witcombe; I feel I can always depend upon you, and will put you down, at once, as one of the entertainers," was the reply of the young assistant pastor. "I assure you, it's no small task to assign fifty visiting clergymen to different homes in the parish."

"As I understand," continued Miss Selden, "we are to entertain our especial clergymen, two nights and both days, at breakfast and dinner, but not at lunch, for that is to be served in the church parlors."

"Yes, that is the programme," and, tucking his cane under one arm and a sizable note book under the other, the worried little man hurried off down the avenue, leaving his companion to make her more leisurely way home, where her aunt and dinner awaited her in the dignified old mansion on a quiet side street.

"Well, Auntie dear," and Margaret dropped an airy kiss on Mrs. Witcombe's soft, wrinkled cheek—"the deed is done, I've secured a clergyman, *our* clergyman. We can't take it back now, and he will be with us at dinner next Thursday evening, leaving shortly after said dinner for the convention; he will remain until next Saturday, and then our whole duty as members of the First Presbyterian church will be done."

"I am glad that it is arranged," and Mrs. Witcombe rose slowly, and a little stiffly, from her low chair, in answer to the summons for dinner.

"I feel that it is but suitable that this house should be opened to the clergy's need. It was always my father's custom, and my dear husband continued it, and now that they are both gone, I still wish to do my share," and together aunt and niece went into the sunny dining-room, there to discuss the well-cooked dinner, which it was colored Sarah's joy to prepare.

On the stroke of five, the following Thursday, a taxi-cab set down at Mrs.



Witcombe's brown stone steps a white-haired, scholarly-looking man, who scrutinized, through his glasses, the number on the door, then, lifting his Gladstone bag, ascended the steps, rang the door bell long and emphatically, in true man fashion, and a few moments later was being graciously welcomed by the lady of the house.

Very naturally did Mr. Sabine settle down in the home that was opened to him—a frank, elderly man, who looked frail and rather white, that evening, when, after service, her aunt having gone to bed with an aching head, the girl served him tea, in front of the open fire in the library, visiting with him quite as if he were an old friend.

With a sigh of deep content their clergyman sank back into the depths of the Morris chair, before lifting the dainty green and gold cup of fragrant tea, which stood at his elbow.

"Now, this is a very kind thought of yours, my dear young lady," and the guest stretched out his thin hands to the welcoming blaze, "and I do appreciate it. The service was stimulating, rather exciting, and I'm not as young as I once was. Nothing like an open fire to rest one."

"So my aunt and I think," was Margaret's reply; "it's a cheerful companion always, and comes at your need."

Then the talk drifted from country to town, and to country again, where was Mr. Sabine's scattered parish; to the manse which was presided over by his invalid wife, and then he spoke, at length, of a subject evidently very near his heart, of "his boy," the nephew toward whom he felt like a father, and as the thin old voice trailed on, Margaret could see, in imagination, the eager-eyed New England lad, young, hopeful, leaving for the great city, the city of his dreams, and while the firelight flickered on her flushed cheeks and wavy dark hair, as she bent over the tea things, the visiting clergyman watched her musingly.

"He is in a law office in New York,

you say, your nephew?" and Margaret looked up, all sweet deferential interest.

"Yes, and doing well," the old man smiled reminiscently—"And not homesick now?" the girl continued. Young boys, for the first time cut adrift, always appealed to her, the more, perhaps, because in the long ago, she had lost a little brother, who would have been a man now, a strong comforting, understanding brother, she liked to think, thirty-two years old, two years her senior, and taking his share in the world's work—the one she always missed and felt the need of.

"No, not homesick, has gotten over that; I hear good accounts of him, he writes me fine letters; he never forgets Uncle Albert; we keep in touch," and Mr. Sabine drank his tea reflectively. "Yes," he added, "and he takes regular exercise as a country boy should. What a pair of shoulders he was started out with."

"Maybe," Margaret held out the silver tray of thin bread and butter sandwiches, "maybe your nephew, your boy, would like to come out to the suburbs some Sunday, and dine with us, my aunt and me?"

"He would be happy to, I feel assured," was the quick reply, "that would be delightful, pray do not forget to ask him. I will at once give you his address, and warn him that such a pleasure is in store for him."

On a tiny sheet, torn from his memorandum book, he wrote, in his shaky handwriting, "Dudley Garrison," and an address on Wall Street, New York City.

Margaret Selden tucked the leaf away in the soft folds of her rose-colored chiffon blouse, as was her habit, remarking apologetically, "I will put this address safely away in a pigeon hole in my own desk upstairs; it shall not be mislaid," in answer to an oddly anxious look in the clergyman's faded blue eyes.

Soon afterwards he went to his room, and the house was in darkness.

Two days later, Mr. Sabine left them,



with many protestations of gratitude for his visit—promising to call upon them when he should be again in their neighborhood. "And," he said at parting, shaking the hand of the older woman, but looking at Margaret, "you *will* ask my boy out to dine, when you find the time?"

"Most certainly, we will take pleasure in so doing." It was Mrs. Witcombe who replied, and Margaret's only answer was one of her vivid smiles, and then their clergyman disappeared in a taxi, and the taxi itself melted into the distance.

Swiftly the days passed; then the weeks. The holidays were over. On Twelfth Night, as was their custom, Margaret solemnly burned the Christmas greens in the largest fireplace, to insure good fortune for the New Year. Theatres, concerts, and clubs filled the weeks, and the winter was waning. There was a hint of Spring in the faint blue of the sky, dappled with fleecy white clouds, and warmer winds blew over the hedges and bare gardens of the Witcombe place. Late in March, one morning, Margaret Selden—searching through her desk for a note she must answer—came upon the little sheet torn from Mr. Sabine's notebook, studied it for a moment curiously, then, remembering, gave a little sigh. "We certainly *did* mean to ask that boy out, and long before this," she murmured to herself. "I'll speak to auntie about it, and see if we cannot agree on a dinner-date soon."

The result being that a note, written in Margaret's unique hand, was mailed that evening, and in due time next morning, was delivered to a certain office on Wall Street, and it asked Mr. Sabine's nephew to dine with Mrs. Witcombe and her niece, Miss Selden, on Easter Sunday.

"Mr. Sabine's nephew says he can come, Aunt Harriet," and Margaret passed a square envelope across the table and then immediately became absorbed in a thick letter of blue tint, from a col-

lege classmate of hers, at Wellesley.

"Very nicely expressed," observed Mrs. Witcombe, returning the note as she spoke.

"Strange, yet encouraging," Margaret remarked, "how these country boys 'catch on,' as my young neighbor Ted Burton is fond of saying. What a settled hand he writes, good paper too, the whole thing correctly done. Well, I call it quite in the missionary line to invite him to dinner, Aunt Harriet. Sarah will be sure to serve an especially nice one, and we *must* have a frilly, frozen dessert, young men are known to be devoted to ice cream."

"Just tell Sarah what you want, Margaret, she'll ask nothing better than baking and fussing up different dishes, and freezing an elaborate dessert." She took up the morning paper and so dismissed from her mind Mr. Sabine's nephew.

Easter Sunday found Mrs. Witcombe down with an attack of neuralgia, and solicitous Margaret stood by the afflicted one's bed compassionating that lady.

"No, there's nothing you can do for me, dear child." Aunt Harriet's voice was plaintive but firm. "Nothing—go to service as you intended, wear that becoming, new, gold-colored turban; that boy will not arrive until you return—we know the Sunday trains. You always get along with boys far better than I do; I simply cannot come down stairs today, even Sarah's Spring dinner will not tempt me to be rash. I can trust you to represent me, Margaret. Now hurry off and dress or you will be late. Oh, I forgot, dear, your Easter violets are in the outer hall. Jane will get them for you; yes, yes, it's all right, I bought them yesterday when I ordered the daffodils for today's dinner."

"Has he arrived, Jane, the young gentleman from town?" inquired Margaret in a low voice. Service had been longer than usual, and she had hurried home fearing she would be late.

"Yes, Miss," in a discreet whisper. "he's come, and he's waiting in the li-

brary; 'twas there I showed him."

The girl gave a quick glance at the irreproachable top hat on the hall table, the smart coat and stick beside it, and, a puzzled look growing on her expressive face, went into the library to greet the guest. There must be some mistake, she told herself, as a tall, broad-shouldered man, surely thirty-five, rose as she entered the room, and whose well-cut lips half smiled as his gray eyes met hers. Margaret flushed a wonderful pink, held out one slim hand, and said what she did not in the least mean to say—

"You, *you* are not Mr. Sabine's nephew!"

"Oh, but I am," and his deep laugh sounded through the quiet room. "I'm sure you are Miss Selden."

"I thought," she began, and then hesitated, hating herself for what she started to say.

"Tell me, won't you, what you thought?" the voice of Mr. Sabine's nephew was distinctly pleading. "There isn't any blunder is there? Surely you asked me to dinner, you are not going to take it back; why, I have your note in my pocket."

Margaret made a sudden resolve—"There is no mistake unless the unavoidable mistake of your being grown up, instead of the boy we expected, just that"; and now her own light laugh came like a silvery echo of his; "why, why I am forgetting my manners, I am supposed to represent my aunt who is ill today. I *am* Miss Selden, and you are most welcome, just, just as you are."

It was impossible after this unusual introduction that that Easter dinner should be anything but delightfully informal, and, across the crystal bowl of daffodils,

the man and the maid visited cheerfully, while he told her of his uncle, the law firm of which he was a partner, and the club which was his home, yet not a home. And together they enjoyed Sarah's Spring dinner, the delicately green, creamy soup, the temptingly brown broilers, the tiny new potatoes, the fresh peas, fried bananas, crisp romaine, and the special dishes on which the sable cook prided herself. It was as the ice cream, one of Sarah's masterpieces, was brought in, a miracle of nuts, marrons and whipped cream, frozen in the shape of Easter eggs, that all Margaret's dimples were in evidence, and an irrepressible giggle made her guest inquire, "I am deeply desirous of knowing the history of the dessert, for I feel assured that thereby hangs a tale," and even as he spoke his face wore, of a sudden, its little-boy look.

Margaret's smiling eyes met his own inquiring ones, as she replied, "Why, you see, I ordered an especially frilly ice cream knowing how a *boy* always appreciates it, and the funniness of the whole thing struck me."

"Well," and his eyes smiled too, "I being a gentleman growed, appreciate it, maybe, as much as that expected youth who failed to put in appearance, for it's uncommonly good cream; but do you know I can truthfully say at this moment, that I was never more grateful for the fact that I *am* a man instead of a boy, and," with a steady glance at Margaret, "that all a man's opportunities are ahead of me, for I decide today, that I've missed much. It's simply wonderful to see a castle in Spain rising magically, above a bowl of daffodils," said Mr. Sabine's nephew.

## Springtime Is Coming

There's a purple mist on the mountain,  
There's a gray mist o'er the lea,  
And a dimness of far horizon;  
While robins from out yon tree

Proclaim the glad coming of Springtime,  
With verdure again set free,  
And the notes, so welcome, are wafted  
Across the brown fields to me.

LOUISE STUART HIGGINS.



# A Month in a Brown Nest

By Wilnetta Thayer Abrahams

**I**T was early in January when I decided to accept the invitation of a young bride to make her a visit.

For three years previous to her marriage this "new Mrs. Lawrence" had lived with me. During those months she had so insisted upon winding herself about my heartstrings, that very openly, I confess, I was far from happy when I realized she would soon leave me.

I refused absolutely to be even reasonable about the man. First, he lived in the Middle West. This would take the little girl so dear to me fifteen hundred miles from our Eastern home. And then, he had another fault; he was fat, and I never had liked fat men.

That she would marry sometime I felt sure, and really owned, to myself, that I hoped she would. But why she should feel she must marry this particular man I could not or would not understand.

Her letters came regularly filled with a bride's enthusiasm, of "hubby" and detailed accounts of the wedding gifts, a complete description with pictures of the little house, and the first impression of the callers, some of whom would be chosen for her friends; every note ended with a pathetic appeal "to put aside everything and come for a visit."

I wasn't at all sure that I would be happy seeing this child loved by a "great big man," and knowing that in everything he was first.

Her appeals became so urgent and frequent, however, that I made the necessary arrangements for my journey.

Through a new part of the country for thirty-six hours I traveled, reaching the Western city late in the afternoon of a real winter day. The snow was piled high and the wind was blowing a perfect gale.

How good it was to see that little bride again! Standing beside her was the

"great big man" who had taken her away from me. He came forward, beamed upon me, clasped my hand tightly, and bade me such a welcome as I shall never forget. Right then and there I opened my heart and let him in.

My first impression of the "little brown nest" was of its wonderfully restful appearance—only the door between the cold prairie winds, and the comfortable living-room with its brown walls, its rugs in brown tones, the big cozy leather chairs, the soft, yellow hangings at the windows, the excellent selection of good prints, well framed, and an open fire.

The little mistress puffed with pride as she led the way up stairs to my room. The fresh, white, muslin curtains denoted bright cleanliness, the little, red geranium was a further assurance of my welcome, the soft, gray walls and rug to harmonize caused the fatigue, I thought I had felt from my trip, to disappear.

An hour by myself was sufficient to "brush up" and make myself presentable for the evening meal.

The dining-room was a revelation to me—the furniture colonial in design, the walls green, and the floor partly covered with a rug most artistic in its color scheme. The cloth was snowy white, the center piece was four daffodils standing erect from a plain glass bowl. My hopes for a substantial dinner were high, since my luncheon had been very light.

The juice from a grapefruit served in a cocktail glass and "topped off" with a cherry, proved a satisfactory appetizer. This was followed by cold roast pork placed on a platter with fresh green bits of parsley, here and there, baked potatoes, peas, and hot rolls. Our dessert that night was chocolate bread pudding. The table with its yellow decorations was gay, the dinner in every detail, delicious,



and the host, a charming conversationalist.

After dinner my hostess, Jane, completely covered her red house dress with a kitchen apron, she took another one from the hook, and, instead of giving it to me, as I had fully expected, handed it to Bill. Things were put in the ice box, while the "great big man" poured the water for the dishes and brought in the tea-towels from the line. Then my host washed the china and his bride wiped it. As I was penning a card home to tell of my safe arrival, I could catch the merry sound of their voices. What children they are! I thought. But how lovely!

Among the wedding gifts there had been a tea-cart. The picture of Jane pouring from an old-fashioned tea pot, a wedding gift to her grandmother sixty-eight years ago, will serve me as a pleasant memory for many a day.

We selected a book to discuss over our cup of orange pekoe and ceylon: "On the Branch," by Madame Pierre De Coulevain, lasted us nearly a week, followed by days of wondering about "The Wonderful Romance," not a story but a collection of incidents or sketches of a psychological nature. How well Madame Pierre De Coulevain understood the impulses that govern human nature!

Then we decided to read Mrs. Margaret Hill McCarter's new book, "Winning the Wilderness," a story of Kansas fifty years ago. How very different were the conditions for her heroine, Virginia, than they had been for my hostess.

I had been a guest nearly a month when I ventured to ask one day, as we were enjoying our daily cup of tea, a few very inquisitive questions, as to what arrangement they had made in regard to their money affairs.

The bride just beamed, and she told me that on Monday of each week "the great big man" left two bills (?), one for the house and the other an allowance for the mistress. There had been seemingly no attempt at economy during my

stay. Every meal each day had been thoughtfully marketed for, carefully prepared, and nicely served. An unusual amount of care had been given to "food values," and thought for the artistic effect of the meal. For instance, Jane said one day, "I had planned creamed potatoes and cauliflower for tonight. Wouldn't that have been a colorless meal?"

Amazed, surprised, any adjective you like, cannot express my feelings when I was told the size of the bill (?) left each Monday was Five Dollars! And we had such delicious things always and such a variety of things.

Each morning Jane and I had been to market together. She had bought the best of everything. This five dollars interested me, pleased me and troubled me all at the same time. During my quiet hour in my room, instead of "napping" I planned menus. But all attempts on my part were fruitless.

I began, then, to watch every day, and I could see that Jane planned and averaged each meal. If the meat were expensive, potatoes cooked in some tasty manner were the only vegetable served that night; if a salad seemed a more appropriate ending and contained the necessary qualities for a balanced dinner, the dessert was dispensed with. Another time the meat might be inexpensive, the vegetables more than usual, then to make an average there might be both salad and dessert.

One thing I had noticed from the first, that a large garbage can stood at the back gate, but that very little ever went into it. One reason for that, I am sure, was due to the fact, Jane did her own marketing. She didn't "phone" her orders, then after the delivery boy had gone "phone" her complaints. She selected her lettuce, likewise her celery, and knew she was getting bleached celery, all of which could be used. She was aware of the fact that green beans were in the market and were costing less

(Continued on page 720)

# AMERICAN COOKERY

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## Nature's Message

Have you heard the bluebirds singing?  
Have you seen them northward winging—  
Songs of Southland with them bringing?

From the bed where she lay sleeping,  
Have you seen the crocus peeping  
At the sun o'er hilltop creeping?

Have you felt the breezes blowing?  
Have you heard the river flowing?  
Have you seen the grasses growing?

Oh! By each and every token,  
Know that Winter's power is broken—  
Thus have Nature's voices spoken.

MARGARET E. LA MONT.

## IN MEMORIAM

THE following resolutions offered by Mr. Fred W. Southemer and seconded by Mr. Christ. Roehr were unanimously adopted at the regular meeting of the Stewards' Association of New York City, held on January 26th, 1915, in its rooms, No. 145 West 44th Street, New York:

"WHEREAS, the members of the Stewards' Association of New York City, learn with sincere regret of the death of

MISS FANNIE MERRITT FARMER, which occurred on January 14th, 1915, at Brookline, Mass., and

WHEREAS, the culinary world at large has lost one of its most eminent authorities, whose brilliant and comprehensive books and writings have found a place in many of the libraries and households, be it

*Resolved*, that the Stewards' Association of New York City deeply deploras her death and extends to her bereaved family its sincere sympathy; and be it further

*Resolved*, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and a copy forwarded to her family.

JAMES RINGGOLD, *President*,  
A. HAUSER, *Secretary*."

The foregoing tribute to the memory of Fannie Merritt Farmer is well deserved. As pupil, assistant teacher and principal, Miss Farmer was connected with the Boston Cooking School for many years. In 1903, the year the school was merged in Simmons College, she resigned her position and opened a private school in this city, known as Miss Farmer's School of Cookery. Through her books and contributions to the Modern Priscilla and the Woman's Home Companion, she became still more widely known. Miss Farmer was an enthusiastic teacher and an indefatigable worker. To this fact, perhaps, the occasion of her early physical breakdown and untimely death may be attributed.



## A SANITARY FOOD CODE

IN a paper in *The Journal of Home Economics*, Dr. C. F. Langworthy, Chief, Nutrition Investigations, United States Department of Agriculture, discusses the formation of a sanitary food code.

"Without doubt," Dr. Langworthy says, "it is true that many of the conditions surrounding the growing, handling, manufacture, marketing, sale, preparation, and service of food which are so undesirable are the result of carelessness and ignorance rather than of design; that is, they are ascribable to a failure to recognize that many common practices are not only an offense against true cleanliness and decency but also a menace to health.

All of us—the grower, the dealer, the servant who prepares the food, and the family who sits at the table—are consumers of these food products; therefore we cannot afford to permit insanitary practices. Unless we are careful all along the line, we are all likely to suffer from the carelessness or ignorance of some one. Selfish interests, if no other reason, should make us all willing to work for better conditions.

Existing conditions range all the way from the unspeakably bad to the extremely good, but the proportion of good is growing larger. It is well to realize, too, that the evils we are trying to eradicate are not confined to the practices of producers, manufacturers, dealers or public distributors of food, but are too often in our own homes.

Food can be easily contaminated by handling. Utensils washed with polluted water may readily convey typhoid fever. Milk produced and handled under unsanitary conditions becomes unsafe. A typhoid carrier who handles food may convey the disease to many others. Dirty clothing, dirty surroundings, unclean ice, unwashed hands, rats, mice, flies and other insects, unclean air, and a lack of proper sewage and

drainage facilities—all these may be dangerous causes of pollution of food. Perhaps the greatest danger of all is the human hand, for nothing comes so often in contact with filthy things and food products alike, and only too often without proper washing. Some food manufacturers display conspicuously the sign: "When you leave the room for any purpose whatever always wash your hands before returning to your work." Such a sign would not be out of place in every kitchen, and in every shop where food is handled.

After considering the problem, the members of the Council of the American Home Economics Association, who have had this sanitary food code under consideration, came to the conclusion that the whole cause would be furthered by the preparation of a code, containing simple rules for the guidance of all those who come in contact with food in one way or another in its long journey from the farm to the table. Accompanying the rules should be some explanation of what contamination means. It should also be made plain that visible dirt, undesirable as it is, is less to be feared than invisible contamination that may accompany it or that may be present even when the article looks clean, and that the dangers of dirty food are such that no one can be sure that he will escape them."

Producers and distributors of food-stuffs, purchasers of food and housekeepers should join gladly in a campaign for improved conditions in this matter. Pure food, the sanitary handling and serving of the same, is an ideal ever to be sought and striven for in the modern home.

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We are only beginning to appreciate the wonderful regenerative and vital power of joy in human life. It upbuilds, uplifts, and creates beyond any other mental factor. Schiller said: "Joy is the mightiest causal force in nature's wide domain."



## A DUTY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

THE newspaper and magazine discussions of the war have all served to prove one thing—that the various issues of this controversy, its origin in the past and its prospects for the future are so inextricably entangled with one another that it is impossible to discuss any one aspect of the question without getting involved in a thousand other issues. The outcome of the war, for instance, depends on many things beside the relative military strength of the combatants. The final settlement depends on the nations involved and also on the stand taken by the neutral nations in conference. The terms of peace will depend largely on the attitude of such nations toward the problems of militarism, of treaty making, of the transfer of territory, etc.; and we know that the question of "militarism" itself has many ramifications.

It behooves us, then, as a people, to think as clearly as possible on these subjects, not merely to content ourselves with wondering what we should do if attacked,—a remote possibility. For our attitude will have great weight. Englishmen of prominence have admitted it. One says: "The influence of America on the peace is bound to be great. She is at once the greatest and most detached of neutral powers. Her position as a producer, a market, an outlet for capital and emigration, gives her counsels a weight even greater than that of military strength. Much will depend upon the attitude which she adopts. The President's message does not carry us very far. It is perhaps better that it should not; for any appearance of dictation or premature insistence would be widely resented. But it does indicate that America is looking to something more than mere terms of peace, to a real settlement. It suggests that America may be prepared to take part in the discussion of preventive measures; an at-

tempt to remove the causes of wars, as well as to heal the wounds of this war." At the same time he deplores the fact that militaristic agitation does exist in this country—that we are not strongly of one mind in regard to this essential question.

The extent of our influence in bringing about a permanent peace depends largely on the unanimity with which we can support the efforts of our representatives—upon the strength and clearness of public opinion on these vital questions. Not "what must America do," but "what can the nations unite to do" should be our chiefest concern.

"This," as the President has said in his address to Congress, "is assuredly the opportunity for which a people and a government like ours were raised up,—the opportunity not only to speak, but actually to embody and exemplify the counsels of peace and amity and the lasting concord which is based on justice and fair and generous dealing."

Our unconscious education proceeds at all times, and produces the most permanent and far-reaching results. It comes in myriad forms, subtly penetrates to the recesses of being, creates and satisfies hungers, and develops and assures personality.

## For Worry Take a Walk

The next time worry claims you,  
Straighten up and take a walk;  
It's useless to keep brooding,  
And above all—do not talk.  
When once you're in the open,  
Fill your lungs brim full of air,  
Enjoy each breath and motion.  
Taken thus, with time to spare,  
Exercise will harmonize  
All your thoughts, then you'll agree  
That worry is expensive,  
And that happiness is free.  
However great your trouble,  
Do not give up in despair,  
There's something which will help you—  
Take a walk in God's fresh air.

L. S. H.



PARSLEY, MINT, ESCAROLE, RADISHES, PEPPERS, ONIONS, FRENCH ENDIVE, CHIVES, CURLY ENDIVE, LEEKS, ONIONS AND CRESS

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

### Anchovy Canapés

**S** CRAPE half a dozen anchovy fillets to a smooth paste, then pound with a pestle in a wooden bowl; add one or two hard-cooked, mealy egg-yolks and one-fourth a cup of butter and pound again; season with one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of paprika and curry powder and press through a sieve. Have ready small square or round pieces of bread, buttered, browned in the oven and chilled; spread these with the anchovy mixture, set a coiled fillet of anchovy in the center and press fine-chopped olives or pickled beets into the paste around the fillets. Serve as an appetizer or as the first course at luncheon or dinner.

### Onion Soup in Petites Marmites

Melt half a cup of butter or fat from top of soup; in it cook four large, white onions, sliced fine; stir and cook the onions until they are softened and yellowed, then add three or four sprigs of

parsley, two quarts of rich beef broth and a pint of water and let simmer twenty minutes. Have ready eight *petites marmites* (small earthen soup bowls); into each of these put three round slices of French bread, freed from crust, browned in the oven, or toasted, and then sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese. Strain the soup over the toast, which will rise to the top of the *marmites*; again sprinkle the toast with grated cheese and set the *marmites* into the oven, to melt the cheese and brown it slightly. The soup is now ready to send to the table in the little vessels. If preferred, pick out the parsley and leave the onion in the soup. The broth is usually served without being clarified with white of egg, but occasionally a clear soup is thus served.

### Essence of Chicken, with Pearls

Use three pints of liquid in which a five-pound chicken (one year) has been cooked; add one-fourth a cup, each, of sliced carrot, celery and onion and about

five branches of parsley; let cook half an hour, then strain and remove all fat. In the meantime, stir two tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca into a pint of boiling, salted water; let cook rapidly, stirring for five minutes, then let cook over boiling water about two hours or until tender and transparent, then add to the soup.

### Potato Soup

Pare and wash four potatoes, cover with boiling water and let boil five minutes; drain, rinse in cold water and drain again, then add two sliced onions and boiling water to cover well; add

tablespoonfuls of melted butter, then add the chopped ingredients and cook a few minutes longer; add a cup of fine, soft bread crumbs, one-fourth a cup of melted butter and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; mix all together thoroughly and use to fill a carefully cleaned, washed and dried shad. Set the fish in a baking dish, lay thick slices of onion over the top, pour around a cup or more of hot tomato purée and let bake about thirty minutes, basting four times with the tomato. Remove the slices of onion, cover the top of the fish with half a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with three tablespoonfuls



CHAUDFROID OF BOILED HAM, CABBAGE-AND-GREEN PEPPER SALAD

also a tablespoonful of celery seed or one-third a cup of dried celery leaves; let cook until the potatoes are tender, then press through a fine wire sieve; beat the yolks of two eggs, add a cup of thin cream and stir into the hot soup; let cook two or three minutes without boiling; add more water or hot milk, if too thick, and salt and pepper to season. Serve with croutons.

### Baked Shad, Belgian Style

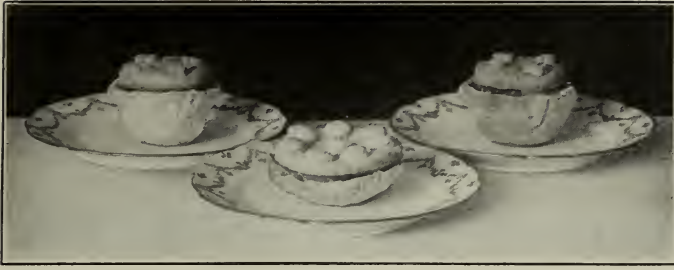
Wipe one-fourth a pound of fresh mushrooms, peel the caps and break in small pieces; also chop fine the stems, peelings, and half a small green pepper; sauté the pieces of mushroom in two

of melted butter and let bake until the crumbs are browned. If preferred, the fish may be skinned, and the large bones removed, then the dressing may be disposed between the two fillets of fish and the fish be finished as above.

### Veal Cutlets, with Tomato Sauce

Cut a slice of veal into pieces for serving, discarding all skin, fat, etc., then pound on a board with a pestle to reduce the thickness about one-half. Beat one egg; add one-fourth a cup of milk and mix thoroughly. Season cracker crumbs with salt and pepper. Cook bits of fat salt pork in an iron frying pan until the fat is well drawn out,





EASY CHICKEN PATTIES

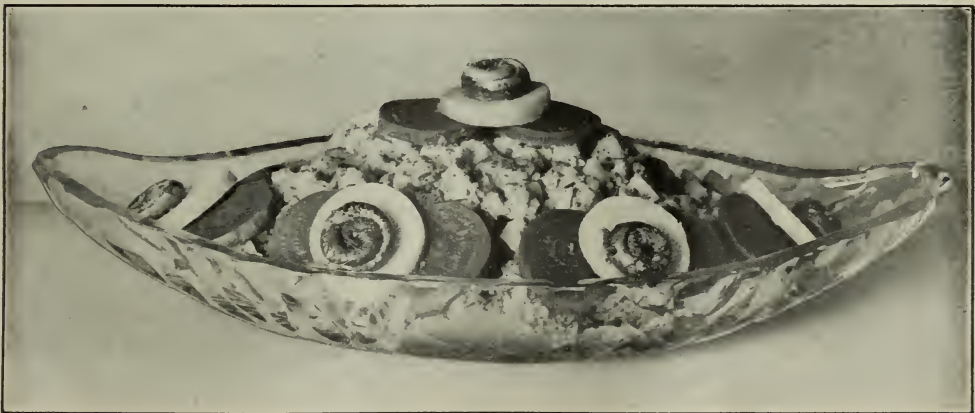
then remove the solid pieces. Dip the pieces of veal in the crumbs, then in the egg and milk and again in the crumbs and set to cook in the hot fat. Let cook very slowly until a few drops of juice are seen on the top of the meat, then turn to cook the other side. The meat should cook about three-quarters of an hour. Serve with tomato sauce in a bowl.

### Tomato Sauce for Breaded Veal

Cook half a can of tomatoes, two slices of carrot, half an onion, two sprigs of parsley and a tiny bit of bay leaf, twenty minutes, then press through a fine sieve. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika; add one cup and a half of the tomato purée and half a cup of veal or beef broth (or tomato purée may be used) and stir until boiling.

### Easy Chicken Patties

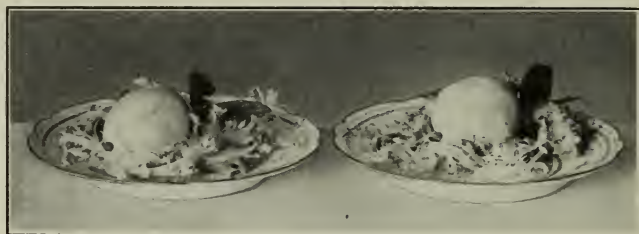
Sift together three cups of pastry flour and half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and baking powder; add three-fourths a cup (six ounces) of shortening and with a knife cut and mix it through the flour, then add cold water gradually and mix to a paste that cleans the bowl. Turn with the knife on to a floured board, knead slightly to gather into a compact mass, then pat with the rolling pin and roll into a rectangular shape. Have ready from one-fourth to one-half a cup of butter, creamed but not warm or oily. Spread one-half of the paste lightly with butter, or put on little bits, here and there, on one-half of the paste, and fold the other half of the paste over the butter; spread butter in same manner on one-half of this paste, and fold as before, then pat and roll into a rectangular sheet; fold to



POTATO SALAD. GARNISH, ROUNDS OF POTATO AND BEET AND COILED ANCHOVY FILLETS

make three layers, roll again into a thin sheet, and repeat the folding and rolling two or three times if desired, or at once cut into rounds; press them over in-

dish with rounds, cut from cooked beets and potatoes, and anchovy fillets, coiled into a turban. Potato dishes are ever most wholesome and commendable.



EGG SALAD, EASTER STYLE

verted patty pans, prick, with a fork, set on a tin sheet, let chill half an hour, and bake about twelve minutes. Cut rounds for covers; decorate with small figures, cut from the paste and brushed underneath with cold water to make them adhere. Chill and bake. Fill with chicken, cut in cubes, reheated in cream or Bechamel sauce.

### Potato Salad

Have one quart of cold potato cubes; chop fine half a green pepper, one head of leek, two tablespoonfuls of chives, five olives, two tablespoonfuls of capers and half a cup of parsley leaves; add these to the potato with one cup of anchovies, cut into tiny bits, six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one teaspoonful

### Egg Salad, Easter Style

Cover the required number of eggs, set in the upper part of a double boiler, with boiling water, set the dish in place over boiling water, draw the dish back where the water will keep just below the boiling point and let stand half an hour. Cool in cold water, remove the shells, and at once press each egg between the thumb and forefinger for two or three minutes, to give the eggs the shape of an apple; insert a clove at one end to simulate the blossom end and two leaves with a stem at the opposite end of the egg-apple; tint the whole surface of the egg with leaf-green color paste, diluted with water, or tint two sides of the surface with fruit-red color paste. Serve



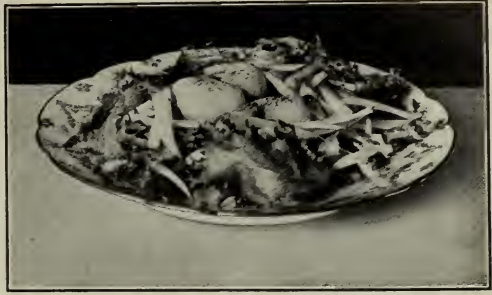
RYE BREAD, WITH CARAWAY SEEDS

of salt, three tablespoonfuls (scant) of vinegar, and a dash of paprika. Mix all together thoroughly, then shape in a mound on a serving dish. Garnish the

in a nest of curly endive or similar salad plant. Serve mayonnaise in a bowl. This salad is suitable for supper or luncheon.

## Cream Cheese Salad for Easter

Tint a cream or Neuchatel cheese a very delicate green shade with leaf-green color paste, then roll into small egg-shapes and fleck each with paprika. Make nests of curly and French endive, having the under and outer part of the nests curly endive and the inner part French endive, cut in shreds. Dispose three eggs in each nest. Serve with either French or Russian salad dressing, at supper or luncheon.



CREAM CHEESE SALAD FOR EASTER

## French Endive-and-Cress Salad

Pick over, wash and dry the cress, freshening it in cold water if necessary; cut the heads of endive in halves, then in smaller pieces, lengthwise of the head, use about half a head for each service; insert these lengthwise shreds of endive in two rings cut from slices of cooked beet and one ring cut from a green pepper; dispose on a layer of the cress; pour over French dressing made with onion juice and sprinkle with fine-chopped chives and parsley. Serve at dinner with roast, broiled, or braised meats.

## Rye Bread, with Caraway Seeds

For one loaf made in the morning, soften one cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water, mix thoroughly, then add one cup of lukewarm water, half a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of caraway seeds,

one cup and a half of white flour and enough sifted rye flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. Use white flour in kneading. Wash out the bowl and butter it. Dispose the dough in the bowl, cover close and, when doubled in bulk, turn upside down on the board and roll under the hands to fit a French bread pan. Cover, and when again light, slash it three or four times across the top and bake about 50 minutes.

## Baked Bananas, Belgian Style

Remove the peel from six or eight small bananas; bananas from the top of the bunch as it hangs in the fruit store are the best. Scrape each banana to remove all coarse threads and lay them, side by side, in a baking dish suitable for the table. Grate over them the rind of an orange and half a lemon; mix together the juice of the half-lemon, the orange, and half to three-fourths a cup of sugar and pour over the bananas; bake in a quick oven until soft through-



FRENCH ENDIVE IN RINGS OF GREEN PEPPER AND BEET ON  
BED OF CRESS





EASTER DOUGHNUTS

out. Serve from the baking dish or from individual dishes. One banana constitutes a service. This is served as an entrée, with birds, guinea hens, roast fowl, veal, lamb, etc.

### Easter Doughnuts

Sift together two cups and three-fourths of sifted pastry flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and soda, and a slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Add the grated rind of an orange or one-fourth a teaspoonful of ground mace. Beat one egg and the yolk

the liquid into the dry ingredients to form a dough. Take a little of the dough on a board, dredged lightly with flour, turn it with a knife, then knead into a smooth mass and roll into a thin sheet about one-fourth an inch thick; cut out into small rounds, set a scant half-teaspoonful of orange marmalade or fruit jelly on the center of half the rounds and brush the edge of these rounds with cold water; with a spatula lift other rounds over the jelly rounds and press the two close together at the edges; lift with a spatula and fry as any doughnuts. Turn as soon as they rise to the top, which should be at once, and turn several times while frying. Drain on soft paper, then dredge with sifted confectioner's sugar.

### Meringue Glacé Panaché

Set strawberry or raspberry and vanilla ice cream side by side in a mound on an individual plate; press a meringue against each side of the cream, pipe whipped cream about the meringues and finish with a maraschino cherry.

### Meringues

Beat the whites of four eggs dry, then gradually beat into them one cup of granulated sugar. Fasten strips of paper on to hardwood boards an inch



MERINGUES, WITH MACEDOINE OF FRUIT

of another; add half a cup of sugar and half a cup of whole milk. Do not use either thin cream from the top of the bottle of milk or skimmed milk. Stir

thick, and on these form the meringue mixture into round or oval shapes, dredge with granulated sugar; (sliced or chopped almonds, blanched, may be



MERINGUE GLACÉ PENACHÉ

added if desired), and let bake in a cool oven nearly three-fourths of an hour. Increase the heat for the last ten minutes to color the top of the meringues delicately.

### Meringues, with Macedoine of Fruit

When the meringues are taken from the oven, run a spatula between them and the paper and lift them to an agate dish; remove a little of the soft portion from the under side, sprinkle sliced pistachio nuts or almonds on the edge and return to the oven to dry off a moment. When ready to serve, fill with green grapes, skinned, cut in halves and seeded, small pieces of canned pineapple and peaches, apricots or plums mixed with a little of the fruit syrup; pipe whipped cream above and sprinkle the cream with chopped pistachio nuts. Do not use grapefruit, orange or raw pineapple with cream.

### Chocolate Macaroons

Grate half a pound of almond paste (the paste may be purchased in tins holding one pound) on a lemon grater, in order to lighten it; add the unbeaten white of one egg and beat it in thoroughly, then beat in one cup of granulated sugar, also two ounces of chocolate, melted over hot water, and, lastly, the unbeaten whites of two eggs, one at a time, and beat thoroughly. Spread paper on baking sheets, and on it, with two teaspoons, form rounds and ladyfinger shapes, a little distance apart. Dredge with granulated sugar. Bake in a moderate oven about fifteen minutes. Too long baking makes macaroons brittle.

### Chocolate Macaroon Bavarian Cream

Scald one cup of milk and half a cup of sugar. Soften one-third a package of gelatine in one-third a cup of milk; beat



CHOCOLATE MACAROON BAVARIAN CREAM





CANDIED MINT LEAVES, SUPERFINE

two egg-yolks; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and beat again, then stir and cook in the hot milk until the mixture thickens slightly; add six chocolate macaroons and the softened gelatine; mix thoroughly, then strain into a dish set into ice-water. Stir occasionally, and when the mixture begins to thicken, fold in one cup of double cream and one cup of cream from the top of a quart bottle of milk, beaten light but not dry; cut and fold the two mixtures together until the whole is quite firm. Have ready a mold holding five cups; set a lady-finger macaroon, trimmed to the height of the mold, at one end, rounding side next the mold, and dispose a spoonful of the cream mixture at its base to hold it in place; in the same manner set a macaroon at the opposite end, another half way between these, on each side, and four others at regular distances from those in place, then, using a spoon, finish filling the mold with the

cream mixture. When unmolded decorate with whipped cream and cherries. The half cup of sugar added to the milk may be caramelized, dissolved in one-third a cup of water, boiled to a syrup and then added to the milk; in this case, use three tablespoonfuls of sugar with the egg-yolks.

### Candied Mint Leaves, Superfine

Put an ounce of gum arabic and three tablespoonfuls of water in a double boiler; let stand over hot water until the gum is dissolved, then strain into a saucer and let cool. Remove the leaves from stalks of mint, being careful to retain the stem of each leaf. Brush the leaves on both sides in the solution and set on a piece of table oil cloth to dry. Let the leaves touch the oil cloth as little as possible, turn often and dispose each time to avoid adherence to the cloth. The solution may be thinned with water or more gum be added, as seems desir-



NUT PATTIES OR GOODIES



able. The leaves should be covered with a thin coating that dries quickly. Boil one cup of granulated sugar about half a tablespoonful of Karo and half a cup of water to 230° F. When the sugar is dissolved, wash down the sides of the saucepan, cover, let boil three minutes, then uncover and boil as above. Set the dish into cold water, and as soon as the syrup is cooled, into it dip the prepared leaves (by the stem) one by one; carefully draw the leaf (on both sides) on the edge of the saucepan, to remove superfluous syrup; drop two or three tiny, white, round candies near the stem, then dredge or turn in granulated sugar and let dry on the oil cloth or a tin dish.

### Nut Patties, I

Stir and cook one cup of sugar over a quick fire until it is melted to an amber caramel; at once add about one cup and three-fourths of nut meats, almonds, pecans, walnuts or roasted peanuts, or a mixture of several varieties of nuts. Mix all together thoroughly, but quickly and lightly, then dispose in unbuttered patty pans, tin or aluminum, to make thin layers (about two nuts in thickness); press them slightly into the pans to shape them.

### Nut Patties or Goodies, II

Use raw peanuts and the recipe for peanut brittle, but take a more generous measure of nuts than usual; when done turn the brittle into patty pans very lightly rubbed over on the inside with olive oil.

### Peanut Brittle

Stir one cup and a half of sugar, half a cup (scant) of red-label Karo and two-thirds a cup of water over the fire until the sugar is dissolved; wash down the sides with the fingers, wet repeatedly in cold water, cover and let cook three minutes, then uncover and let cook undisturbed to 275° F.; add two level table-

spoonfuls of butter and half a pound (generous weight) of small, raw, shelled peanuts and stir constantly until the peanuts are well cooked, light brown in color; then remove from the fire, add a level teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water, and stir vigorously.

### Chaufroid of Boiled Ham

Scrub and wash a ham; if salt, soak overnight in cold water. Set to cook in a fresh supply of cold water; use enough water to cover the ham. Heat gradually to the boiling point, then let simmer until tender. Let partially cool in the liquid, then remove to a board. Cut the skin in points, a short distance from the shank, to leave the larger part of the ham free from skin. Set aside to become chilled. To a cup of hot cream sauce add one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water; stir over ice-water until beginning to set, then pour over the surface of the ham from which the skin was taken. When cold and set, decorate with three figures to represent roses. Use strips of green pepper for stems and sections, cut from small ripe tomatoes for the petals of the roses; remove the seed portions from each tomato section. Have ready a cup of hot, clarified consommé, in which a tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in cold water, has been dissolved. Let cool in ice-water, then use to cover the decorations and sauce. The ham will keep in perfect condition for several days.

This ham is suitable for buffet service at any place or occasion. A small ham thus decorated may be cut and served on the home table for luncheon or dinner. Hot vegetables, as spinach, cabbage, or tomatoes and potatoes, should be served with it. Served with potato salad, it should be preceded by a hot soup. In the illustration, the garnish is cabbage-and-green pepper salad.

# Lenten Menus for a Week in April

"He who is not conscious of pleasure when he eats is not worthy to sit at table with the elect."

SUNDAY (Easter)

**Breakfast**  
Grapefruit  
Eggs à la Princess (with Peas)  
Small Baked Potatoes Dry Toast  
Marmalade or Jelly Doughnuts  
Coffee Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Chicken Essence, with Tapioca Pearls  
Graham Bread Sticks  
Leg and Loin of Lamb, Roasted  
Mint Sauce  
Potatoes Scalloped, with Chives and  
Green Peppers  
Baked Bananas, Belgian Style  
Endive Salad  
Frozen Pudding Half Cups of Coffee

**Supper**  
Potato Salad, with Anchovies  
Rye Bread, with Caraway Seeds  
Cocoa or Tea

MONDAY

**Breakfast**  
Cream of Wheat Stewed Prunes  
Scrambled Eggs Broiled Bacon  
Sliced Potatoes, Fried Cornmeal Muffins  
Coffee

**Luncheon**  
Chicken Patties Cress, French Dressing  
Seamoss Farine Blancmange,  
Thin Cream, Sugar Tea

**Dinner**  
Tomato Soup  
Cold Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce  
Rice, Milanise Style, Brown Sauce  
Escarole, French Dressing  
Custard Soufflé, Sabayon Sauce

TUESDAY

**Breakfast**  
Oranges  
Lamb-and-Potato Hash  
Pop Overs Coffee Cocoa

**Luncheon**  
Creamed Macaroni, with Cheese  
French Bread  
Chocolate Cream Pie Tea

**Dinner**  
Home Canned Chicken Broth,  
with Tapioca Pearls  
Spanish Mackerel, Bordelaise  
Gooseberry Jam Mashed Potatoes  
French Endive Salad  
Ryemeal Biscuit (Yeast) Rhubarb Tarts

SATURDAY

**Breakfast**  
Grapefruit  
Ham Omelet  
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes  
Coffee

**Luncheon**  
Green Peppers, Stuffed and Baked  
Rye Bread with Caraway Seeds  
Custard Renversée  
Pineapple Cake Tea

WEDNESDAY

**Breakfast**  
Oranges  
Salt Codfish Balls  
Chili Sauce or  
Russian Salad Dressing  
Ryemeal Biscuit (reheated)  
Coffee Cocoa

**Luncheon**  
Scalloped Cabbage, with Cheese  
Bread and Butter  
Jelly Doughnuts  
Cocoa

**Dinner**  
Cream of Kornlet Soup  
Boiled Ham  
Creamed Spinach Baked Potatoes  
Cottage Pudding, Strawberry Sauce

THURSDAY

**Breakfast**  
Grapefruit Salt Mackerel in Milk  
White Hashed Potatoes  
Toast Coffee

**Luncheon**  
Dried Lima Beans, Stewed  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Lettuce and Cress, French Dressing  
Prune-and-Marmalade Jelly Tea

**Dinner**  
Onion Soup in Petites Marmites  
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin  
Mashed Potatoes Cold Slaw  
Baked Bananas, Belgian Style  
Peach Tapioca Pudding

FRIDAY

**Breakfast**  
Eggs Cooked in Shell Dry Toast  
Cream of Wheat Mush, Fried  
Coffee

**Luncheon**  
Cold Boiled Ham, Broiled  
Creamed Potatoes Spider Corncake  
Prune Pie Tea

**Dinner**  
Vegetable Soup  
Baked Shad, Belgian Style  
Cucumber-and-Endive Salad  
Scalloped Potatoes Peas  
Cherries in Lemon Jelly

# Economical Menus for a Week in April

"For the masses in all lands the usual diet is still mainly of foods locally and inexpensively produced."—Greer.

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Barley Crystals, Thin Cream, Sugar  
Toast  
Marmalade  
Coffee

## Dinner

Pigeons en Casserole (with vegetables)  
Lettuce, French Dressing  
Chocolate Cream Pie  
Tea

## Supper

Potato Salad  
Smoked Herring  
Cookies  
Evaporated Peaches, Stewed

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Broiled Bacon  
Fried Potatoes  
Stewed Prunes  
Ryemeal Muffins  
Coffee

## Dinner

Hashed Lamb on Toast  
Creamed Turnips  
Beet Greens or Spinach  
Tapioca Custard Pudding, Orange Sauce

## Supper

Cheese Pudding  
Cold Beet Greens, French Dressing  
Oatmeal Macaroons

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Oatmeal, with Hot Dates  
Thin Cream  
Ryemeal Muffins  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Finnan Haddie in Milk  
Dried Lima Beans, Stewed  
Baked Potatoes  
Lemon Pie  
Cheese

## Supper

Cold Lima Beans, French Dressing  
(with onion and parsley)  
Hot Spoon Cornbread  
White Bread Tea

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Dried Peaches, Stewed  
Dry Toast  
Cereal Griddle Cakes  
Coffee or Cocoa

## Dinner

Hamburg Steak, Tomato Sauce  
Boiled Onions, Buttered  
Coffee Jelly, Soft Custard or  
Thin Cream and Sugar

## Supper

Rice, with Tomato and Cheese  
Dry Toast  
Marmalade  
Tea

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Cornmeal Mush, Fried,  
New Orleans Molasses  
Dry Toast Doughnuts  
Coffee

## Dinner

Shoulder of Lamb, Boiled  
Boiled Potatoes Boiled Turnips  
Spinach or Beet Greens  
Baked Indian Pudding, Hard Sauce

## Supper

Cream of Potato Soup, Croutons  
Gingerbread  
Cream Cheese

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Small Baked Potatoes  
Smoked Halibut, Broiled Slightly  
Radishes  
French Bread, Toasted or  
Rye Caraway Bread Coffee

## Dinner

Boiled Cod, Caper or Egg Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes  
Buttered Parsnips Cabbage Salad  
Rhubarb Pie or Betty

## Supper

Scrambled Eggs Toast  
Rhubarb Cooked with Raisins  
Water Sponge Cake Tea

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Broiled Honeycomb Tripe  
Creamed Potatoes Toast  
Squash Biscuit (reheated)  
Coffee Cocoa

## Dinner

Beef Stew  
Lettuce, French Dressing  
Queen of Puddings

## Supper

Fresh Cod Croquettes,  
Sauce Tartare  
or Peas  
Yeast Biscuit  
Sliced Pineapple





## The Value of a Good Seasoning

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

**A**MERICAN cookery, cosmopolitan as it is in character, has borrowed no more valuable suggestion in the art of seasoning than the employment of garlic, used so universally and delectably by chefs throughout Southern Europe. In fact, it is hard to recall any appeal to the palate in the seasoning line that has so long retained its hold on popular fancy. Garlic formed an important ingredient of some of the crudest dishes known to the ancients. In the book of Numbers, Chapter XI, Verse v, we read of the esteem in which it was held by the Israelites in Egypt, and age-worn records make proud mention of how this agreeable article of diet was freely eaten by the laborers employed by Cheops in the construction of his pyramid.

While the rose and acanthus blossom yielded to the early Greeks and Romans the inspiration of their most graceful architecture, it was undoubtedly the largely consumed quantities of garlic that kept their soldiers and sailors in good working trim, for garlic contains a volatile oil, called Allyl Sulphide, which has strong stomachic properties and acts as a fine stimulant on all the excretory organs.

Although there is ample evidence to show that this pungent edible was grown in England as far back as four centuries ago, it has seldom been used there except as a seasoning, and, likewise, simply on its merits as a seasoning has garlic won its inalienable place in American

dishes. Now, those of us familiar with its correct usage are not backward in pronouncing it what one of the greatest of French epicures was wont to call it—"The soul of cookery."

Without question, it is the French chef who is an unsurpassed adept in bringing out the savoriness of his meat dishes, and gradually we have acquired the art. It lies in using just a mere suspicion, a "soupçon," as he calls it, of garlic.

At one home where I visit it is the custom of the host to mix the dressing for green salads at the table, and for some time I was at a loss to know just how he acquired such an inimitable flavor. I watched the amount of oil, vinegar, salt and paprika used, observed how deftly the cold, crisp leaves were tossed about, but it was not until I learned that the bowl had been previously well rubbed with a cut clove of garlic that I solved the secret. And right here let me give you another very appetizing salad which is similarly made.

*Salade Italienne*—Rub the bowl vigorously with a severed garlic clove. Add white pepper, salt, olive oil and red wine vinegar. Have at hand a few stalks of cold, boiled asparagus cut in pieces of the desired length, roundels of cold potatoes, a small quantity of green peas, some French string beans, a few slices of tiny French carrots, all of which have been carefully cooked, drained and chilled. Toss all these ingredients in the salad bowl, stir gently about until thoroughly impregnated with the dressing, then ar-

range on individual nests of lettuce leaves and garnish with small olives and anchovies.

A tiny suggestion of garlic added to the bread dressing for a boned leg of lamb or the stuffing for veal will be found to impart an immeasurably good flavor to the meat. Likewise a bit of garlic rubbed over the surface of a chicken to be roasted or a proportionately small quantity added to the vessel, when the chicken is to be cooked en casserole, will be pronounced a decided improvement.

A thick porter-house steak, thoroughly rubbed on both sides with a split garlic clove, broiled evenly over a bed of hot coals, dusted with pepper, salt, a dash of lemon juice, if liked, dotted with butter, and then sent to the table garnished with fresh parsley, is, indeed, toothsome enough to grace the feast of any modern Lucullus.

Pot roasts, numberless varieties of soups, and many of the cheaper cuts of meats, are lifted from the mediocre by this delicious seasoning which must be used only in such quantities as will not mask the original flavor but simply accentuate its goodness.

Not only in the preparation of meats and fowls will garlic find an unrivalled welcome. Its palatable flavor lends itself as acceptably to many fish dishes. Try this:

*Halibut à la Poulette*—Clean halibut steaks, free from bone and skin, cut in narrow strips, rub with garlic, season with salt, pepper and lemon juice, dip in olive oil, skewer in shape and dredge with flour. Bake in a buttered casserole for twenty minutes. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs and serve with white sauce.

In using garlic, we must remember that we are employing not merely a remarkable flavoring ingredient, but a natural aid to the digestion—an article possessing rich medicinal properties, which some of our leading medical specialists are now using to check the inroads of the great white plague.

As has been said, its remedial properties lie in the volatile oil, Allyl Sulphide, which is strongly antiseptic and seems to have the remarkable power of inhibiting the growth of tubercle bacillus. For some time Dr. Minchin of Dublin, late medical officer to the Kells Union Hospital, has been experimenting, and in his book, written two years ago, he records some of his signal successes. At present the Metropolitan Hospital on Blackwell's Island is carrying on a similar investigation. This mode of treatment has for a long time had strong sanction in Italy. For it is in Italy, where garlic is almost universally used, that tuberculosis is most infrequent.

A teaspoonful of garlic juice contains about two drops of Allyl Sulphide, the curative agent which is said to poison the bacilli of this dread disease. While this is present to some extent in all the lesser representatives of the onion family, shallots, chives, leeks, etc., garlic unquestionably contains the highest percentage of it.

It would, therefore, seem both as an efficacious food and a seasoning that the onion and its powerful ally, garlic, deserve a prominent place in a healthful dietary.

No less a personage than Mrs. Hetty Green, the female Midas of the financial world, takes much pleasure in ascribing her long years of physical activity to the fact that she daily partakes of onions. Cooked or uncooked they are equally relished by Mrs. Green, and often upon her business desk the casual visitor may espy not my lady's half-eaten bonbon, but what is more to her liking,—a partially nibbled onion.

According to Pliny, garlic and onions were invoked as deities by the Egyptians at the taking of oaths. Perhaps these primitive people were not so benighted as it would, at first, appear, for today those of us who would swear our allegiance to health are fast realizing the manifold virtues of these modest esculents, and are learning to look for their assistance in its humble pursuit.



# A Guide to Laundry Work

By Mary D. Chambers

SOME people say laundry work is on its way out of the home, just as weaving and dyeing and other activities have wended their way out of the home and into the factory. Yet, architects are providing for the laundry in their plans for dwelling houses, no apartment kitchen is complete without a set of stationary tubs, the "Want" columns of the newspapers every day call for family laundresses, formal lessons in this gentle art are wending their way into the schools, and the women who are doing their washing at home are many, many times more numerous than the women who are sending it out.

It is then, perhaps, pardonable to question whether laundry work, like cooking, is not one of those intimate and personal activities that can never be performed so satisfactorily by wholesale methods. And further, whether—if it is really true that it is on its way out of the home—is it not a long, long way from being gone?

The following papers are designed for and dedicated to all the women who still have washtubs and use them.

## *First Paper*

*What Day Shall be Wash Day? Preliminaries to Washing: Sorting, Removal of Stains, Soaking.*

The tradition of the Monday wash-day is being vigorously challenged by the higher critics of housekeeping. It implies that either the preliminary work of sorting, mending, removing stains, soaking—possibly disinfection—shall be done on Saturday, when nobody has time for it, or on Sunday, which is unthinkable! The only other way of getting round the problem is to change the linen in mid-week, and so lose the delightful sensation of Sabbath cleanliness—or to wash the clothes without any of the usual preliminaries.

The processes involved in laundry work include, ordinarily:

- Sorting
- Removal of stains
- Disinfection (sometimes)
- Soaking
- Washing, including boiling, rinsing, etc.
- Blueing
- Starching
- Drying
- Ironing or mangling
- Folding

These will be dealt with in the order given, after a word on a process which should precede all of them—the mending.

Stockings, and, in general, all stockinet fabrics are darned or repaired after washing. But rents, rips, and worn places in clothing of linen or cotton have a way of growing larger rather than smaller in the washtub, so that time and effort are saved by mending them before anything else is done. Yet, the repairing of soiled clothing is so unattractive a task that the compromise of drawing together the edges of torn places so as to save some of the work, by-and-by, is the usual practice.

## *Sorting*

Three divisions of the clothing and other articles should be made: (1) Things which should *not* be soaked, such as flannel goods, silk fabrics, and colored things—unless very dirty, or of perfectly fast color. (2) Things which *may* be soaked, such as slightly soiled personal or household linen. (3) Things which *must* be soaked, such as all very dirty articles. During the process of sorting all the stained articles should be laid aside, and the stains removed before soaking—unless this was done at the time the accident happened, which is the more excellent way.



*Removal of Stains*

*Blood.* (1) Wash in soap and water that is barely warm, to which a few drops of turpentine have been added. (2) Saturate the stained part with kerosene oil, then dip in boiling water. (3) Make a paste of cold raw starch, apply wet, and allow to stand, then brush off.

*Chocolate.* (1) Stretch the stained part over a bowl, and pour boiling water through it. (2) Stretch over a bowl as before, cover with powdered borax, and pour boiling water through it. If obstinate, soak in borax and water. Do not use soap, as this will fix the stain.

*Coffee.* Proceed as for chocolate.

*Fruit.* (1) Use boiling water and common salt, the same as for chocolate (2). (2) Similarly use boiling water and salts of lemon, or boiling water and oxalic acid. If fruit stains have been allowed to dry in, they often act like true dyes, and can only be removed by the use of strong chemicals, injurious to the fabrics. (See Note II.)

*Grass.* (1) If the stain is fresh, it may be removed by ammonia water. (2) Soak the stain in alcohol, and rub. (3) Wet with cold water, and rub cream of tartar well in, then wash out.

*Grease.* (1) Rub with salt dissolved in alcohol. (2) Dissolve sal-soda in four times its volume of boiling water, rub this on the stain with a brush, let stand until dry, then wash in hot soapsuds. (3) Stretch stained part over a firm pad of towelling or other absorbent goods, and rub with any of the following, applied with a bit of woolen cloth: Turpentine, benzine, ether, chloroform.

*Ink.* (1) While yet moist rub in corn-meal, salt, flour, or sugar, then wash in cold water. (2) Place stained part in fresh milk, and change as soon as milk is colored, until all the ink has been dissolved out. (3) Rub with freshly cut lemon, or lemon juice. (4) Use salts of lemon or oxalic acid the same as in Chocolate (2). (5) Apply javelle water to stain, let soak a few minutes, then wash in clear water. Ink is

difficult to treat, owing to its uncertain composition, so that a small bit of the stain should be experimented on first before trying to remove the whole. .

*Indelible Ink.* (1) Scour the stained part with a mixture of sea-sand and dilute sulphuric acid, further diluted with ten times its volume of water. (2) Wet the stained part, cover with bleaching powder, then apply a saturated solution of oxalic acid.

*Iron Rust.* (1) Soak in javelle water, then wash in clear water. (2) Moisten stain with ammonia, then apply salts of lemon or oxalic acid. After effervescence appears dip in boiling water.

*Machine Oil.* (1) Soak in cold water, then wash out with soap. (2) Soak in cold water and borax, then wash. (3) Use the reagents prescribed for Grease (3).

*Meat Juice.* Proceed as for Blood.

*Medicine.* Most stains can be dissolved by soaking in alcohol, or rubbing with ether or chloroform as in Grease (3).

*Milk.* (1) Wash in cold water, then in warm water and soap. (2) Rub with benzine, then wash in warm borax water.

*Paint.* (1) If fresh, soften with olive oil, vaseline, or lard, then wash off with benzine. (2) Boil in a strong suds until paint softens and can be peeled off. (3) Apply to stain a paste of scraped soap moistened with water, let stand until paint is soft, then it may be peeled off. (4) Use turpentine, or turpentine and ammonia in equal parts, or turpentine and alcohol, in the same manner as in Grease (2). (5) Old paint should be scraped on the surface with a knife, the part oiled to soften it, and then rubbed with chloroform. Stains on delicate colors or fabrics should be treated with chloroform alone.

*Perspiration.* (1) Immerse in soap solution and set in sun for several hours. (2) Use javelle water or oxalic acid as for Iron Rust. (3) For wool or silk fabrics apply benzine, same as in Grease (3).

*Scorch.* (1) Soft water and strong sunshine will remove a slight scorch. (2) Soak a deeper scorch in kerosene, then wash in warm water and soap, or boil. (3) Make a paste by boiling together for ten minutes one cup of vinegar, two ounces of Fuller's earth, half an ounce of white soap, shaved fine, and the juice of two onions. Spread mixture on the scorched surface and expose to strong sunshine until dry. Then wash.

*Shoe stains on white stockings.* Soak in a solution of oxalic acid, then wash out in ammonia water.

*Sugar syrup.* (1) Rub stained part with alcohol. (2) For colored articles use spirits of wine.

*Tar.* (1) Kerosene, use as for Scorch (2). (2) Rub stain with benzol, proceeding as for Grease (3).

*Tea.* (1) Saturate with glycerine, then wash in warm water. (2) For tea stains on linen, cover with common salt, moisten with lemon juice and set in sunshine. (3) Apply any of the remedies prescribed for Chocolate.

*Verdigris.* Coat stain with lard, let stand for a day, then wash with warm water and soap.

*Vaseline.* (1) Turpentine or benzine, applied as for Grease (3). (2) Place two thicknesses of blotting paper beneath the stain, moisten with benzine, cover with two more thicknesses of blotting paper, and press with a warm, not hot, iron. An old and obstinate vaseline stain may need several applications. Since benzine is highly inflammable, this method should be used only in the open air, the worker should stand with back to the wind, and great care should be taken not to use excess of benzine.

*Whitewash.* Wash in strong vinegar.

*Wine.* Proceed as for Fruit.

Note I. As stains seldom yield to the first application, the remedies should be repeated as often as necessary to ensure removal.

Note II. Many stains, especially fruit stains, if fresh, may be removed by soaking in rain water alone. Only rain or distilled water should be used in the foregoing prescriptions, since the minerals in ordinary water often fix the stains.

Note III. Whenever a strong acid is used to remove a stain, it should be washed off with ammonia, and when a strong alkali is used, such as javelle water or bleaching powder, this should be washed off with vinegar and water.

### *Disinfection*

In case of serious contagious illness in the home, the sick-room linen better be sent to the professional disinfectors, or treated according to the orders of the physician. Where the disinfection has to be done at home, the greatest care should be taken to avoid spreading the disease in carrying the infected clothing through the house, or allowing it to come in contact with other clothes in the laundry. A good plan is to dip a sheet in a 5% solution of carbolic acid in water, wrap the infected clothing in this, and carry it straight to the laundry boiler, where it should be boiled for at least thirty minutes. This is one of the simplest and best methods of home disinfection.

Handkerchiefs used for a cold should be soaked in a solution of boric acid, one to two per cent in strength, or in a solution of borax of three times this strength. They may then be boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes. The danger of contagion from common colds will be minimized by using, instead of cambric handkerchiefs, those of Japanese paper, which can be burned immediately.

### *Soaking*

To soak or not to soak is one of the disputed questions. The object of soaking is to expose the clothes to the solvent action of water, so that some of the dirt will be dissolved out and the labor of the launderer be lessened. But sometimes the dirt gets distributed through the cleaner parts of the clothing during prolonged soaking, and a general greyishness is the result. On this account, many housewives soak their clothes for only an hour or two, even half an hour.

Ideal conditions prescribe the soaking of table linen, slightly soiled towels, etc., in one tub—body linen and bed linen in

another—and the more soiled articles of all kinds in a third. If only two tubs are available, the soiled articles can be soaked in one tub, and the dirty ones in another—the process being omitted for the table linen, since fastidious housekeepers object to mingling this with body linen in the early stages of laundry work.

Heavily starched pieces had better not be soaked with unstarched articles.

Rain water (or distilled) is the best to use—next to this, good soft water of any kind, but it is questionable whether clothes are benefited by prolonged soaking in hard water, since the minerals it contains are often precipitated in the fabrics, and the dirt really made less soluble. If rain water is available, no other detergent need be used during soaking, except for very dirty articles.

With other than rain water, a little borax or ammonia will be found helpful. Some housewives soap the more soiled parts of the clothes, but if soaked in this way, they are apt to become yellow, unless lots of fresh air and sunshine can be employed in bleaching.

For very dirty clothing one-fourth to one-half of the following washing fluid may be added to each tub of soaking water:

One ounce of muriate of ammonia (ammonium chloride).

One ounce of salts of tartar (potassium carbonate).

One can of Babbitt's potash.

Put into a jar, pour on two quarts of boiling water, being careful to avoid the fumes; bottle when cool, and keep tightly corked and away from the light.

This fluid is a potent dirt-remover, but will disintegrate, more or less, the fibres of clothing. It should be used with discretion.

The last point to be noted is that warm water is better than cold to soften the dirt during soaking of the clothes, but if warm water is allowed to get cold, the fibres of the cloth, which have first expanded, will contract, thus holding and entangling the dirt. Hence the soaking water should be kept at a uniform temperature, and a limit of time in soaking should be set.

## A Future Party

By Carrie May Ashton

A FUTURE PARTY affords more possibilities and genuine interest than almost any other social entertainment that can be given for young people. As a church or philanthropic entertainment, it has few equals, and is always well patronized.

A fortune-telling tea, which was given for the benefit of a Children's Home, was not only one of the most effective parties of the season, but it cleared about \$125.00, and the admission was only 25 cents. Additional fortune telling, which included palmistry, astrology, cards and tea grounds, was a dime each, and we could just as well have charged more.

The hours were from 2 until 10 P. M., but no supper was served, only light refreshments.

The following advertisement was sufficient to draw a goodly crowd in a small southern village, especially among northern tourists and the people from an adjoining town:

"The Witch of Happy Hollow will be stirring the cauldron on next Thursday evening at Mrs. D'Auby's social gathering, and, for the small consideration of one dime for every five minutes of consultation by the clock, she will reveal all the secrets that the curious desire to wrest from the unborn future."



A large placard fastened over the tent where the fortune teller held forth contained the following unique lines:

"Don't fail to visit the Gypsy's tent.  
This is the spot to find the naked truth,  
Much needed for the benefit of youth.  
Within the tent there hides a great surprise,  
In spite of all the efforts to disguise;  
This gypsy reads the future or the past,  
So hunt your dime, if it should be your last;  
Our gypsy's truthful—read it in her eyes,  
What is not truth, just credit it to lies."

A clever committee will have little difficulty in securing plenty of fortune-tellers for such an occasion, or in the arrangement of booths, tents or cozy corners where palmists, astrologists or those proficient with cards or tea grounds will preside.

A reception committee attired in gypsy costumes is needed to look after the guests and escort them to the different booths or niches.

The following lines breathe the true Romany spirit and can be used on the bulletin boards just outside the entertainment hall, church or residence where in this fortune-telling party is held.

"The wind whistles over the heath,  
The moonlight flits over the flood,  
And the gypsy lights up his fire  
In the darkness of the wood.  
Free is the bird in the air,  
And the fish where the river flows;  
Free is the deer in the forest,  
And the Gypsy wherever he goes."

The hostess of a pleasing future party asked the guests in some way to represent their birth months in the costumes which they wore.

January was represented by strings of tiny bells about her neck and belt and wrists.

February carried a small hatchet and valentines were scattered over her dress.

March wore a simple white gown ornamented with several bars of music (a march) around the hem of her gown.

April was a practical joker, playing pranks on every one, and dressed like a court jester with a fool's cap.

May had her arms full of May baskets filled with early spring flowers and was dressed like the Queen of May.

June, in her simple white gown, with garlands of rosebuds, could not be mistaken.

July, festive with flags in her hair and on her dress, had a tray of them for distribution among the guests.

August, with a thin white gown and palm leaf fan, appeared to be in great distress from the imaginary heat of the season.

September appeared with golden rod, and purple asters in profusion. Paper flowers were used in this instance.

October wore festoons of glorious hued Autumn leaves and carried a basket of nuts.

November's costume represented a snow storm, with powdered hair and diamond dust glittering on a long winter coat.

December, with holly and mistletoe wreaths, and a miniature Christmas tree, completed the group. Some of the guests wore their birthstones.

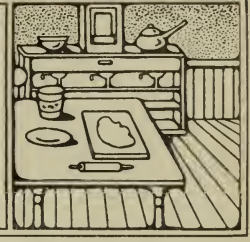
## In Kind

How the teacher may have her weapons turned against herself is told in a story from The New York "Evening Post." "Girls," said Mrs. Burns, to a group of small cooks, "I am going to give a luncheon, and this is what I am going to have: bean soup, pot roast,

canned corn, white potatoes and rice pudding. Do you think that will make a nice luncheon?" Up came a small hand. "Well, what is it?" asked Mrs. Burns. "Too much starch," objected the young person bluntly. Mrs. Burns certainly rushed upon her fate.



## HOME IDEAS and ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

### Uses of Prepared Wax

**A**MONG wood-finishing materials that have been adapted to the use of home workers, none is more deservedly popular, nor has a broader usefulness than has the paste form of the prepared or proprietary wax finishes; an assortment of the different makes of these waxes should be found in any good stock of paints and varnishes.

If the wax is placed directly upon new wood or upon that which has been simply filled or stained, several coats may be necessary, but if the work is given a coat of shellac and rubbed smooth with sandpaper, the shellac so fills the pores of the wood that one or two coats of the wax will give good results. A black or dark-colored wax should be used over a dark wood or stain, but if a light wood is to be finished in its natural color, light wax will be more satisfactory.

The paste should be thinly and evenly applied with a cloth pad, and allowed to stand a few minutes until its volatile elements have evaporated, when it should be polished with a soft, lintless cloth; a moderately stiff brush, covered with the cloth, will be found useful in working into corners and around mouldings.

Prepared wax is well adapted to restoring the lustre to floors, furniture and standing finish; the surface to be restored should be cleaned with a cloth slightly dampened with kerosene oil, and carefully wiped with a dry cloth, after which the wax may be applied as upon new work. If the surfaces have been bruised or worn they should be sandpapered with fine sandpaper, the bruises

stained to match the rest, and all receive one coat of shellac, which should be rubbed, to provide a uniform surface to receive the wax.

This useful material will renew the gloss upon linoleum, leather upholstery, imitation leather, cushions, handbags, and black or tan shoes. It may also be used in cleaning and polishing metal surfaces, and if these are heated as warm as the hand can bear, the application of wax will add to their rust-resisting qualities. A dustless duster may be made by using a suitable cloth for polishing the wax, which will absorb and hold so much of it that a large part of the dust collected will be retained; it may be cleaned by rinsing in tepid water.

One advantage of wax paste as a floor and furniture polish is its tendency to harden quickly; it may be carefully used an hour after it has been polished, and will thoroughly harden over night. Should the polish become dimmed, it may be restored by rubbing with a soft cloth or the bare hand, or another application of the wax will form a new surface and add to the lustre and the depth of the polish. An application of prepared wax to the varnished surfaces of a carriage or an automobile will renew their lustre, and give results pleasing to the most fastidious. C. A. K.

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### Meals Out-of-Doors

**O**UR house in the suburbs has a large yard, and last summer we hit upon the plan of having our meals out-of-doors. There are two men who go back and forth to the city every day, while two

women and a boy stay at home. All promised to help cary dishes and food back and forth from the kitchen to our out-door dining room and thus lessen the labor of serving.

We had an old dining-room table, which was placed under a spreading tree in the back yard, where shrubbery screened it from the view of passers-by upon the village street. A rough bench was made for one side of the table, while a porch settee and some chairs occupied the other side and one end of the table. The furniture was all painted green.

We used a white oil cloth on the table and at one end had a large, clean board placed. This we called our buffet, and the hot food was brought out in the vessels in which it was cooked and set on the board and thus served from that end of the table. In this way the food was kept hot until the meal was over.

We have two large dish-pans and in setting the table we filled these pans with cups, saucers, plates, knives, forks, etc., and the men carried them out for us. When the meal was finished, the dishes were scraped, piled up in the dish-pan and carried back to the house.

The fresh air gave us keen appetites and we had lots of fun over our gypsy meals. It is obvious that by this means every member of the family spent at least two hours out-of-doors every day during pleasant weather. N. F. M.

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### Bird's Nest Soup, A Chinese Luxury

OF all the luxuries which grace the table of a Chinese feast none is more highly prized than the "Bird's-Nest Soup."

The Chinese are very fond of gelatinous stews and broths. On this account, fish-maws and sharks' fins stand high in the estimate of gourmets, but not so high as the edible "Bird's-nest." When stewed, made into a soup, or mixed with other meats, this is by no means unpalatable.

Much misconception has existed in re-

gard to the substance of which these nests are composed; but scientific experiments have established the fact, that they consist of a species of seaweed (or rather of the mucilage of seaweed), only found on the coast of Java and other islands of the Indian Archipelago. The quality of the nest varies considerably, according to the situation in which it is found. Those who are connoisseurs in the trade will select those nests that are found in the deepest recesses of the rocks. These are remarkable for their great transparency, and, from being continually exposed to an atmosphere that is impregnated with nitre, they necessarily imbibe a nitrous taste.

The bird that supplies this whimsical luxury for the Chinese table is a small swallow, the "*Hirundo Esculenta*," which builds its nest on steep precipices and rocks that overhang the sea. It is found only in the islands of Malaysia. But the price paid to gratify this curious Chinese taste is very high. To procure the delicacy, the risk to life alone is tremendous,—from the lofty, deep, and dangerous caverns frequented by the swallows—and, when brought to the Chinese market, the value is enormous—the finest kind often being sold at about \$4,000 for only an hundredweight, or about twice the weight in silver! For this reason it can appear only on the tables of the wealthy and is not a common dish with other classes. J. M. B.

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### Choice Florida Recipes

#### Roast Duck, with Orange Juice

HAVE ready ducks, carefully picked, drawn and singed; take one slice of bacon and half a tablespoonful of butter for each duck liver; chop the bacon and livers fine, add a grating of onion, fine-chopped parsley, then butter, and salt and pepper to season. Put this mixture into the bodies of the ducks, sew as needed, then truss for roasting; lay thin slices of bacon over the breasts



and roast, rare or well done, as desired, basting each ten minutes with the fat in the pan. Just before the ducks are cooked, for each duck, heat two or three tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped shallot, the juice of one orange and one-third a cup of beef or veal broth over the fire, then, when the ducks are ready to serve, strain this sauce over them.

### Ham Balls

½ cup fine-chopped cooked ham	crumbs moistened in milk or water
½ cup sifted bread	1 beaten egg

Mix all together then roll in balls and fry in deep fat or sauté in butter. The moisture must be wrung from the crumbs laid in a cloth.

### Fried Fresh Fish

**T**O the grated or sifted yolks of three hard-cooked eggs, add one cup of sifted (soft) bread crumbs, with salt and pepper; roll the fish in this mixture, then sauté in the frying pan in hot fat.

### Jugged Chicken

**S**EPARATE the chicken into pieces at the joints. Take two or three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and, if desired, a little powdered sage; mix all together thoroughly; in this roll the pieces of chicken, after dipping them in milk or water, then pack them solidly in an earthen baking pot; cover the whole with sweet milk, then adjust the cover and let bake until the chicken is tender.

### Pork Tenderloin, Stuffed

**F**OR four large pork tenderloins, take half a pound of fresh pork, one cup of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Chop fine the half-pound of pork, which should be rather fat, add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Make a pocket in each tenderloin and fill it with the stuffing; sew securely, then roast about one hour,

basting often with brown sauce. Garnish the dish with quarters of apples cooked without sugar. R. R.

\* \* \*

### Keeping Buckwheat Batter

**K**EEPING buckwheat batter is often very troublesome, especially in mild weather. It can be kept perfectly sweet by pouring cold water over that left from one morning, and which is intended for rising next morning's cakes. Fill the vessel entirely full of water, and put in a cool place; when ready to use, pour off the water, which absorbs the acidity.

### To Cook Shad Roes

You can cook shad roes well by first partially boiling them in a small covered pan; then fry them in hot lard, after covering or sprinkling with flour. E. G.

\* \* \*

### Casserole of Round Steak

**C**UT round steak in pieces about two inches square and let brown in salt-pork fat or dripping. Remove to a casserole, and add broth to cover. Add more fat to the pan and in it brown a small blanched onion for each service; add these to the casserole, cover and let cook about two hours or until nearly tender; add, for each service, two small strips of carrot and half a dozen cubes or balls of potato, parboiled and browned in the frying pan, also salt and pepper as needed, and let cook until the vegetables are tender. If the beef be rolled in flour, it will brown more quickly.

### Pounding Meat, Etc.

When pounding meat, poultry or game intended for farce or forcemeat, use only the lean parts, freed from skin, fat, bones, and gristle, and cut up small, or, better, run it through a mincer before commencing to pound in the mortar. When fish is used for similar preparations, free it from skin and bone and cuttings, then pound.



# *Queries and Answers*



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus, remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY No. 2505.—“Recipe for Scallops cooked with cream, wine, mushrooms and strips of something green.”

## **Scallops Roulette**

1½ pounds scallops	2 tablespoonfuls
¼ cup white wine	sherry
½ cup water	¼ teaspoonful cay-
½ teaspoonful salt	enne
2 shallots, chopped	6 canned mushrooms,
½ green pepper,	sliced
shredded	2 egg yolks
2 tablespoonfuls but-	2 tablespoonfuls
ter	cream
2 tablespoonfuls flour	Juice ½ lemon
½ cup milk	

Add the white wine and water to the scallops and heat quickly to the boiling point; let simmer one minute. Cook the shallots in the butter until yellowed; add the shreds of pepper and let cook a minute; add the flour and salt and let cook until frothy; add the milk and strain in the scallop liquid; stir until boiling; add the mushrooms, scallops, and sherry, then stir in the yolks and wine; continue to cook and stir (over the hot water) until the yolks are “set,” then gradually add the lemon juice and serve at once.

QUERY No. 2506.—“Is there any definite rule for cutting down or increasing a recipe?”

## **To Multiply or Divide Recipes**

To enlarge a recipe and make two or three times the quantity that is produced by the given recipe, multiply *each ingredient* mentioned in the recipe by two or three respectively. To make but one-third or one-half of the given recipe,

divide *each ingredient* mentioned by three or by two. Sometimes it is much easier to divide the special recipe under consideration by one number than another; in that case, take the proportions most easily secured, but let the change be uniform throughout the whole list of ingredients. If five whole eggs are called for and half the recipe is to be made, take two whole eggs and the white or yolk of another, as is most convenient.

QUERY No. 2507.—“Kindly define the terms Boudins, and Timbales.”

## **Boudins, Timbales, Etc.**

Boudin is a name given to a kind of small, French sausage, similar to black pudding, but smaller. The name timbale seems originally to have been given to a drum-shaped shell in which ragouts, fricassées, farces, etc., were served; then, by a figure of speech, the farce itself shaped by being cooked in a drum-shaped utensil was given the name of timbale.

QUERY No. 2508.—“Best recipe for Milk Bread, and a standard recipe for Layer Cake.”

## **Recipe for Two Loaves of White Bread**

½ cake compressed	2 tablespoonfuls
yeast (at night)	shortening
½ cup water	2 tablespoonfuls
2 cups scalded milk or	sugar
half milk and half	1 teaspoonful salt
water	About 7 cups flour

To the milk, or milk and water, add the shortening, sugar and salt; when lukewarm, add the yeast mixed with the half-cup of liquid and the flour. Use an earthen bowl and mix with a knife. Knead until elastic. Let rise in a temperature of about 75° F. The shelf over the stove is not a suitable place. When doubled in bulk, shape into loaves. When again light, bake about one hour. To mix in the morning, use one whole yeast cake.

### Standard White Layer Cake

½ cup butter	3 level teaspoonfuls
1 cup sugar	baking powder
½ cup milk	3 egg-whites
2 cups sifted flour	

Cream the butter; gradually beat in the sugar, then the milk and flour with the baking powder, alternately, and, lastly, the whites beaten dry. Beat vigorously at the last. Bake in two layer cake-pans.

QUERY No. 2508.—“Recipes for Chocolate Filling for Cream Pie and Vanilla Custard Ice Cream.”

### Chocolate Filling for Cream Pie

Scald one cup and a half of milk in a double boiler. Stir half a cup, each, of flour and milk and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt to a smooth paste, then stir into the hot milk; continue to stir until the mixture thickens; add two squares of chocolate, cover and let cook about fifteen minutes. Beat two eggs or four yolks; add three-fourths a cup of sugar and beat again; then stir into the hot mixture; stir and cook until the eggs seem “set” or cooked and the whole mixture is smooth and the chocolate evenly mixed throughout; when cold flavor with a generous half-teaspoonful of vanilla.

### Vanilla Custard Ice Cream

Scald one quart of rich milk and one cup of cream from the top of a bottle of milk; stir two level teaspoonfuls of cornstarch and three or four tablespoon-

fuls of milk to a smooth consistency, then stir into the hot milk; after stirring two or three minutes cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks of four or five eggs; gradually beat in one cup and a fourth of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Then stir into the hot mixture; continue to cook and stir until the mixture thickens; then strain into the can of the freezer. When cold, add one tablespoonful of vanilla and freeze. If preferred, in place of the cornstarch, add to the hot custard a scant tablespoonful of gelatine softened in one-fourth a cup of milk, then strain and finish as above.

QUERY No. 2509.—“Recipe for Soft Chocolate Frosting.”

### Soft Chocolate Frosting

A recipe for chocolate frosting, with marshmallows, is given in the Seasonable Recipes for this month. The marshmallows may be omitted, also the re-cooking of the frosting after the syrup has been beaten into the whites of the eggs. Beat the frosting occasionally while cooling.

### Soft, Chocolate Fudge Frosting

Melt two ounces of chocolate over hot water; add two cups of sugar and one cup of milk, and stir while the sugar gradually melts. When the boiling point is about reached, beat vigorously and let cook to the soft-ball stage about 236° F. Remove from the fire, add a teaspoonful of butter and let stand until cold, then beat until creamy and spread on the cake.

QUERY No. 2510.—“What are the latest and most approved methods of canning, preserving and pickling?”

### Latest Methods of Canning, Etc.

We do not know that there is anything particularly new in methods of making preserves and pickles. A comparatively new way of canning tomatoes is given on page 295 of the November, 1914, issue of this magazine.



QUERY No. 2511.—"Recipe for Canning Large Green or Red Peppers."

### Canned Peppers

Cut around the stem of each pepper, and remove the piece and the seeds; wash each pepper carefully, and cover as many peppers as, when softened somewhat, will fill the jar, with boiling water, cover and let simmer about five minutes; drain, cover with cold water and drain again; press the peppers, one by one, into a sterilized jar; set the jar on a cloth on the rack in a steam cooker; fill jar and cooker, or other appliance, with lukewarm water; adjust the rubber and cover, but do not tighten the cover; cover the cooker, and let the peppers cook about ten minutes after boiling begins in the cooker. When the peppers seem tender, when tested with a fork, replace the cover, first adding boiling water, if needed, to fill the jar, and let cook about six minutes, then remove the jar and tighten the cover.

QUERY No. 2512.—"Your recipes for Marmalade call for about six hours of cooking; should think it would be a waste of fuel and occasion a shrinkage of product."

### Regarding Marmalade Recipes

It would be difficult to improve upon the results secured from our marmalade recipes. The quantity of water given—three pints to a pound of prepared fruit—allows for shrinkage. The rind must be cooked tender, or it is not edible; possibly the six hours given might be shortened by rapid cooking, but usually a time is taken for cooking fruit for marmalade when the fire is to be used for other purposes and the saucepan of fruit does not occupy the place of strongest heat. The rind needs to be cooked exceedingly tender, as it hardens considerably on the addition of the sugar. Boil quickly after the addition of the sugar, to keep the product light colored. There should be a generous quantity of amber jelly, free of all rind, in each glass.

QUERY No. 2513.—"Recipe for Apple Cheese Cakes."

### Apple Cheese Cakes (Cassell)

Pare and core half a pound of apples; stew them with half a pound of sugar, a cup of water and the grated rind of a lemon. Melt three ounces of butter; take five eggs, less the whites of two; beat these well and mix all together thoroughly. Bake in patty pans, lined with puff-paste, until the crust is baked and the custard thickens.

### 3 Dozen Apple Cheese Cakes (Cassell)

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. apples, grated	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. melted butter
2 lemons, grated rind only	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar
	6 egg-yolks

Mix all together thoroughly, bake in patty pans lined with puff-paste.

QUERY No. 2514.—"Why does the syrup in Strawberry-Pineapple Marmalade become thin after standing two months? It is made pound for pound."

### Regarding Strawberry and Pineapple Marmalade

Try cooking the fruit, especially the pineapple, longer before adding the sugar. The color of the pineapple should not be changed, if the cooking be done before the sugar is added.

QUERY No. 2515.—"How is the thick, sticky syrup made that covers the fruit in the open, individual tarts sold under the name of French Pastry?"

### Syrup for Fruit in Pastries

When canned fruit is used for pastries, the syrup should be drained from it; to each pint of juice, add from one to two cups of sugar, according to acidity of the fruit, and let boil till quite thick, then add (for a pint) an ounce of gelatine softened in half a cup of cold water. When the gelatine is dissolved, reheat the fruit in the syrup; let cool in the syrup, then set in place in the prepared pastry-shapes, and mash the fruit with a little more of the syrup; let chill



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before serving. Slices of apples on bananas are cooked in rich syrup and finished as the canned fruit. Apple jelly is often melted and used with the more expensive fruits.

QUERY No. 2516.—“Something new in sandwiches made without cream cheese or peppers; also a combination dish to be served as the main dish at a card-party and with the sandwiches. Something like chicken mousse on Celery Salad.”

## Combination Dish for Card Party

### I

Macedoine of Vegetables molded in Aspic Jelly  
on Cress

Plain Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches

### or

Nut Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches

Cauliflower, peas, string beans, asparagus tips, carrot, etc., may be used for the vegetables. A recipe appeared on page 533 of the February number of this magazine. Individual molds would be preferable. The vegetables and aspic could be jellied in layers.

### II

Palmerston E'Clairs, with Endive-and-Lettuce  
or Cress Salad

No Sandwich is needed

## Palmerston E'clairs

Make the ordinary “cream-puff” mixture, beating in, after all the eggs have been added, half a cup of grated cheese. Form into éclair-shapes, brush over with beaten yolk of egg and bake until done. These may be served hot or cold. If to be served hot, slit on one side and fill with the cheese-filling; if they are to be served cold, let the filling become chilled a little before the whipped cream is folded in, and do not fill the cases until cold.

## Cheese Filling

3 tablespoonfuls butter	1½ cups milk
3 tablespoonfuls flour	2 egg-yolks, beaten light
½ teaspoonful salt	¾ cup grated cheese
½ teaspoonful paprika	½ cup cream, beaten firm

Make a sauce of the first five ingredients; add the yolks and the cheese,

and when partly or wholly chilled, fold in the cream.

### III

Fish or ham mousse, made by the recipe for chicken mousse, with lettuce-and-endive or cress salad

Open Sandwiches, page 615, March 1915.

### IV

Cold Chicken or Ham Timbales, with Lettuce and Mayonnaise

Plain Rye or White Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches

### V

Macedoine of Chicken and Ham or Tongue Cubes, Asparagus Tips, or Peas molded in Tomato Jelly, Lettuce and Cress

Open Sandwiches, page 615, March 1915

### VI

Slices of Chicken Breast and Ham or Chopped Chicken and Ham molded in Clarified

Chicken Broth  
Lettuce and Cress  
Plain Sandwiches

## To My Lamp

Good friend of mine, how many years have  
spun

The checkered pattern of the flitting days  
Since our old partnership was first begun  
Within the shimmer of my hearthstone  
blaze!

How many a tale of rapture and despair  
You've beamed upon with me, from page to  
page—

How many a recipe you've helped me snare  
From out the columns of the household  
page!

The while I've pored on song and lilt and rune  
And even comic verse, Oh, well-tried friend,  
You've stood, serenely as a summer moon,  
Unvexed and bland, until I'd reached the  
end.

How many a midnight bowl of oyster stew,  
And savory sardine from a distant shore—  
How many a fragrant and beguiling brew  
Of rich brown Mocha, you've presided o'er!

And when, within the hours small and wee,  
Some fearsome nightmare stalked about my  
camp,

Again you've turned your beaming face to me  
And put my foe to flight—beloved lamp!

HARRIET WHITNEY SYMONDS.





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## New Books

*Food; What It Is and Does.* By EDITH GREER. 12mo, cloth, 251 pages, illustrated, \$1.00. Ginn & Company.

We are awakening to a realization that the oldest occupation of human life, the preparation of food, is a vital subject for the school. The real importance of school practice in choosing, combining, and preparing food lies in the knowledge of nourishment values acquired. This textbook, taking this point as a basis, provides a food reader for school use.

The book is immensely valuable to the pupil who responds to the *active* aspects of learning, even in schools where cookery has not become a school course. It supplies a comprehensive, readable treatment of food. Careful explanations are supplemented by a profusion of tables and charts. There is a progressive development of the subject, starting with a general discussion of our various foods, becoming progressively more detailed in description and instruction, and concluding with practical directions for food selection, including dietetics and hygiene and sanitation in housekeeping practices which essentially affect health through food.

"Human health is the purpose of human food." Certainly the study of food—what it is and does, is an essential part of a sound education.

*Pastry for the Restaurant.* By PAUL RICHARDS. Price \$1.00. The Hotel Monthly Press, Chicago, Ill.

"Pastry for the Restaurant" is a vest pocket book of 158 pages; as its title indicates, it is especially produced for the use of bakers employed in restaurants and European plan hotels. The style of work required for the American plan hotel with table d'hôte meal, and that for the European plan hotel restaurant, where each article is sold for a separate price, has brought about a demand for

a book with receipts and methods especially adapted for the preparation of bakery and pastry goods for individual sale. The first chapter is devoted to French Pastries, which are now so generally sold, yet so little understood, because of the misnomer title; then follow cakes and tarts of every kind; pies in great variety; puddings, hot and cold; ices, ice creams, and many specialties, all set forth with ingredients, quantities, and methods of mixing and preparing, and instructions for oven or temperature control. Mr. Richards' other books have become standards the world over, and this one will be equally reliable. The index to this book makes a very complete reference to popular pastry goods and will be found valuable as a reminder. The book is printed on bond paper, and bound in flexible leather. Probably, just the kind of matter contained in this volume can not be so readily and conveniently found elsewhere. The handy form in which it is put up is sure to meet with general approval.

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### No Use for Him

The handsome young minister always stationed himself at the church door after the service in order to greet his parishioners as they filed out. Having thus properly placed the minister, *Harper's Magazine* continues:

One Sabbath morning along came a raw Swedish maid, a stranger, so, with his usual cordiality, the minister grasped her hand and said:

"I am very glad to see you here this morning. Will you not tell me your name and address, so that I may call on you soon?"

The maid looked him coldly in the eye and, withdrawing her hand, replied:

"I t'ank you, but I got one steady fella already; he come twice a week, and I t'ank he no like you to come."





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# The Silver Lining

## A Ballade of Unseasonable Tastes

Although they've many things to eat,  
In these swell food-shops where I go  
To get my daily bread and meat,  
I find I'm often filled with woe.  
I like them not, as to and fro  
The waiters glide with hot tureens  
Of steaming foods I do not know—  
I only crave a plate of greens!

Live lobster is to some a treat,  
And leg o' lamb's for high or low,  
Roast wild duck's reckoned hard to beat—  
Although with me 'twas never so—  
"Stuffed egg-plant? Larded grouse?" Ah,  
no,

Dear waiter, 'tis not in your means  
To please me here to-day—for, oh!  
I only crave a plate of greens!

Cold weather has me by the feet,  
Outside I watch the drifting snow,  
My nose is red as any beet,  
Withal my appetite is slow,  
And I find nothing here, although  
The menu's seasonable, and beans  
With pork create a healthful glow—  
I only crave a plate of greens!

### *L'Envoi*

Oh, Chef, with kettles all a-row,  
And cunning little sieves and screens,  
Take winter's aliments below,  
I only crave a plate of greens!

R. A. J.

## Table Manners of the Seventeenth Century

A Gentlewoman being at table, abroad or at home, must observe to keep her body straight and lean not by any means with her elbows, nor by ravenous gesture discover a voracious appetite, talk not when you have meat in your mouth, and do not smack like a Pig, nor venture to eat Spoonmeat so hot that the tears stand in your Eyes, which is as unseemly as the Gentlewoman who pretended to have as little Stomach as she had Mouth, and therefore would not swallow her Peas by spoonful but took them one by one, and

cut them in two before she would eat them. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draught that your Breath is almost gone—and are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself—throwing down your liquor as into a Funnel is an action fitter for a juggler than a Gentlewoman; thus much for your observations in general; if I am defective as to particulars, your own prudence, discretion and curious observations will supply.—*The Accomplished Lady's Rich Closet of Rareties or Ingenious Gentlewoman's Delightful Companion* (1653).

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "suppose in a family there are five children, and the mother has only four potatoes to divide among them. She wants to give each child an equal share. What is she to do?" Silence reigned in the room. Everybody was calculating diligently. Finally one little boy put up his hand. "Well, Johnny, what would you do?" asked the teacher. "Mash the potatoes, sir."

Lucille was a carefully-brought-up little girl of five, and she returned in high glee from her first party. "I was a good girl," she announced, "an' I talked nice all the time." "Did you remember to say something nice to Mrs. Applegate just before leaving?" asked

## CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPERS

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# Special Menus for May

## 12 O'CLOCK BREAKFASTS

### I.

Strawberry-and-Pineapple Cocktail  
(in glass cups)  
Brook Trout, Sautéd, Garnish  
Slices Salt Pork and Cress  
Diced Potatoes, Creamed Cucumbers, French Dressing with Chives  
Pop Overs  
Asparagus Omelet  
Waffles, Maple Syrup  
Coffee

### II.

Choice Strawberries, Unhulled  
(around mound of confectioners' sugar)  
Halibut or Lobster Cutlets, Sauce Tartare  
Parker House Rolls  
Broiled Lamb Chops with Bacon  
Baked Potatoes, Paprika Style  
French Endive Salad  
Brioche Coffee Cakes  
Coffee

### III.

Strawberry-and-Orange Cocktail  
(in orange shells)  
Sliced Halibut, Broiled, Maitre d'Hotel Butter  
or  
Sliced Halibut, Sautéd  
Lettuce and Cress, French Dressing  
Potato Croquettes  
Braised Sweetbreads with Macaroni, Tomato Sauce  
Yeast Rolls  
Pineapple Omelet  
Coffee

## CHURCH SUPPERS

### I.

Lobster-and-Lettuce Salad  
Cress, Chicken-and-Canned Pea Salad  
Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
Rolls  
Strawberry Shortcake  
or  
Strawberry Ice Cream  
Cake Coffee

### II.

Cold Corned Beef  
Cold Boiled Ham  
Hot Macaroni Cooked with Tomato Sauce  
Potato Salad Rolls  
Custard Pie Lemon Pie  
Coffee



ORCHARDS IN BLOOM, SANTA CLARA VALLEY  
(From Chamber of Commerce, San Jose, Cal.)



# American Cookery

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MAY, 1915

No. 10



SPRAYING TREES IN WINTER  
(From Oregon Agricultural College)

## The Prune Industry in the United States

By Helen S. Gray

**D**O you ever stop to think where the prunes that supply your breakfast table come from? If they are of the French variety or Petite, as it is often called, they probably came from California, as fifty to sixty per cent of the world's supply of prunes is raised there. If they are of the Italian variety, they came from the Pacific North West, Oregon, Washington, or Idaho. Owing to its large size and fine flavor, the Italian is the principal variety raised there. The French prune is also raised to some extent. A few Silver prunes are raised in Oregon and Washington but hardly on a commercial scale. By the consumer they are looked upon as a curiosity. The prunes raised east of

the Cascade Range are shipped east as fresh fruit; west of the Cascade Range they are dried.

The Santa Clara Valley is the leading prune district in California, the Willamette Valley, in Oregon, and Clarke County, in Washington. The largest fruit canneries in the world are located in the Santa Clara Valley, the largest fruit packing-house, and the largest drying yard. One-half of the entire crop of the United States is raised there. San José, fifty miles to the south of San Francisco, is the centre of the district. To the north and northeast of San Francisco is a chain of counties extending across the state, in which many prunes are raised.

The Santa Clara Valley is world-famous for its fruit. In March a blossom festival is held, to which travelers flock from all over the world. It is a never forgotten experience, the sight of one hundred and twenty-five square miles of prunes, apricots, cherries, pears, plums, peaches, and almonds in blossom, scenting the whole valley with their fragrance. Sweet-pea seed is raised there by the ton, and early in June hundreds of acres are in flower.

Dipping is the first step in the curing of prunes. As to the use of lye in this process, a bulletin issued by the State Commission of Horticulture of California speaks as follows: "The fresh fruit is hauled to the dipping shed in picking boxes and there passed through a light solution of lye in a kettle or tank holding two hundred gallons of water. In many instances the fruit is rinsed by being dipped into a vat of clear water and then dumped on to a combination pricking board and grader, which grades the fruit into three grades, so that the drying in the field can be uniform. The grader is operated by power. The object in using the lye solution and the pricking board is to cut slightly the skin of the fruit, thereby preventing fermentation and producing fruit with a clear, bright meat."

"The Biennial Horticultural Report of the Oregon Agricultural College Experiment Station" reports as follows on the use of lye and sulphur:

"The object in dipping prunes is to crack or 'check' the skin so that subsequent drying is hastened. 'Dipping' is a very brief immersion of the prunes in water, either hot or cold, and with or without lye. Lye is commonly used, at the average strength of one pound to from thirty to fifty gallons of water; less is necessary when hot water instead of cold is used.

"The dipping in lye has been condemned severely at times as deleterious to the health of the consumer. It is safe to assert, however, that when proper rinsing is given, there can be no valid objection to its use, arising from the presence of lye itself in the fruit. The objection to the use of lye comes from the fact that it permits other practices that are not only questionable but objectionable. Too often the lye is used to remove traces of 'mold' from half-rotted fruit that should never be marketed.

"That it is possible, at times, to dry prunes well without dipping in lye, or even without dipping at all, is proved by the experience of some who have turned out good fruit with this process omitted. For average conditions, however, dip-



OVERLOADED PRUNE TREE IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON





PRUNE PICKING IN MOSIER, OREGON

ping, at least in hot water, is recommended, and a moderate use of lye should not be discouraged. Hot water alone has been found a very good agent for checking prunes, especially when the fruit is plunged into cold water immediately upon coming from the hot. The contrast in temperature seems peculiarly favorable to the checking.

"Attention to proper rinsing is to be urged strongly upon operating dryers. Conditions could be improved vastly in many dryers with little trouble or expense. Frequent changes of rinse-water are essential, and often rinsing in two waters is desirable. Whenever running water is available, the supply in the rinse tanks should be constantly renewed. Unless this rinse-water is frequently changed, so much lye will come over with the prunes that the rinse-water will be nearly as strong in lye as that used in dipping. This statement may seem an exaggeration, but it has been proved in some cases by chemical examination of samples collected by the writer.

"Bleaching with sulphur is not prac-

tised to any extent. In fact, it is rather in disfavor at present. What few prunes are bleached are principally Silvers."

After being dipped prunes are then dried. In California all prunes are dried in the sun, spread out on eight-foot trays. In one yard 25,000 trays of fruit are exposed at a time. When it is about three-fourths dried, the trays are stacked one above another, about twenty in a pile, and left thus to complete the process, thereby making room to spread out more fruit. The drying takes from ten days to two weeks. In the Northwest prunes are dried in specially constructed buildings with stove, furnace, or steam heat.

At the packing house prunes are graded by machinery according to weight and size and, if they have been sun-dried, washed by being passed through a long vat of boiling water, which removes insects and their eggs and dirt. From the cleansing vat the fruit is dumped on a long shaker. After the water has been shaken off from it, it is ready to be boxed for market.



In drying, prunes lose one-half or two-thirds of their weight, depending on various factors, such, for instance, as the amount of sugar they contain, the thoroughness of the drying, etc.

A few prunes, slightly dried and intended to be eaten out of hand without soaking or cooking, are imported from France in glass jars. They are very choice and very expensive. So far only a few attempts have been made in this country to put prunes on the market thus. If packed in tins, the acid of the fruit frequently rusts the metal and spoils somewhat the flavor of the fruit.

For medicinal purposes prunes stand at the top of the list. Physicians, who do not prescribe drugs, but rely chiefly on their knowledge of foods in treating sickness, usually include prunes in their food prescriptions for their patients.

Prunes are a very sustaining food. That is why on mountain-climbing expeditions every one is required to take along a few to nibble in case he feels weak or faint.

Prunes were an important part in the training diet of the Columbia University crew, who won the 1914 boat-race at Poughkeepsie. The year before 1200

pounds were supplied as part of the rations of the Columbia crew during the three weeks of final training.

Those who desire to eat dried prunes, without either cooking or the addition of cane sugar, should pour boiling water over them and let stand covered for five minutes, then pour off most of the water and let stand covered on the back of the stove over night. Some people immerse prunes in either hot or cold water and soak from eighteen to twenty-four hours and then do not cook them at all. If these methods do not prove satisfactory, too much water was used. The water dried fruit is soaked in should never be drained off.

Those who declare that they don't like prunes, because they were surfeited with a cheap grade when boarding, will like them prepared as follows. Steam until soft, remove the pits, and serve while still warm with cream or boiled custard. Steaming conserves the natural sweetness of the fruit so that no additional sugar is needed or craved.

If soufflé or whip is made with the whites of eggs, the yolks can be used for a boiled custard sauce.

The California Cured Fruit Associa-



PRUNES DRYING IN THE SUN



PRUNE DRIERS, WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON

tion in San José has had a booklet prepared for distribution containing one hundred prune recipes. Many of them are excellent.

This year prunes will be high. There is a short crop. California is reported to have less than fifty per cent of a crop, and the Pacific Northwest, 800 cars as against 1248 cars in 1913 and 1950 in 1912.

Prunes were first introduced into this country by a French sailor who went to California at the time gold was discovered there to work in the mines. Not succeeding, he moved to San José and started a nursery, in which business his brother joined him. In 1856 the brother returned to France on a visit and brought back with him a large number of prunes and other fruit cuttings.

Prune trees bear a commercial crop the sixth or seventh year after setting out an orchard. They bear some fruit as early as the third or fourth year, but it is considered best not to let them bear too early, but to remove the fruit and thus conserve the growth and vitality of the trees.

Two hundred to three hundred pounds is the amount of fresh fruit usually borne by a tree, but yields of eleven hun-

dred to thirteen hundred pounds sometimes occur. It is considered poor orcharding to let a tree overweight itself with fruit, however.

On suitable soil well selected trees, if given proper care, will yield five to ten tons of fresh fruit to the acre; otherwise, two to five tons.

A net profit of \$125 an acre on a prune orchard is a conservative estimate. Often this figure is exceeded. While some fruits far exceed this figure, the prune is regarded with favor by growers, because it is steady and reliable: it rarely misses a crop. It requires far less care than apples, which have to be sprayed four times a year and packed by experts; prunes are sprayed only once a year. Peach orchards are rather short lived; a prune orchard produces for twenty or thirty years, and some that are forty years old are still bearing well. Then, too, prunes are picked from the ground, if to be dried. Furthermore, they are not a quickly perishable crop, like Bartlett pears. It is these considerations that are leading bankers and other men of means in Oregon to set out large tracts of fifty to one hundred acres of prunes in preference to other fruits.

# A House to Live In

By Alice Margaret Ashton

TEN added to eighteen and twenty-two years, respectively, gives—well, it is supposed to have, at least, brought one safely past the mad impetuosity of youthful folly.

Likewise, ten years may be a long time.

Jeremiah Fleming, carrying his magazine to a secluded corner of the familiar old reading-room, came unexpectedly upon a woman reading by the fading light.

"Bettina," he said softly, reaching her with a quick, eager stride.

"Jerry—oh, Jerry Fleming!"

With clasped hands each read the welcome in the other's face. Then he held her close and kissed her and whispered brokenly: "I've loved you every minute, darling, all this weary time."

"And I you, dear," she answered, remembering the lonely years and clinging to him shamelessly.

"We were young fools," he stated savagely. "Nothing really matters in this world except love. The same obstacles stand between us now, your encumbrances and my—lack of them. Will you marry me, Betty dear?"

"Yes," answered Bettina with honest joyousness.

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"I will come for you at ten and we'll get the license; then we'll go to good old Parson Bailey's and have the knot tied. Can you have a few things packed as early as that? We will go up to the old hunting lodge and forget the world."

"Ought we not to see our lawyers first?" suggested Bettina. "I suppose there are things that should be definitely settled."

"We ought not!" positively. "We will face settlements when we must—that was what wrecked us before."

"Very well. I'll be ready."

And so they were married, these two who were supposedly safely past such heedless, unconsidered madness.

And they went to the old hunting lodge and straightway forgot the world, leaving behind them a trail of indignant and amazed protests.

But, though they forgot the world, their world by no means forgot them.

"We suppose," wrote the Flemings, some of whom possessed a superfluity of worldly encumbrances and all of whom possessed limitless family pride, "We suppose now you will open your house and get the old furniture out of storage. It is the one thing which reconciles us to your rash impetuosity."

"We will give you a glorious housewarming, Betty," wrote the Dayton contingency. "You see we are willing to forgive you, though we do feel cheated and left out in the cold. Do write us your plans—shall you refurnish your house?"

Fleming jammed his letter into his pocket with an impatient jerk. Couldn't they let a fellow enjoy his honey-moon without thrusting "settlements" before him? For, truth to tell, that question of settlements troubled him more than he liked to admit.

Bettina, woman-like, read her letter aloud with an amused little laugh.

"Case of 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread,'" was Jeremiah's grim comment when she finished.

"You mean?" inquired Bettina with deceptive calmness.

"They'd better wait until we get our house settled before they 'warm' it."

"Settled?" There was honest amazement in Mrs. Fleming's voice this time.

"Of course, I expect to open my house now I am married," explained Jeremiah with an assurance he was far from feel-



ing. "You see, Betty, I have the house and all the old Fleming furniture. And it has always made the rest of them wild to think I was the only one unmarried and having no use for it."

"Mayn't we use your furniture in my house?" suggested Bettina noncommittally.

"But, dear girl, your house is a mansion. I cannot afford to keep up such an establishment just now. Didn't you know you were marrying a poor man, Bettina?"

"I thought we were not going to allow a question of money to interfere with us."

"It isn't a question of money alone. I have a sincere regard for the old house. It has belonged to the Flemings for a hundred years. It is where my father and mother began life together."

"But your father did not expect his wife to live there when they could afford a better establishment," interposed Bettina in an injured tone. "You do not see the old house as other eyes see it—a low, little, out-of-date dwelling."

"Betty, darling," Jerry went over to the rustic swinging-seat in which his wife sat and put his arms round her, "you do not quite understand, either. My father and mother left the old house because they outgrew it. They always intended going back after the children were married, only mother did not live. That's why they kept it, and gave it to me. It is big enough for us two, dear, and it's a dandy place to live. Don't I remember how we all pottered in the garden and helped cook in the sunny old kitchen? I—I'd like to begin that way, sweetheart, money or no money, just you and me."

"Of course, you love the old place," agreed Betty, softened, "But don't you suppose I love my home, too?"

"Not in that way—how can you?" with fatal incredulity.

"My friends always warned me," said Bettina, drawing away coolly, "that the Fleming pride of family would wreck

my happiness. Of course, I will live wherever you say, Jeremiah."

That night Bettina cried into her pillow, while Jeremiah stumbled up and down the rough path outside. She apparently slept deeply when he entered.

After an oppressively polite breakfast, Jeremiah went fishing. Bettina remained alone at the camp. During dinner they discussed the weather. And afterward, Bettina retired to her room while her husband sat alone in the rustic swing.

All of which goes to show that they did *not* live happy forever after.

Of a sudden Jeremiah came striding in from his solitary reverie. "Betty," he called, "Betty!"

He pulled her out of her damp pillow and crushed her flushed face against his cold one. "Good heaven," he groaned, "we haven't been married two weeks and we're quarreling about whose house we're going to live in! Who gives a hang where we live so long as we live there together?"

Betty laughed a bit hysterically.

"You shall live wherever you like, dear; you certainly should have the privilege of deciding. And I'll confess I did not go fishing today; I walked down to the station and telephoned Cousin Linda Price, who is going to be married next month. She was glad to take my house, furnished, for a year at least. So that's settled. I'll get a decorator to furnish things up a little and get the stuff out of storage. And you are to go ahead with your house-warming, little girl, and try to forgive your disagreeable old husband."

For a moment Bettina held her breath. "Do you think," she asked then, "that you could have the furniture sent out there without anyone knowing—your family, I mean?"

"Of course I could."

"Because," she added hastily, "I wish we might 'sneak' in without a soul knowing and settle the house, ourselves. Shouldn't you like that, Jerry?"

"I'd like it very much," he answered soberly, kissing her.

So each accepted the other's overture, and peace was restored.

Like two culprits the Jeremiah Flemings returned from their honeymoon. "We ought to go to a hotel, at least for tonight," observed the husband, searching in his pocket for the key to the back door.

"And be discovered? And spoil it all?" indignantly demanded his wife.

As the door swung in, a damp, close atmosphere greeted them; Jerry shivered a little, unconsciously.

"We'll go over the house first thing," observed Bettina with business-like cheerfulness that somehow did not seem to ring true. It occurred to Jerry as he closed the door and placed their two suitcases against the wall that Bettina was determined to have him see the place in its worst light.

No house shows to an advantage with shutters down and doors closed. The decorators had finished their work on walls and floor, leaving an unpleasant odor of fresh paper and varnish. Furniture, still in its wrappings, heaped the rooms in disheartening array.

Jerry remonstrated, "You must not stay here over night."

"Faint heart," she mocked. "We've three whole hours of daylight. Let's sleep in this room; we can let in the sunlight."

While he made the room habitable, Jeremiah wondered what their real homecoming would be like. He began to understand what living in his house would have meant to Bettina. Living in hers meant a hand-to-mouth existence for him, a nightmare of expenses, the ruin of his business future. He wondered, as he watched Betty deftly making up the bed with fresh linen, if he should ever come to live on his wife's money.

An hour later, in answer to a call from Betty, he came to an amazed stop at the kitchen doorway.

Rosy spring sunset poured in at the wide west window. A crackling wood-fire in the unromantic stove was yet cheering and homey. She had discovered and carried out an old gate-legged table and two chairs. In a bowl on the white cloth clustered a few early lilacs.

The apron-enveloped Bettina curtsied demurely. "Dinner is not served," she observed, "but we have something to eat, and—I've made biscuits!"

Words came hard to Jeremiah as he took his place at the familiar little table. Evidently Betty took no notice. She had forgotten to pour the tea while she poked a critical fore-finger at a beautifully browned biscuit. "Why, they're as good as anybody's, Jerry," she exulted, breaking one open and exposing its white, puffy interior.

"I did not know you could cook like this, dear."

"I didn't, either," she shrugged. "It is something to have discovered one's talent, isn't it?"

With a boyish laugh Jerry went round the table to his wife. "I was brought up to kiss the cook for an especial treat of this kind," he said.

And clinging to him, Bettina burrowed her face into his waistcoat for a moment and was ridiculously happy. "You did have a perfectly lovely bringing-up, didn't you, Jerry?" she whispered.

To Fleming's intense satisfaction, the "settling" of the house progressed slowly; so many interesting interruptions occurred. Each article of furniture as it was unwrapped disclosed happy memories which Betty loved to share. The sheltered old garden was such a delightful stop in which to loiter. Bettina was eternally pottering in the kitchen. Even the dismal night of drenching rain, when they started a blaze in the big fireplace, made a memory worth treasuring.

"I've been discovered," announced Mrs. Fleming one morning, coming in flushed and excited from a trip down town for the purchase of a few last necessary furnishings.

"Discovered?"

"I met Sarah and Sue—who'd *ever* expect to find them shopping at ten in the morning? So I had to tell them all about it and—they're coming out to dinner tonight, ten of 'em!"

Fleming's smile was truly heroic. "Then it's up to us to do something," he observed.

"Now, don't you worry, Jerry boy. I've planned everything, on my way home. If you'll just finish putting up the curtains that is all I'll ask of you."

Jeremiah hammered himself into a more generous frame of mind in the course of the morning. They were Bettina's friends and therefore his. He could not expect to keep Betty to himself always.

Night settled down damp and chill. The old house glowed warmly with fire and candle light. No discriminating guest could have failed to appreciate its quaint charm.

The little serving maid had removed the last course and brought coffee. The gaiety had dropped to that subdued satisfaction of those who have dined well.

"You people certainly have stolen a march on us," agreed Sarah once more and with complete forgiveness in her tone, at last.

"But we do not understand it, yet," said Sue, suggestively.

"Poor dears," laughed Bettina, "you shall know. You see, whereas many newly-married people have no home, Jerry and I had two! And each had an opportunity to lease our own. And we might have quarreled about it, if—we hadn't been newly married!"

At his end of the table Jeremiah

grinned broadly. The audacity of her to fling that at him under cover of her nonsense.

"So this morning," brightly continued Betty, "I signed a lease for my place with the Roger Greens for five years. And we are going to stay here. This house is exactly the right size for Jerry and me, but I think what particularly decided me was the perfectly adorable kitchen; you know, girls, I find I love to cook!"

"Fleming," said the husband of Sarah, breaking an astonished silence of some seconds' duration, "I hope you realize you're a pretty fortunate fellow!"

And after an enlightening look at her husband, "Betty," said Sarah, "let's go out and see your kitchen, I am anxious to inspect it."

Hours later Jeremiah closed the old front door against their departed guests and the chill night. He drew Bettina to the fire and faced her seriously.

"You're a darling, Betty," he said, "but I cannot have you make such a sacrifice."

"Do you suppose," flashed Bettina indignantly, "that I'm going to let Linda Price have this darling house after the way we've worked over it? Don't you *want* to live here with me?"

"Want to!" His tone filled Bettina's soul with exultation.

"Wasn't my dinner good?" she whispered. "I cooked it myself, Jerry, every single smitch!"

"Which reminds me," said Jeremiah, manlike—and unsuccessfully—attempting to conceal his emotion, "which reminds me that I have not kissed the cook!"





# The Spirit of Home

By Eleanor Robbins Wilson

**P**HILLIPS BROOKS once said, "Behind the things which a time is doing there grows up the Zeitgeist, or spirit of the time." And so it is with the home. Behind the daily routine of living rises as surely the Spirit of home—a palpable presence felt by all its frequenters. Often it is the joint creation of the household's several members and again seems only the efflorescence of one towering personality.

Whole-hearted tribute was paid this exquisite influence, some years ago, by Washington Irving. "It was the policy of the good old gentleman," he wrote, "to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world! And I value the delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow." A gift, indeed, it proves of far-reaching effectiveness and potency.

When Thomas Wentworth Higginson was an old man, he referred most appreciatively to the bookish atmosphere of a certain room which his mother made a delightful refuge by reading aloud to her large family, and where he early absorbed the flavor of books "as a pan of milk takes the flavor of surrounding viands." For in just such wise does the predominating influence of the home take hold on youthful hearts.

The Standard dictionary, perhaps all unintentionally, gives two definitions of the word "home," which seem to picture the very antipodes of the art of home-making. The first describes home as "one's fixed place of abode," and to me is brimingly eloquent of one of those cheerless, depressing dwelling-places with which we are all familiar. Perhaps the seed of suggestion falls on a fertile imagination, but immediately rises a cold, forbidding abode with stiff-looking rooms where everything, from floor covering to pictures on the wall, has a

set, "fixed" appearance. A bleak place where the spirit of comradeship, the genial give-and-take of daily pleasantries and common interests are routed by an overpowering frigidity of atmosphere. The interests of each and all its members are focussed on outside attractions and the life of the establishment has dwindled to the perfunctory serving of meals and lodging accommodation. But the second brings into the spot-light the real inspiration of loving hearts. Listen! Home, it says, "is a place or abode of affection, peace and rest; a congenial abiding-place." Memory runs riot now, and those of us who have tarried beneath such comfortable rooftrees may well look self-congratulatory.

A few years ago, it was my privilege to visit at a certain house where the family relations were particularly harmonious. The whole atmosphere of the place was thoroughly restful and inspiring. In fact, I never went there that I didn't come away feeling richer in spirit from the contact with these people. Later, however, business interests called these kind friends to another city and their home was sold. I afterward visited with the people who purchased this property and, while they were very estimable acquaintances, the changed character of the home was a revelation to me. A certain gloomy reserve had superseded the old-time cheeriness. The very walls in their fresh coverings had taken on a dingier tone; the chairs stood at uninviting angles; the books were marshalled in such order as to bespeak unfriendliness, and the finest window-view was blocked by a grand piano.

The first owners were sun-lovers. Light permeated their rooms as goodwill radiated from their hearts. Mentally and physically they seemed to belong to that class which Florence

Barclay designated as the "life-givers." But with the advent of the new people came the custom of drawn shades and subdued lights, and a multiplicity of screens. Unmistakably, a new tutelary presence pervaded the entire domicile. Though, timber for timber, window for window, the old house sat on its sunny banking, the spirit of home had followed its early tenants.

There is an old German house-motto that admirably points out the cardinal virtues of the home. It runs—

"The beauty of the house is order,  
The blessing of the house is contentment,  
The glory of the house is hospitality,  
And the crown of the house is godliness."

Personally, I have always wanted to amend this excellent text. My own version reads—

"The beauty of the house is order,  
The blessing of the house is contentment,  
The good-will of the house is hospitality,  
The inspiration of the house is godliness,  
But the glory of the house is love."

All this to be seasoned with a little "Safety-first" forethought and served as a balanced ration. For there is no denying that an over-abundance of any one of these worthy attributes can defeat the major blessedness of domesticity—a happy home.

One of the most carefully kept homes with which I am acquainted was nothing more or less than a veritable inferno to its owner. It was speckless, spotless, sanitary, hygienic and fumigated to the point of anguish. Certain inflexible laws ruled its management with an almost Spartan-like severity. Shoes were removed at the door and light house slippers substituted to preserve the superior finish of its floors. Smoking was prohibited. Each day brought its quota of duties and regulations. And when the poor man finally committed suicide, I wondered if it was not to avoid some further infringement of "order" that he just hung himself up out of the way.

Whether satisfaction with one's sur-

roundings can blind a person to the discomforts of others and contentment go to seed in selfishness, I shall not presume to say. But I have known several instances where unwise, too frequent, or extravagant hospitality in the home was its lamentable undoing. So, likewise, have there been cases where an overdose of godliness, administered by way of sanctimonious expression and unsympathetic aloofness, on the part of elders, has met its rebound in the recklessness and folly of their youthful charges. To be sure, this has largely passed with the Blue-Law days of Puritanism. Here and there, however, an isolated case still remains. But in the main we are suffering from a dearth of godliness. The pendulum of modernity seems to have swung to the other extreme and, in these days of tangoing and fox-trotting Grandmas, it behooves us to short-circuit our caviling about the irresponsibility of the young. It all harks back to the spirit of the home—the one and only place to be educated in the sane balance of one's respective duties and merrymaking.

Far be it from me to dampen the ardor of any white-haired lady of the third generation back, or try to side-track her dancing proclivities. Rather would I pay homage to the spirit that demonstrates that she has any Maxixe or Lulu Fado left in her system. It means health and vigor, and has the infirm and crotchety grand-dame of a few decades ago beaten to a frazzle. What I am seeking to do is to give a mental nudge to our sense of proportion which some people assert we have lost. The captious going so far as to dub this the irresponsible age and openly accuse present-day women of bowing only to the god of Fun. While it is true that the avenues leading to pleasure have widened materially with each succeeding year, perhaps we might do well to remember, so also have those bearing directly on social improvement. Whether we are as staple, as a whole, is an open question, for we are willing, honest and un-

ashamed, to plead guilty to the accusation of much disquietude. It is an incontrovertible fact that a wave of protest, unlike any heretofore, has swept the feminine world, and many old, tried and true ideals of womankind have taken to the fence. Whether they drop into a well-earned oblivion or, eventually, join forces with the new order waits on the morrow. But with all our carping and criticism do not let us forget that agitation has always preceded all processes of reconstruction and reform. And underneath our present social unrest may it not be that we are slowly evolving conditions which promise a finer home spirit.

Vocational training has miraculously enlarged the scope of feminine usefulness. Woman has become an economic factor in society. Each year she is becoming financially more independent of man, and is thereby destroying that imperative goad that once forced her into matrimony—the perplexing question of support. Thus, many more of tomorrow's women may turn toward wifhood and motherhood through sheer love of the calling which is indeed a most laudable approach to these obligations. And by like token the time is surely drawing nearer when women will no longer need to dwell in unholy wedlock with unworthy or drunken husbands, begetting children warped and ruined by the father's sin, for the same simple but sufficient reason that they are becoming amply qualified as wage-earners. Furthermore, because we have fortunately found the way clear to rid ourselves of some of the undesirable features of home-making, it is no reason to take for granted that we, all of a sudden, are going to one-step away from all former worthwhile motives. Round and about the whole mooted question is the comforting assurance that the home as an institution was, is and ever must be unique. Its mission can never be pre-empted by that of the church, school or social body. For in what the home spirit of today is creating lies tomorrow's progress. As Renan, the skept-

tic, once succinctly stated—"The family virtues are indispensable to the continuance of a society."

And in the good new-times, then as always, love will be the glory of cottage and palace alike, the indescribable influence that brings to the home its magic atmosphere. Then, as always, will it be the secret of all those charming abodes where attractiveness draws so irresistibly. For loving a home and the people in it make it a magnetic place. The rooms where we laugh and love and sing and enjoy our work are not only always happy rooms to us but, in some mysterious way, our visitors share a tithe of the uplift. They become en rapport with the spirit of the home—of whatever solace and refreshment are within its province to bestow.

It may savor some of the early imagery of the Greeks, who peopled each stream and tree with an indwelling divinity, but many of us believe, in like fashion, that the creative work of both men's and women's hands is similarly imbued with the supreme gift of personality. This will be found to be pre-eminently true of the home. It naturally follows that, without exception, the most successful homemaker is always a lover of nestbuilding. The art of making a habitation "homey" is a passion with her. And the way unpromising conditions melt away beneath the play of her sharp wits and deft fingers is unparalleled outside of fairy lore. Here, perhaps, it is evidenced in dainty bits of embroidery, decorated china and basketry of her own handicraft; there, in the woman's touch of artistry, fresh and filmy draperies, a windowful of bright blossoms, or the pride of young America—a cupboard full of goodies.

And winding the way of this happy belief, who shall dare to say that it is not the good housewife's love and culinary pride, entering the homemade loaf, that makes it so superior to the baker's product? And who thereby cannot account for the reason that home preserved



fruits, marmalades and jellies have a richness of flavor that the wholesale manufacturer can never hope to attain?

And, conclusively, it might be stated, one of the most conspicuous advancements of the new regime is the scientific progress we have and are making with the art of cookery and home-making. Never before has this office been clothed with its present dignity. In the Book of St. Kavin, it says—"Happy is he who has been apprenticed to trade and taught to preach beauty with his hands." This is precisely what the Domestic Science Schools are daily making plainer to the minds of hundreds of intelligent young women. And, surely, the qualified housekeeper, going blithely about her

tasks, may well wonder who is preaching this doctrine more effectively than she.

Relative to this blessed art of home-making is an old truism that will bear repetition:

"Who creates a home.

Creates a potent spirit, which, in turn,  
Doth fashion him that fashioned."

Read it in the shadow of some of the broken homes you know—the homes whose dominating influence was mercenary motive, frivolity, or slatternly unconcern, and whose sequel spelled tragedy. Read it again in the light of the shining faces of "homekeeping hearts." You will agree it is a potent spirit and to it are answerable some of the worst and best of today's conditions.

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## Memories

What comfort by this glowing fire  
To watch the dancing flames mount higher,  
They light far corners of the room,  
And banish winter's chill and gloom.  
While down the stairway footsteps go;  
Dear memories of the long ago.

'Twas surely on that very stair  
You caught and kissed me, unaware,  
And by that kiss was sealed for life,  
The happiness of man and wife.  
Now on the stairway, soft and slow,  
Sound near, those steps of long ago.

And down those stairs our children flew,  
A happy, jostling, noisy crew;  
Tonight, it seems but yesterday,  
That warm within our arms they lay.  
But pitter, patter, fast they go,  
Adown the stairs of long ago.

Alone, before the fire we sit,  
While round us fire-lit shadows flit,  
The nights are long and deep the snow,  
But here is peace, for life beats slow,  
And in the fire-light come and go,  
Dear memories of the long ago.

EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES.

# Grace Emmons, Caterer

By Helen Forrest

**J**ACK EMMONS sat on the arm of a big Morris chair in the living-room of an up-town apartment house, while Grace, his wife, sat in the Morris chair aforesaid. Dejection weighed heavily on what should have been a charming picture; the man, vigorous and well-built in his smart tweed suit, the woman in a soft pink house-gown, her blonde prettiness outlined against the dark leather of the chair. Both were looking tragically through the attractive vista of their apartment, the dim paneled entrance hall, the long living-room with the smaller music-room opening out, through into dining-room with its table daintily set for two, the whole demsene breathing the comfort of honeymoon furniture a bit mellowed by use.

"I didn't mean to tell you until after dinner," the man broke in on the silence.

"As if I couldn't tell the minute I saw you that something big was the matter," the pressure of her hand on him emphasized her answer.

"Well," they spoke the word in chorus and with would-be cheerfulness, then stopped to laugh. Their eight years of married life had made them, they often said, think in the same words. The tension was relieved. "After you," she observed smilingly.

"As you were saying," he returned hopefully.

Grace Emmons rose suddenly to her five feet three inches and faced her husband's six feet of height, raised ceremoniously from the arm of the Morris chair.

"You say our income is cut in two, my husband," she remarked airily, "but our nice little dinner is bought and paid for, what's more, it's ready, so come along; 'eats' first and financial discussions later. There is always a way out."

Not until tiny cups of coffee finished their dinner, and the dishes had been quickly removed to the butler's pantry, did Jack and Grace revert to the subject of the change in their fortunes.

"Of course, it is because of the war," Grace opened the tabooed subject.

"Just that," it was obviously a relief to talk facts, "half the office force has been let go, I, with the other half remain on reduced salary. Of course, you and I haven't used up all our income any year since we were married, but our trip abroad last summer sort of cleared out our surplus, and—there you are!" he finished rather lamely.

"It isn't any economy to cut down on your table," Grace seemed to be thinking aloud; "you have to be well-dressed for your business—"

He interrupted her, "You see it just as I do, Grace. We have to cut out something, the one thing we can do is to give up this apartment, store our furniture and board somewhere."

But Jack had reckoned without his host, an almost terrified voice answered him.

"Oh, no, Jack, oh, no, there must be some other way. We just couldn't give up our home."

Her husband looked at her sadly, "I'm as fond of it as you are, my dear, but with the present state of our income, I should say that, if we stay here, we shall have to stop eating. Our rent would be about all I should want to promise."

"It doesn't cost anything to board two people and store their nice, fresh furniture," answered his wife pathetically. "Why, Jack!" there was suddenly a light of inspiration on her face, "that 'no food' remark of yours has given me an idea. In me behold a money-maker!"

"My wife earn, not much," broke in her husband impatiently.

"You silly boy," her tone was distinctly soothing, "don't I earn money for you every day because I insist on doing without a maid? You know the old saying, 'money saved is money earned,' here is a plan where my little talent for cooking may feed us both and help keep our home for us during the lean season."

"Fire away," he spoke resignedly.

"Oh, the Fireless Cooker, please, not fire," she answered saucily. "In this newly-wed apartment house, as it is called, there are, at least, twenty, small families. I am personally acquainted with twelve, who have no maid. There are ever so many brides among these young housekeepers. They are often as ignorant as babies about housekeeping. I hear many a pathetic experience, and where's the rub? It's not the easy breakfast, fruit and a ready-to-serve cereal, percolator coffee, an electric toaster and a chafing-dish something or a boiled egg—why that's fun. Luncheon's nothing, often down town or an informal bite by one's self at home. The crowning worry is dinner, the uncompromising fact that your man is coming home at the end of every day hungry as a hunter!"

"Poor little girl," he said soberly, "eight years of dinners."

"Stop pitying me, Jack Emmons," her face flushed, "I love to cook because I know how to manage; those other girls don't. Why, Jack," she went on earnestly, "my Domestic Science course in school made practical my interest in cooking. Honestly, the sight of a market, a green grocer's stand, a bake shop or even a recipe in a paper sets me planning all sorts of interesting things. Now, here's my idea: Three days in a week I mean to cook dinner for, say, five of those little families, maybe Monday, Wednesday and Friday. I'll keep Saturday afternoon and Sunday free because that is your time home, Jack. I know how to buy and plan," she went on more cheerfully as her audience of one showed a growing sympathy with her idea.

"I shall simply cook five times our

regular dinner, out of profits and leftovers I know I can take care of our table expenses. I shall go to see those families, twelve of them, tomorrow, and I'm sure five will see the need of my help. When you come home tomorrow night you shall hear all about it. And now help me plan some details, for I must be ready with my business proposition."

"They aren't going to eat with us, are they?" her husband asked anxiously.

"I should say not," Grace replied promptly, "those girls must come here and take their dinners at half past six when ours is ready. I'll engage to keep things hot for ten minutes overtime, and," she went on musingly, "they must bring back the clean dishes the next morning."

"May a mere man suggest something?" questioned Jack; "it may be a cinch for those five young women to get their food on the way home from the matinee, but I think those five husbands are going to have cold dinners. How can you keep all that food warm?"

"No wonder you suggest your pet horror," Grace thought for a moment, then said, "I should have to buy one of those tin heaters. I think they fit on the back of a gas range and they keep quantities of things warm with a tiny bit of gas. There is something else I should have to buy—agate dishes to carry the food. The brides can transfer dinner to their wedding present china when they reach their own apartments."

"What are you going to give them to eat?" queried the man of the house. "Our dinners seem to me good enough for anybody."

"Thank you, dear boy," said his wife, "the thing that looms largest in my mind is that we can enjoy a roast without the prospect of having to eat it the rest of the week in leftovers. Seriously speaking, I mean to keep to our general menu, meat or fish, two vegetables, soup or a salad and dessert. No, they can't have soup," she decided, "dinner would get cold while they ate soup; it must be salad



at every one of those dinners. And that reminds me of those agate dishes. A little platter and three vegetable dishes—all with covers—a plate for salad, and one for dessert. Yes," she added triumphantly, "and a tray that will just hold them."

"Two practical points remain," said the man of business. "What will a maid cost you and what will you charge for your dinners? You cannot do this work alone, also you are entitled to a fair price for cooking, such as yours."

His wife's reply was as decided as his statement. "Jack, I shall not have a maid; the cost of feeding her and the waste in cooking would spoil all my plan. What is more, I mean to keep to my present working hours, adding just a little time for 'dishing up.' You know how I manage now; I prepare my vegetables in the morning, set them and my meat at work in the fireless cooker, which has them ready for me to finish up when I come into the kitchen, an hour before dinner. I do cold desserts before lunch; I always keep a jar of mayonnaise on hand. I promise you and myself, Jack, that, if I do this part in keeping our home, it shall never take me away from you. It shall not even take me from my club or my little relaxations outside. As to price, wouldn't seventy-five cents

each be fair, thus making the dinner a dollar and a half for the two?"

"I call that reasonable," was Jack's reply; "and speaking of relaxations, I hereby invite my business partner to Sunday dinner every week. We shall explore all sorts of hitherto unexplored eating places, really renew our honeymoon days."

Thus it was that Grace Emmons faced and met the problem of a reduced income, keeping their beloved apartment, which had never before seemed so attractive to her. Ten dinners, served three days in a week, gave her, in round numbers, ninety dollars per month, which sum successfully covered the feeding of her augmented family and rolled up a comfortable little nest egg besides.

As an afterthought, she sent around on Mondays the menus for the week, thus making it possible for an aspiring hostess to add an unconflicting soup or entrée, to the regular meal. On twenty-four hours' notice she served one or more extra portions for those who desired to entertain guests.

She wisely refused the appeals of some who desired to be added to the dinner family, or to serve dinner every day, as some of her patrons desired.

"Let well enough alone," sagely remarks Grace Emmons, Caterer.

## Choirs

The mountain winds are a mighty choir,  
Hymning an epic song,  
From golden eve till the dawn's pale fires  
Flashes the peaks along.

The river's song is the mingled tunes,  
Sung by a thousand brooks,  
And the brook's low song is the lyric runes  
Of rills through meadow nooks.

The lilt of their song is heard afar  
Over the teeming land,  
Sweet under sun and evening star,  
Through vale, over silver sand.

But mightier still, on the rocky coasts,  
Playing an ancient lyre,  
Sings to the white mists' shrouded hosts  
Loudly the ocean choir.

Deep is the breaker's voice and chill  
Tolling of far sea-bell,  
While deep is the sea-wind's rune, and shrill  
Gull's cries o'er the green tide's swell.

The ocean sang to the heaving plains  
Of earth in the ages dim,  
And it shall sing on till its mighty strains  
Are hushed in the cosmic hymn!

ARTHUR W. PEACH.

# A Fundamental Science

By Ladd Plumley

TWO young couples decided that they would engage board for six weeks on the headwaters of a stream in the Catskills in the State of New York. One of the husbands had fished the stream and told of the wonderful scenery, abundance of trout, and pleasant surroundings of the farmhouse. The four looked forward to the outing with delight. What the fisherman had not told was that the woman who ran the culinary end of the boarding-house knew as little about healthful cookery as a digger Indian's squaw might be supposed to know.

Fine air is delightful. Pure spring water has life-giving qualities. A magnificent mountain country in midsummer, where the nights are cool and blankets are in demand and there are no mosquitoes, will bring back the spirits to the most jaded of dwellers of stuffy city apartments, but there is an *if* that should be printed in characters a foot high. The little hostelry that held my friends for a month—they cut out the last two weeks—had all these advantages and more. The *if*, however, clouded every day, even if the sun shone brilliantly from the bluest of skies. You cannot hold enthusiasm for scenery, if you have breakfasted on hard-boiled eggs and slabs of half-raw salt pork, with a beverage as strange as if it had been concocted from pulverized dead leaves and had been brewed with mud-filled water.

It so happened that one of the men was called back to the city on business. Here was an opportunity to change the menu. The ladies gave the matter much thought. What of all things did their palates crave? Really, the outraged palates craved so many things that it was difficult to decide. At last, after the consideration that the problem deserved, they decided upon a giant joint of beef.

They had toyed with boiled and fried salt pork until they never wanted to see another repellent section of a porker. Sunday after Sunday, they had heard the report of a shotgun back of the barn that gave notice of chicken for dinner, and had dined on the shreds and sinewy drumsticks of a fowl that had been put to cook in cold water and had been boiled to the point where it resembled boiled cotton-waste. Yes, for once, they would revel in roast beef, rare and tender.

The visitor to the city bought a magnificent joint. He had it packed in ice and carried the one hundred miles up the railroad, and, after the fifteen-mile buck-board journey, it arrived in perfect condition at the hostelry of the sign of salt pork and sour bread. Those who do not regard the satisfying of the stomach as a vain thing should have been with the four that Saturday night, as they exchanged congratulations on the coming feast.

For once the iron-clad self-sufficiency of the hostess was braved. On Sunday morning, with many excuses, the ladies themselves took the joint in charge and saw to it that the oven held the correct degree of heat, and supervised in person the cooking of that joint as if it were destined to be the last roast beef that the four were ever to eat. By the slamming of doors and a sourish expression on her face the hostess showed her resentment of the intrusion of her guests. But you can brave things of that sort, if for weeks you have outraged your stomach with cotton-waste chicken.

Shortly after noon the men were called to the table. The hostess had boiled potatoes and there was canned corn of a dreaded brand. But the four would dine on the roast beef of cities, the roast beef that is as unknown in

mountain districts as is the gathering up of the crumbs from the floor of the dining-rooms before the first meal of the day.

One of the volunteer cooks braved the hostess and removed from the oven the magnificent joint and made the gravy. Then, leaving the beef on a great platter, she joined the party of rosy anticipations in the dining-room. For once most of the flies had been "shooed" out of the screenless doors with a flapping apron, the small boy of the household having been paid a quarter for this service.

There was a long wait; the party at the table could not understand. Then the door of the kitchen was slammed open and entered the hostess, a smile of difficult duty performed on her face and the giant platter in her hands. She lowered the platter to its place before one of the men. The four looked at one another in horror. There were no words that could match the sacrilege. The man who had burdened himself with the fourteen-pound, magnificent joint ejected a word which cannot be here given.

The joint had been mangled into chunks, chunks of no particular shape, and piled up on the platter as if the portions had been haggled with a dull saw.

"Good land!" exclaimed the hostess. "Cuttin' up that raw hunk was awful tryin'—and on sich a hot day! Seems like city folkses ought ter hev th' meat chopped up at th' place where they buys it!"

The man who told me this tale was staying with me at another fishing hostelry of the sign of the salt pork. The tears almost gathered in his eyes as he brought the tale to its climax. We were eating the usual meal of discouragement that answered to the name of breakfast.

"I'll tell you what!" he remarked. "The story of the mangled roast has given me an idea. If we fish the stream hereabouts, we'll return to-night to fodder that we know too well. Suppose we get somebody to drive us down the river.

There are two hotels at the little town below. One of the hotels can surely get us up a good supper. For once we'll sidetrack dried smoked beef, a rank drink known here as tea, the familiar soda crackers, and hard-boiled eggs."

I had my doubts of the hotels he mentioned. Still, why dash a man's hopes, and on such a glorious June morning?

We obtained the services of the somebody, pocketed lunches of slabs of sour bread, good butter, and unknown fragments between, topped off with cookies that may have been baked the preceding winter. We took the precaution to order the supper in advance, selecting the hotel that seemed to be the better of the two.

Promptly at six we were at our place of hopes. The hostess, a youngish and attractive woman, opened the door to the dining-room and seated us at a table where crumbs and flies were rather conspicuous.

Before us lay a plate of slices of yellow and fly-covered cheese. Beside the cheese was a saucer heaped with soda crackers, and on the other flank stood the dried smoked beef that we knew so well.

"I'll bring in th' boiled potatoes jes' ez soon ez they falls apart," said the hostess. "My men folkses al'ays likes 'em that way. Will yer hev tea or coffee?"

My friend gazed at the familiar viands before him.

"This is a hotel," he said. "Suppose you bring us two bottles of ale."

"We don't keep ale," said the hostess. "I'll ask Stebbins ef he'll let yer hev a couple of bottles of beer."

If the beer had been cold, we might have managed it; it was not even cool, resembling nothing so much as blood-warm soap-suds.

The people up in that country are as ignorant of good cookery as if they were central African savages; perhaps they are more ignorant. The effect of poor food on the mountaineers is easily seen. Sallow complexions, bad teeth, old age



at forty, and dyspepsia are found everywhere. People cannot eat indigestible food without injury to that delicate piece of mechanism called a stomach that will bring every kind of bodily infirmity.

Far more important to the community than anything else is healthful cookery. And in a country where milk, cream, butter, eggs, chickens, and fresh fish are abundant and cheap, it is absurd that the standards of cookery are what they are.

Mind you, this is a matter that vitally concerns the commonwealth. Millions are being spent to prevent the ravages of disease; foundations for conserving the health of the nation are many; hospitals are to be found in every city; physicians are studying with ardent devotion the hookworm, typhoid, and the malignant diseases. And proper diet for the sick has been a matter of most careful attention.

Would it not be well for our States to devote some time and money to disseminate information concerning wholesome cookery to the backwoods districts? The cost need not be large. A car might be fitted up with the cooking arrangements not beyond the means of any farmer. An automobile might include a portable kitchen and a complete outfit that would not be very difficult to plan and would not be very costly. Two skilled cooks could visit the school-houses of all parts of the State, giving free instructions and demonstrations.

If the palates of the men folks could sample food prepared in a skillful manner, they would demand a change in the methods of preparation in their households.

Here is a practical endeavor of far-reaching importance for the State to put into operation. The novelty of the plan would excite great interest in farming communities. The three summer months could be chosen for thus instructing communities in the art of utilizing the raw provisions found in generous quantities in such regions. During these months the school-houses stand empty. Suppose

that on a summer's afternoon an official cooking-school automobile should wheel up to a school-house, set up a portable kitchen, and proceed to prepare a simple supper of demonstration, previously advertised in the county papers. The country-folk, men, women, and children, would be certain to gather, and a cooking class, say for the afternoons of a week, could be easily assembled.

From the "boarder" a country hostess shies from cooking hints as a mountain horse shies at the sight of an automobile. The cooking of a chicken or scraps of veal by placing in cold water and boiling away all nutritive value to tough shreds, has come down from a grandmother. To suggest a different method, the instructor should be backed by the dignity of the State. And when the tax-payers of the countryside realized that cookery was regarded of such sufficient importance that the State had sent to them skilled instructors, a change would be inaugurated that would amazingly increase the healthfulness of everybody in the farming districts.

You can go into regions in Canada where rheumatism, typhoid, malaria, and a host of ills are far more common than in most portions of the United States. The first thing the visitor will notice is that amazing ignorance of decent cookery is almost universal.

And there are many portions of our States, and comparatively near our large cities, where much the same lack of skill is practiced in an art that is more important than any other. Good cookery makes for efficient citizenship. For the State to neglect the opportunity to aid in developing the bodies of its citizens can be regarded as culpable.

Let us hope for the day when scientific dietetics will be forced upon the attention of those who at present regard it of slight importance. Let us look forward to the time when instruction in the art of cookery will be thought as important as instruction in the rudiments that are now taught in our cross-road schools.

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## HEALTH AND ECONOMY

Let us economize, if you please, but not to the sacrifice of health. Let us anticipate and prepare for peace and prosperity. It is much better to build up than tear down. In every line of activity, to achieve success, health is foremost in importance; with it as a prime resource, no ideal is too lofty to be striven for; all things are possible. Therefore, keep cheerful and interested in all that makes life desirable and satisfactory. Whatever one's occupation or calling in life may be, he wants to do his work well.

## AN UNSOLICITED TRIBUTE

NOT what is gathered into barns and into banks, but what is distributed to meet human needs is true wealth.

Not what a man gets out of life for himself, but what he puts into it for others makes him rich. Time, talents, opportunity, health: all these are priceless riches; and, these make THE AMERICAN COOKERY MAGAZINE the neatest, most useful Cookery Magazine in the World.

It is clean; it is wholesome; it is entertaining; it is beautifully illustrated, and it is carefully edited.

It is most instructive; it is most comprehensive; it is most readable, and it has the confidence and loyalty of its subscribers.

It reaches thrifty, prosperous and enterprising people.

It brings results that prove it invaluable to the advertiser.

Advertising is the Big Gun of Business; the attractive advertisements in THE AMERICAN COOKERY MAGAZINE are good Ammunition.

Some magazines are good some of the time. THE AMERICAN COOKERY MAGAZINE is good all the time.—E. G.

## THE HOMEMAKER'S TASK

OFTEN we are apt to complain that our daily duties are arduous. We seek for change far afield only to find disillusionment and mortification of the spirit. What we need is not so much frequent change of environment as change of viewpoint. We may be doing our chosen work in a superficial manner; we have not gone below the surface, and our thoughts are centered on the things pertaining to our work that are not most worth while. Let us recall the words of the Lord to the fishermen, after their vain toil of the long night: "Launch out now into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." If we but ventured into the depths of our subject and studied food, for instance, in

reference to its composition and its uses in the body, and discovered the reasons why one food should be chosen rather than another, and, also, what articles could be substituted, one for another, we would be encouraged by the joy of the discoverer and the consciousness that we were performing a pleasurable task. As home-makers our first duty is to educate ourselves in matters pertaining to dietetics, then, if time avails, there is no subject of thought, a careful study of which would not only enrich our own lives, but also the lives of those with whom we are associated.

### JUSTICE AND PEACE

**I**N the discussion of preparedness for war, in view of present-day events, many people seem unable or unwilling to distinguish between theory and condition, between an offensive and a defensive preparation for war. Whereas preparation for self-defense is one thing, that for an aggressive war is quite another. A Triple Alliance and a Triple Entente seem to have been incentive to hostilities among the nations of the old world, while it is thought an alliance of all the nations of the earth might lead to lasting peace. But such an alliance, however desirable it may be, is not likely to be brought about very soon. Considering the state of affairs in Europe today, the millennium is yet far away. Theories are ideals to be striven for; we are living, and must continue to live, face to face with existing conditions. Why do we try to guard our homes by locks and bolts? Why enclose our valuables in safes and vaults? Shall the business man whose money drawer has been violently robbed by a burglar voluntarily turn and open his safe also?

A self-respecting people commands the respect of others. Unless we provide security for ourselves, in course of time the strong arm of some piratical or less scrupulous people is sure to despoil us of our rightful possessions, even of our liberties. Self-preservation is the

universal law of nature; the old motto, "God helps those who help themselves," is sound wisdom. Sentimental talk about peace, peace, when there is no peace, is futile. In truth, do we not want justice and right first? then peace will follow naturally and in order. In other words, can an unjust peace be satisfactory and enduring?

### PROSPERING UNCLE SAM

**W**HILE the nations of Europe are still cannonading away at each other and destroying material values in frightful fashion, the United States is moving calmly and steadily onward along the road to prosperity. It is not altogether pleasant to think that this is at the price of peace in the old world, but we did not start the fracas, and since it exists, our part in feeding, clothing and otherwise supplying the nations abroad is honorable and gratifying.

Our exports are becoming tremendous in bulk and value. Industries are looking up all over the country. The railroads are bracing up, as the increasing number of them showing gains in gross and net earnings over last year gives evidence.

Here we are with a country full of capital, ready to be employed when timidity disappears, as it must. Here we are practically the arbiters of the international money market. Here we are with every element that makes prosperity possible—nay, inevitable. In all the world there is no nation situated like ours. He who cannot see it is ignorant, and he who will not is not a good American.—*The Boston Post*.

### AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

**O**NE-HALF of the human race is engaged today in a war of extermination.

America is the only one of the great powers that is at peace.

Doubtless the war will be over within a year, and it will be for America to feed the starving millions, and also for



America, in great degree, to rebuild the destroyed homes and factories, the towns and cities of Europe.

The United States and Canada are bound to profit by this great coming boom in business as North America has never profited before.

This is America's opportunity. Sentiment rules the world. Ambition, animation, courage are the things that count.

Today the term, "American spirit," is no vacuous, idle sound. The thing exists, and that spirit is the spirit of co-operation, mutuality and reciprocity.

Animation abounds; ambition is in the air; courage is in every breast, and the whole is flavored with the spirit of brotherhood.

This is the spirit that builds, creates and causes a country to grow great.

When Pericles was accused of not being a great soldier he replied: "True, but I can do something else. I can take a small village and make out of it a great and beautiful city."

And today the spirit of Pericles lives in every city in America.—HUBBARD.

### THE SPIRIT OF PEACE

I believe in the spirit of peace, and in sole and absolute reliance on truth and the application of it to the hearts and consciences of the people. I do not believe that the weapons of liberty ever have been, or can be, the weapons of despotism. I know that those of despotism are the sword, the revolver, the cannon, the bombshell; and, therefore, the weapons to which tyrants cling and upon which they depend are not the weapons for me, as a friend of liberty.

W. L. GARRISON.

A woman's club in Minneapolis has designed a peace stamp which the members are sticking on their letters as a protest against the European War. It is very nice of them, of course, but I fear it will not materially affect the course of events.—*London Epicure*.

### Pray Shall We Arm?

Pray shall we arm? The vital question now!  
Our nation can make good a willing vow,  
When fully sanctioned as a sacred right,  
To so equip ourselves that we can fight.  
Cool reason answers, "Yes, with arm endow!"

What man alive, by honest sweat of brow,  
Does not himself a nest-egg sum allow  
For dire emergency? With keen foresight,  
Pray shall we arm?

And none so narrow as to disallow  
The armed nation causes all to bow,  
And ponder well the pros and cons of trite  
Disruptions. Study well that nation's  
might,

If only they have solved the problem how!  
Pray shall we arm?

—CAROLINE LOUISE SUMNER.

Less cumbered by old traditions than the elder nations, and with a vast continent in front of her, America has marched along the new roads of history with a rapidity and an energy for which there is no precedent.—*Guglielmo Ferrero*.

### A KINDLY REMINDER

According to the testimony of many readers *AMERICAN COOKERY* is the most desirable of all culinary publications. We appreciate this kind of approval and are anxious to make the periodical of still greater service and usefulness to our readers and patrons. Of course, we wish to publish a successful and flourishing journal, and, of course, you wish to patronize such and can afford to do naught else. To realize in a measure these ends, your co-operation is quite essential; our interests are mutual. In these times, needlessly called hard as far as America is concerned, do not neglect to renew your subscription to *AMERICAN COOKERY*, or to invite one or more friends, if convenient, to examine a copy with a view to a subscription.



CRESS-AND-ESCAROLE SALAD

## Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

**I**N all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. Where flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or teaspoonful of any designated material is a LEVEL spoonful.

### Lamb Broth, with Rice

**C**UT three pounds of the "scrag" (neck) of lamb into small (two-inch) pieces; add three quarts of cold water and set over the fire to cook; continue the cooking at a gentle simmer until the lamb is tender, then remove the meat for use in hash (bacon-and-potato) or other "made" dishes. To the broth add an onion with two cloves pressed into it, a carrot scraped and cut in slices, a leek if at hand, a few dried celery leaves, also dried parsley, if fresh is not at hand, and a piece of fresh or dried green or red pepper; cover partially, and let simmer half an hour. Remove the fat, also the onion and such of the vegetables as is desired and add a cup of boiled rice and salt and pepper to season. If preferred, the onion, pepper, and carrot may be cut in shreds before cooking and retained in the soup. Skim off the fat with a spoon; at the last, lay tissue paper on the surface to remove any that may still remain on the soup.

### Green Pea Soup

To serve eight or ten people, boil two quarts of green peas in two quarts of water with an onion and three sprigs of parsley; remove the onion and parsley and press the peas through a purée sieve, diluting meanwhile with the cooking liquid; add about a quart of chicken or veal broth and stir until boiling; continue to stir and skim for about ten minutes; add about two teaspoonfuls of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar and a dash of black pepper, and serve very hot.

### Halibut Sauté, with Salt Pork

Cut fat salt pork in very thin slices, then cut each slice in strips about three-eighths of an inch wide, but do not cut the strips apart at the rind; turn the rind into a circle and set in an iron frying pan. Let cook very slowly until the fat is well drawn out from the pork, then remove and keep hot to serve with the fish. Two slices of pork will provide fat enough for baking a slice of

fish. Have slices of halibut cut from three-fourths to a full inch in thickness; sift two tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt on a board or paper and lay a slice of halibut in it; pat gently that the flour may adhere to it, turn and flour the other side. Set the prepared fish in the fat and let cook, without burning the fat in the least, until well browned on one side (it will take about ten minutes); turn the fish with a spatula and fork to brown the other side. Do not cook too fast. When done the fish should be tender, moist and

### Tomato Sauce for Mackerel

Take one-fourth a cup of fat cooked slowly from fat salt pork; add two tablespoonfuls, each, of chopped onion and carrot and four branches of parsley and stir and cook until yellowed and softened; add half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and one-fourth a cup of flour and stir and cook until the flour is slightly browned, then add one pint of canned tomatoes or one cup of tomatoes and one cup of veal broth and stir until boiling; strain and reheat.



SLICES OF HALIBUT, CUT TO SAUTÉ. SALT PORK

juicy; the second side may be cooked more slowly than the first.

### Spanish Mackerel, Bordelaise

Split a cleaned Spanish mackerel down the back and remove the backbone and small bones attached to it. Season inside with one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika, and squeeze over the juice of half a lemon and sprinkle with a generous tablespoonful of fine-chopped chives; put the fish back in its natural shape and set it into an earthen baking dish, suitable for the table. Lay slices of salt pork above, and set into the oven to cook for half an hour. Remove the pork, and pour on a cup of hot tomato sauce, then let cook fifteen minutes. Serve in the baking dish, with a second cup of tomato sauce, separately.

### Fish Salad in Cucumber Boats

Pare cucumbers, cut a slice from the top, hollow out the seed portion, and shape like a boat, shortening as needed to make of a size suitable to serve individually. Cover with boiling water, or broth, and let cook until just tender. Cook, also, any portions removed that are free of seeds. When cold marinate in French dressing; also marinate cold, cooked fish, separated into flakes, with French dressing. Mix the fish and the small pieces of cucumber, cut into cubes, with Russian salad dressing and use to fill the boats; set these on heart leaves of lettuce and sprinkle the whole with shreds of green pepper. Serve as the main dish at luncheon or supper. In place of the fish, chicken or sweetbreads may be used.





HALIBUT SAUTÉD, READY TO SERVE

### Chicken in Glass Casserole

Disjoint a cleaned chicken as for a fricassée: roll the best joints in flour and sauté in salt pork fat until browned delicately on all sides. Scrape a carrot and cut it in even slices; peel an onion for each person to be served. From pared potatoes cut out about a dozen and a half balls. Cook the vegetables in the fat until browned a little, then dispose the best pieces of the chicken and the vegetables in a casserole. With the giblets and the large bony pieces of the chicken, with cold water to cover, make a little chicken broth; pour this, hot, over the prepared chicken and vegetables; add half a teaspoonful of salt, cover, and let cook in the oven until the chicken is tender. It will take about two hours. Set the pieces to cook for broth one or two hours before time to set the casserole in the oven.

### Vegetable Pie, Southern Style

Have ready cooked, dried Lima beans, cubes of carrot or turnip, peas and canned corn. Mix all together, season with butter, salt and pepper, add a little

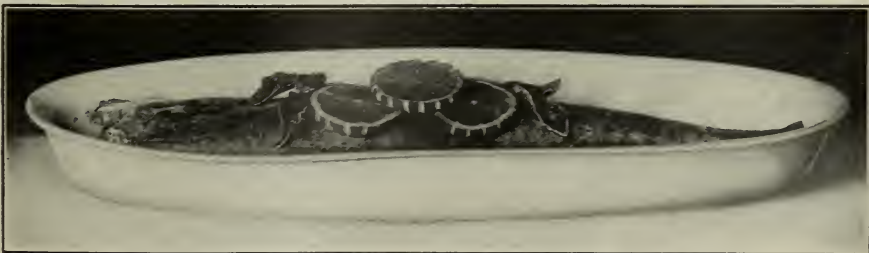
milk and dispose in individual earthen dishes, suitable for the table. Cover with rounds of pastry that rest on the edge of the dish. A slit should be cut in the center of each piece of paste. Bake about twelve minutes, or long enough to cook the paste thoroughly. Serve as the main dish at luncheon or supper.

### Cress-and-Escarole Salad

Freshen the escarole, if needed, by letting the root end stand in water. Rub the inside of the salad bowl with a clove of garlic, cut in halves; set the cress on the outer edge of the bowl and the light leaves or stalks of escarole in the center. Serve with French dressing.

### Spinach and Eggs in Ramekins

Have ready a generous cup of cooked spinach, chopped very fine. Melt two teaspoonfuls of butter; add one tablespoonful of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; cook a moment, then add half a cup of rich milk and stir until boiling; add the spinach, mix and use to line a buttered au-gratin dish—a glass dish was used in the illustration—break into the dish three



SPANISH MACKEREL, BORDELAISE. COOKED IN SERVING DISH  
(Dish Shown by Courtesy of B. F. Macy)

fresh eggs and set into a moderate oven to cook until the yolks are "set." Serve for breakfast, luncheon or supper, with toast or hot biscuit or rolls.

overnight. The next day measure the material, then set over the fire to boil. When boiling add as many pints of sugar as pints of material. The quantity of



CHICKEN READY TO COOK IN GLASS CASSEROLE

### Orange-and-Pineapple Marmalade

Remove the leaves and outside of one pineapple; with a strawberry huller remove all the "eyes," then with the same utensil or a silver fork, pick the flesh in fine shreds from the core of the pineapple. Cut four oranges and one lemon, each, in quarters, and slice the quarters as fine as possible. Measure the fruit

sugar may be cut down a little if desired. Let boil rapidly until the syrup looks thick when tested on a cold dish. This marmalade will need a little longer cooking than marmalade made entirely of citrous fruits, as grapefruits and oranges. Store in glasses.

### Mock Orange Marmalade

Scrape raw carrots, then grate enough to weigh two pounds, and squeeze over



CHICKEN COOKED AND READY TO SERVE IN GLASS CASSEROLE

and for each pint add three pints of cold water; cover and let stand overnight. The next day let cook until the orange peel is very tender, then again set aside

the carrot the juice of three lemons; set to cook in a double boiler over boiling water; let cook an hour or until the carrot is tender, then add the grated rind

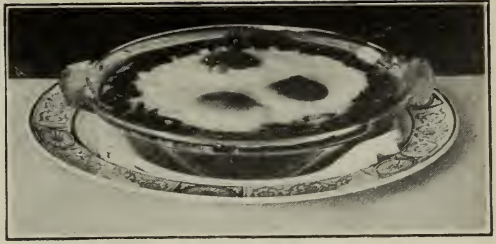
and juice of two oranges and two pounds (4 cups) of sugar and let cook to a marmalade. This marmalade is particularly palatable, but does not have the jelly-like consistency of marmalade made of oranges, etc. It can be used in steamed carrot puddings.

### Tapioca-and-Date Sponge

Put a scant half-teaspoonful of salt and a pint of boiling water in the upper part of a double boiler over the fire; stir in one-third a cup of fine, quick-cooking tapioca, and continue to stir until the mixture thickens, slightly, then cover and let cook until the tapioca is transparent, stirring occasionally. Pour boiling water over half a pound of dates; stir to separate them, then skim to an agate dish; let dry in the oven a moment, then cut each in sections and stir into the tapioca with one-fourth a cup of sugar and the juice of a large lemon. Beat the whites of two eggs until very light and fold into the tapioca mixture. Cover and let stand on the back of the range until ready to serve. Serve with it sugar and cream, or a boiled custard made of a pint of milk, one level teaspoonful of cornstarch, the yolks left over, and one-fourth a cup of sugar. Figs, prunes, bananas, canned plums, apricots, or other fruit may be used in place of the dates. When using bananas, squeeze the lemon juice over the bananas, cut in slices, and mix in the fruit very gently, that it may not be broken. With plums, lemon juice is unnecessary. This may also be served cold.

### Ginger Puffs

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, one egg, beaten light, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of warm water, two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful of ginger and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, and, lastly, one-third a cup of raisins, chopped. Bake in a well-buttered gem pan.



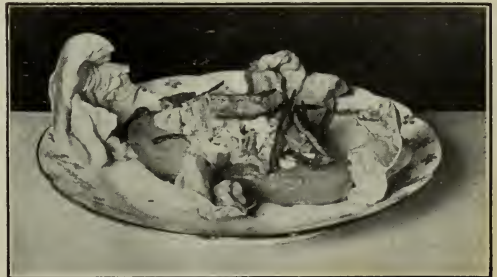
SPINACH AND EGGS IN GLASS RAMEKIN

### White Cake, Chocolate Marshmallow Frosting

Cream half a cup of butter; beat in one cup of sugar, then a little milk from half a cup, then half a cup of sugar and the rest of the milk. Sift together two cups and one-fourth of sifted flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda and three-fourths a slightly rounding teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the whites of five eggs dry. Add a little of the whites to the butter-mixture, then the flour and rest of the whites. Beat thoroughly. Bake in a pan lined with buttered paper about half an hour. The pans should be  $13 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  inches, or its equivalent. Cover with chocolate frosting, through which, when ready to spread, from one-fourth to one-half a pound of fresh marshmallows cut in quarters are stirred. Flavor with vanilla.

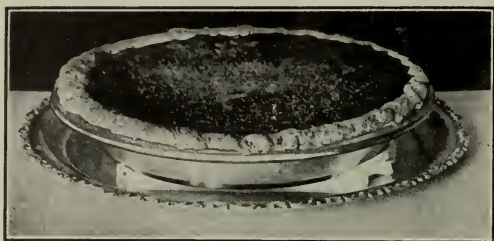
### Chocolate Frosting

Melt two squares of chocolate; add one-fourth a cup, each, of sugar and water and stir until smooth and boiling; then add one cup and a fourth of sugar and one-fourth a cup of boiling water and let cook to  $244^{\circ}$  F. Pour in a fine



FISH SALAD IN CUCUMBER BOATS





CUSTARD PIE BAKED IN GLASS PLATE

stream on the whites of two eggs, beaten very light, beating constantly meanwhile; return to the fire over boiling water and stir constantly until the frosting thickens a little; let cool in cold water; add the marshmallows and vanilla.

### Custard Pie

Beat four eggs; add three-fourths a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt and beat again; add two cups and a half of milk and mix thoroughly; turn into a plate lined with pastry and set into a well-heated oven; as soon as the crust begins to color a little, lower the heat of the oven to avoid boiling the custard. The pie is baked, when the custard is firm in the center.

### Lemon Queens

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then the beaten yolks of four eggs, the grated rind of a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Sift together one cup and a fourth of sifted flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda; beat this into the first mixture, then, lastly, beat in the whites of four eggs beaten dry.

Bake in small pans (about fifteen pans will be needed). Frost the top of each cake with boiled icing and sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts (green).

### Fluffy Boiled Frosting

Melt three-fourths a cup of granulated sugar in one-third a cup of boiling water; stir until the sugar is melted, then, with tips of the fingers, or cloth, wet repeatedly in cold water, wash down the sides of the saucepan to remove grains of sugar that may be present; cover and let boil three minutes; uncover and let boil to 240° F. Beat the white of one large egg, or the white of one egg and part of another, quite light, then very slowly pour on the syrup, beating constantly meanwhile. Beat occasionally until cool enough to hold its shape.

### Banana Tartlets

Bake nice pastry on long "brownie" tins, inverted. Prick the paste in many places before baking. Brush the edge of the pastry with white of egg slightly beaten, and dip in fine-chopped pistachio nuts or almonds. Melt a glass of currant or apple jelly in a little boiling water; in this scald, a few at a time, slices of banana; set these in the bottom of the pastry shells, then above these dispose slices, one overlapping another, lengthwise of the shells. To a cup of the melted jelly add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and half a tablespoonful (scant) of gelatine softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. When the gelatine is dissolved, let chill and use to coat



A TRAY OF "FRENCH PASTRIES"

the slices of banana. Do not use gelatine to make a firm jelly. The mixture should coat the bananas lightly.

### Little Rhubarb Pies, with Lattice Tops

Line patty pans with good pastry, fill with prepared rhubarb, cover with narrow bands of pastry, laid over the filling lattice fashion, and let bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. The oven should be hot at first; brush over the edge of the lower pastry with cold water before pressing the bands of pastry upon it. For the filling peel the rhubarb and cut it in quarter-inch slices; cover a pint of the prepared rhubarb with boiling water, bring quickly to the boiling point, then drain and press out all the water. Over the rhubarb, sprinkle one cup of sugar sifted with three tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant half-teaspoonful of salt; mix with one egg, beaten light, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice or a grating of orange rind.

### Little Rhubarb Pies with Cherry in Center

Bake pastry over inverted tins, first pricking with a fork that it may puff evenly in baking. When cool, brush the edges with white of egg, slightly beaten, and dip in fine-chopped pistachio nuts, almonds or shredded cocoanut. Cook the rhubarb mixture, given above, about fifteen minutes in a double boiler, then



PEACH TART. (See page 802)

add the egg and lemon juice; cook a few minutes longer, then use to fill the pastry. Finish with a cherry in the center and a sprinkling of nuts around the cherry.

### Little Lemon Pies, with Meringue

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then the beaten yolks of three eggs and the juice of one lemon; lastly, beat in the white of one egg beaten light but not dry. Bake in small tins lined with pastry. When cooled a little cover with a meringue made by beating the whites of two eggs dry, then gradually beating in one-fourth a cup of granulated sugar. Bake the meringue in a very moderate oven. Dredge the top of the meringue with granulated sugar before baking.

### Little Lemon Pies, Less Expensive

Stir a rounding tablespoonful of cornstarch with cold water to a smooth con-



INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES



INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES, CITY STYLE

sistency, pour on one cup of boiling water and stir until the whole is boiling; add half a cup of sugar, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Beat two yolks of eggs; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar and a fourth a teaspoonful of salt, then stir into the hot mixture; let cook until the mixture is light and puffy, then beat in a teaspoonful of butter and the juice of one lemon and use to fill pastry cases; i.e., flaky pastry baked over inverted patty pans. Cover the filling with meringue; for this, use the two whites of eggs left over and prepare as above.

### Individual Lemon Sponge Pies

Line about one dozen individual fluted tins with flaky pastry; pour in lemon-sponge pie-filling, and let bake until firm

in the center. Have the oven hot at first to bake the pastry, but reduce the heat before the filling boils.

### Filling for Lemon Sponge Pie

Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, and the yolks of three eggs until light; beat three-fourths a cup of sugar into each mixture, then beat the two together; add the juice of one lemon and a half, also the grated rind if desired. Stir one cup and a half of milk gradually into three rounding tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt; add to the first mixture, then fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry, and turn into the lined tins. For a smaller quantity of filling take one-third or two-thirds of each ingredient as is desired.



FROZEN PUDDING IN TALL GLASSES

(See page 802)



# Balanced Menus for A Week in Boys' School

Age 15 to 18 Years. Ease of preparation considered

SUNDAY

## Breakfast

Two varieties of Cereal, Thin Cream  
Eggs Cooked in Shell  
French Fried Potatoes  
Cornmeal Muffins Stewed Prunes  
Milk Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Noodle Soup  
Leg and Loin of Lamb, Roasted  
Brown Sauce Mint Sauce  
Franconia Potatoes  
Scalloped Tomatoes Spinach  
Vanilla Ice Cream, Strawberry Sauce  
Cake

## Supper

Salmon Salad Hot Rolls (reheated)  
Strawberries Cake or Cookies

MONDAY

## Breakfast

Two varieties of Cereal, Thin Cream  
French Omelet, Broiled Bacon  
Creamed Potatoes  
Rice Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup  
Milk Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Lamb-and-Tomato Soup  
Ribs of Beef, Roasted, Horseradish  
Mashed Potatoes  
Squash New Beets, Buttered  
Strawberry Shortcake

## Supper

Lamb, Potato-and-Green Pepper Hash  
Tomato Catsup or Worcestershire Sauce  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Strawberries Cake Tea

TUESDAY

## Breakfast

Two varieties of Cereal, Thin Cream  
Calf's Liver and Broiled Bacon  
German Fried Potatoes  
Baked Potatoes  
French Bread, Toasted  
Doughnuts  
Milk Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Halibut, Sauté  
Cold Roast Beef  
Mashed Potatoes  
Beet Greens Boiled Onions  
Rhubarb Pie

## Supper

Hot Boiled Rice, Milk or Cheese Sauce  
Dried Peaches Stewed  
Graham Bread and Butter  
Cookies

SATURDAY

## Breakfast

Two varieties of Cereal,  
Thin Cream  
Mock Oysters (kornlet) Fried  
Dry Toast  
German Coffee Cake Marmalade  
Milk Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Forequarter of Lamb, Boiled,  
Caper Sauce  
Scalloped Cabbage  
Boiled Potatoes  
Vanilla Ice Cream,  
Chocolate Sauce

## Supper

Creamed Fresh Fish,  
au Gratin  
Baking Powder Biscuit  
Pickled Beets or Piccalilli  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Strawberries

WEDNESDAY

## Breakfast

Ready-to-Eat Cereal, Thin Cream  
Cold Boiled Ham  
Creamed Potatoes  
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup  
Milk Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Corned Beef, Boiled  
New Beets, Potatoes, Turnips, Cabbage  
Baked Indian Pudding, Whipped Cream

## Supper

Clam or Fresh Fish Chowder  
Crackers Olives  
Stewed Prunes Bread

THURSDAY

## Breakfast

Two varieties of Cereal, Thin Cream  
Corned Beef and Potato Hash  
Breakfast Corncake  
Dry Toast  
Milk Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Beef Soup with Macaroni Rings  
Hamburg Steak, Maître d'Hotel  
Asparagus on Toast  
Mashed Potatoes  
Canned Sliced Pineapple

## Supper

Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham  
Rye Bread and Butter  
Gingerbread with Marshmallow Icing  
Tea

FRIDAY

## Breakfast

Berries Cereal, Thin Cream  
Salt Codfish Balls, Bacon Rolls  
Horseradish  
Yeast Rolls (reheated) Ryemeal Muffins  
Milk Cocoa Coffee

## Dinner

Consommé  
Fish Baked with Bread Dressing,  
Pickle Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes Boiled Onions  
New Beets, Buttered  
Fruit Sherbet Drop Cookies

## Supper

Boston Baked Beans  
Boston Brown Bread  
White Bread  
Lettuce, French Dressing  
Canned Fruit Cake



## Table Etiquette

*[The following notes on manners at the table are taken largely from a booklet issued by the Domestic Science Department of the Kansas State Agricultural College, to which acknowledgment is duly made.]*

**W**HEN the meal is announced, go to the table promptly.

In disposing the chairs around the table, let the front edge of the chair be on a line with the lower edge of the table cloth.

Seat yourself from the left side of the chair and arise from the same side after the meal is finished.

Sit erect; do not lean against the back of the chair, nor rest your arms or elbows on the table.

Elaborate folding of napkins is rightly out of fashion.

Do not spread out the napkin to its full extent; leave it folded through the middle.

At the close of a single meal at a private house, do not fold the napkin, but leave it drawn together loosely beside your plate.

Do not lift the napkin while folding.

If you are to be a guest for several meals, note the disposition of the napkin made by the hostess and follow her example.

When a plate is sent back for a second helping of any article of food, set the knife and fork at one side of the plate; let them lie parallel to each other, and a little to one side, that there may be no danger of their slipping off, and that a part of the plate shall be ready to receive the food.

The fork may be used to convey fish bones and unedible portions of food back to one's plate.

The fork is used for soft cheese, for puddings, and for most vegetables.

The forks are laid in order of use, the one first used being farthest from the plate.

Never cut salad with the knife, but break it with the fork, using a piece of bread or cracker to assist the fork if necessary.

Never leave the spoon standing in the cup.

Dip the spoon away from your body when serving with a spoon, or when taking your own soup. Take the liquid from the side of the spoon.

A spoon is used only when a fork will not suffice for the purpose.

Tea, coffee or other beverages should not be sipped from a spoon, but should be drunk from the cup. The spoon is for stirring and to test flavor and temperature — after which it should be laid in the saucer.

Even a slight noise is not permissible in eating or drinking. The lips should be closed during mastication.

Do not place bread on the table-cloth while you spread it.

Break bread in small pieces; never cut it.

Do not tip the soup plate, nor break bread or crackers into the soup.

In offering to serve any one at the table, use one of these forms: May I help you? Let me give you? May I offer you?

To refill a glass with water, place the hand near the bottom of the glass and draw it to the edge of the table; pour in water to three-fourths the height of the glass, then slide the glass back to its proper place in the cover.

In passing sugar bowls, glasses, etc., without handles, be careful not to allow the fingers to rest inside the dish.

Never leave the table without being excused, except when you are serving as waitress.

In using the finger bowl, only the finger tips, and those of one hand at a time, need be dipped in the water. The napkin serves to dry the water from the finger tips.

A hostess appears best when she does not show too-evident enjoyment of her own good things.

One should eat slowly and masticate the food properly. He should not have finished the course while others at the table are still eating.

Toothpicks, like toothbrushes, should be used only in the privacy of one's room.

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## Woman's Place and Work

(Translated from a work published in 1578)

The snails, when crawling to and fro,  
Can take their homes where e'er they go,  
And sages say that from their guild  
Men learned to hew and carve and build.

A woman, going in and out,  
In spirit bears her home about,  
She can not hang it on a nail  
And leave it. Thus she's like the snail.

She must with wheel and loom abide,  
The while her husband works outside,  
Her task is neither low nor mean.  
Does honey shame the bee's fair queen?

The queen must stay within the hive,  
If she would wish the work to thrive,  
Who ever heard of any fish  
That would stay fresh in a dry dish?

No life unto the snail is left,  
If she is of her shell bereft.  
So, too, a wife should be downhearted,  
If she from home too long is parted.

—J. H.



# A Guide to Laundry Work

(Second Paper)

By Mary D. Chambers

**A**FTER the stains have been removed and the linen soaked it is then ready for washing. The procedure to be discussed in this paper applies to the ordinary white wash only—special methods for other things will be given later.

The most soiled parts of the clothes, and the very dirty articles may be given a preliminary rubbing in the soaking water, to which enough hot water has been added to make it pleasantly warm to the hands, as well as to increase its solvent action. The heavily starched things, which are seldom very dirty, should have the starch thoroughly rubbed out in the soaking water.

The pieces should then be wrung, the body linen, union suits, etc., turned inside out—unless they are soiled enough to need two washings, when the turning should be done after the first—the tub drained and wiped, and fresh warm water run into it for the washing process. Very hot water need not be used, it is hard on the hands, and at this stage of the washing would often set the dirt. Hard water must be softened, preferably by ammonia or borax, for soda tends to yellow the clothing. Two tablespoonfuls of ammonia, or two (level) tablespoonfuls of borax to a tub (six or eight gallons) of water is the amount usually prescribed, but since the proportion to be used depends on the degree of hardness of the water, a really safer rule—in this case—for the intelligent worker is the despised “rule of thumb,” that is, the softening agent should be added gradually until the hardness is “broken” and the water feels “slippery.” After the water is softened, a cupful or more of soap solution, previously prepared by shaving and dissolving a cake of soap in three quarts of hot

water, should be added. Enough should be used to make a good suds when the hand is swished to and fro through the water. To add soap in this way will save the labor of rubbing it on each garment, and will cause it thoroughly to penetrate, sweeten and cleanse the articles to be washed.

The clothes may now be washed in the following order:

Table linen and towels

Bed linen

Union suits, when not of wool or merino, and white stockings

All extra soiled articles

*Table linen and towels.*—Each piece should be loosely gathered up or folded along the warp threads to a convenient width for rubbing, and in this way should be very lightly applied to the rubbing surface, with only force enough to push the warm soapy water through the meshes of the fabric and free them from dirt. Begin at one end of the piece and keep drawing up each portion, after rubbing it, until the other end is reached, then turn over and work from this end to the first. Seams, hems, and edges should be given special attention, and obstinate spots which refuse to yield to gentler methods should be freshly soaped and rubbed with a moderate degree of vigor. A continuous rub-rub-rub motion, continued until the part is nearly dry, should never be employed, for this forces the dirt into the meshes of the weave, besides being destructive to the fabric. Each application of the cloth to the rubbing surface should be alternated with a dip, or a swish, in the wash water. Gentle rubbing against *well-rounded* rather than angular corrugations is not hurtful to clothing, provided that plenty of water is used at each rub, and the work is done in such a way

as to drive the water through the fabric.

As each piece is cleansed, lay it in long folds of even thickness and wring the soapy water out. In hand wringing the articles should be twisted along the warp threads, for these are the strongest, but hand wringing, at best, is destructive. Roller wringing is easier, more effective, and saves wear and tear. The rollers should be adjusted to the thickness of the folds to be put through them, and raised embroidery or monograms should be protected from flattening by folding them well to the inside, so that several thicknesses of cloth may come between them and the wringer.

*Bed linen.*—Table linen that has not been much soiled will leave the water clean enough for the next division of the clothes, the bed linen. Some fresh hot water should be added to the tub, with a proportionate amount of the softening agent and of soap solution. The bed linen is washed, rubbed, and wrung out in the same way as table linen. The middle of pillow-slips and sheets will be likely to be the most soiled, but attention should be given, as before, to seams, hems, and edges. In putting through the wringer, the closed end of pillow-slips should be inserted first, to avoid the strain on this part of forcing through it the air and water that often distend it, when the loose or open end goes through the rollers first.

*Body linen.*—A tub of fresh warm water with softener and soap solution, as before, should now be prepared for the body linen. This is washed and rubbed like the other articles, with particular attention to seams, hems, and edges, as before; also to neck and sleeve-bands, parts that come under the arms, the fronts of wrappers, sacques, skirts, aprons, waists, etc. Fold in buttons or hooks before putting through the wringer, and insert first such pleated or gathered parts as may be found at neck or waist-bands, then wring slowly and carefully.

Body linen that is more than slightly

soiled should, after the first washing, be turned inside out and washed a second time in clean suds.

*Union suits, hosiery.*—The water from the second washing of the body linen should be clean enough for the union suits. These are very easy to wash. Look for soiled parts at neck, wrists, ankles, and under the arms. The knees of children's stockings, the insteps of the wearers of low shoes, and the soles of everybody's, will be the parts to need special attention.

*All extra soiled articles.*—The very much soiled articles of all kinds should first be thoroughly manipulated in the soaking water, so as to leave in this as much of the dirt as possible. They will then probably need to be washed twice, using plenty of fresh, soft, soapy water, and soaping and rubbing the obstinate spots. After this they should be boiled.

#### BOILING

Clothes can be perfectly cleansed without boiling, so that this process may be omitted, if desired, from the routine of wash day. Indeed the manufacturers of certain soaps, notably the naphtha, discountenance boiling, saying that at this temperature the action of the soap ceases. Nevertheless, where fresh country air and plenty of sunshine are not available for drying, to boil the clothes will cleanse, sweeten, and purify them to a greater degree than merely washing in the tub. The very dirty clothes had better be boiled at every washing, the cleaner ones once in three or four weeks.

When clothes are put into a boiler of cool, soft water, mixed with finely shaved or scraped soap, and are then allowed to come slowly to a boil, the cleansing action seems to be greater than when they are introduced at once into boiling water. Finely shaved soap too, which will gradually dissolve as the water comes to a boil, seems more potent in its effect than a soap solution, which will immediately dissolve. There are so many complex actions involved in

the effect of soap on soiled clothing that it would be futile at present to attempt an explanation of this difference in its action—but that it exists has long been recognized in the practical work of experienced and observant housekeepers. Therefore, for the most effective cleansing the water should be cool, the soap shredded into it, and the clothes—protected by being placed loosely in a bag of netting, or coarse, thin muslin—put into the boiler and slowly heated to the boiling point. They should not be allowed to boil for more than ten minutes, for prolonged boiling causes yellowing and should not be made use of except when necessary for disinfection.

Even when the clothes are placed directly in the boiling liquid, a slight cleansing action, probably due to the mechanical bubbling of the hot, soapy water through the meshes of the fabric, may be observed, but whether the water is cold or hot at the beginning, boiling should not be depended upon to do much of the work of cleansing, and the clothes, before going into the boiler, should be well washed in the tubs.

#### SPECIAL METHODS USED IN BOILING

*The Kerosene Process.*—This method of washing, when carried out with the utmost possible care, is greatly favored by many who have practiced it. A solution is prepared of one-half cake of mild soap shredded into one pint of water and dissolved over the fire. To this is added two tablespoonfuls of pure kerosene oil, and the mixture is stirred into ten gallons of already boiling water. The *dry*, dirty clothes are immediately put into this, the cleanest things first, but without any previous soaking or washing, and they are boiled *hard*, and kept well stirred with a wooden stick, for twenty minutes. They are then dipped out into a tub of lukewarm water, rubbed slightly, looked over for obstinate spots, then thoroughly rinsed in at least two warm waters. Clothes are whitened by this method of washing, and many

stains, notably those of a greasy or oily nature, as well as stains from soot, lamp-black, or carbon in any form, will be removed without any other treatment.

Note particularly:

The clothes are not put into a bag, for this would interfere with the thorough stirring which is an essential part of the process.

Only pure kerosene oil, which volatilizes readily, should be used. The adulterations of kerosene oil are apt to be of a non-volatile nature. Pure oil can be tested by noting whether a drop will evaporate from a sheet of white writing paper.

Only rain water, or a natural soft water, should be used, else the oil will combine with the minerals present and form a greasy scum, which will cling to the sides of the boiler, or worse—settle in the clothes and be very hard to wash out.

A soap with much free alkali seems to combine with the oil in such a way that the odor of kerosene does not so readily evaporate.

Care must be taken that the water does not overflow in boiling, lest the oil catch fire.

Open-air drying is advisable, though, if the other precautions are carried out, it is not necessary.

Another method used in boiling clothes is to add to every ten gallons of water in the boiler the juice of one or two lemons. This will whiten the clothes beautifully, seeming to overcome the "greyness" produced by hard water or the yellowing due to other causes. One tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine will have the same effect, but this should be used only with rain water or a naturally soft water, otherwise the odor is apt to cling.

#### RINSING

Too much cannot be said about the importance of thorough rinsing. Hard water should be softened with borax or ammonia, and the clothes, well wrung



after washing, thoroughly soused and stirred and manipulated in this, in the order in which they were washed. When the rinsing water becomes greyish, it should be drained off and pure fresh water poured in. Ideal conditions call for two rinsings before the bluing water, one in warm water, one in cool or lukewarm, but if the clothes have not been boiled and have been well wrung from the washtub, one rinsing should be sufficient, provided that plenty of water is used in this and that only a few pieces are put in at a time. If the clothes have been boiled, they should first be dipped out into a tub of warm water—cold would precipitate the soap in the meshes

and make it harder to rinse out—washed free from the boiler water in this, then wrung out and rinsed. If wrung directly from the boiler the heat would injure the rubber rollers of the wringer.

Unless the clothes are entirely freed from soap by thorough rinsing, they will dry dingy and greyish, or become streaked in the bluing water, or the process of bluing may produce rust spots (the reason for this will be explained later), or they may turn yellow after starching. Only thorough rinsing, after good washing, will produce the spotlessly, brilliantly white clothing that should be the result of good laundering work.

## Her Fireless Cooker

By L. V. D.

“OH rubbish, all our women folks cooked in a stove or on top of it, and if that was good enough for them, I guess it's good enough for us. 'Fireless cookers,' who ever heard of cooking without a fire? Pretty tasteless kind of food, I reckon,” and John Grey wiped the sweat from his scowling face and picking up a couple of pails left the hot kitchen to his wife.

Mrs. Grey also left the kitchen where fifty different duties seemed calling her, and sat down by a cool window in her room, her cheeks flaming hot with resentment against her husband. In his own work on the farm he never failed to investigate any new implement on the market to make labor more efficient and easier, and if he was satisfied, bought it; but he saw no reason why the domestic work should not be performed in the time-honored way of his grandmother's day, without considering the difference in physique of that estimable lady and his wife. Mrs. Grey knew her physical limitations, and felt how rapidly the

burden of cooking for ten men, added to her other household work, was sapping the vigor and freshness out of her life. Something that would eliminate, if only occasionally, the constant attention to things over the hot stove, and give her a few hours in the fresh air would be a boon to her.

Down the valley, her tired eyes could see the shimmer of a pond, along whose banks the overhanging trees formed a grateful shade. How she would enjoy the wild dissipation of sitting there and watching a red bob on the shining water; and as it disappeared, deftly swing in the line heavily laden with a flopping bass! Mrs. Grey mentally deposited that bass in a basket, and jumped to her feet, the tiredness gone from her face, and in its place something which made her hold her head a little higher, her lips a little firmer. The worm was turning.

It was high noon about a week after this that John Grey, returning from his work in a distant field, met his wife entering the yard from the pond road.

She carried a fishing rod and basket. Her eyes seemed to have drawn a deeper blue from the sky, her cheeks, sun-kissed to a rosy flush, gave joyous promise of renewed health.

"Oh, John, see what luck I've had, ten, all big ones, too," and his wife held out the basket for his inspection.

"Hm, and who's getting dinner?" The animal in him was hungry and ready to growl at anything.

"Dinner's all ready, dear."

"Ain't much of a dinner, I reckon, if you've been fishin' all morning."

"Yes, your favorite, boiled dinner; now hurry and wash, here come the men."

"Boiled dinner, I don't smell any cabbage, and I always do long 'fore I get to the house."

Mrs. Grey had hurried into the house, where her husband followed.

"Well, I'll be jiggered, ain't even got a fire, and what's this old trunk hauled down out of the attic for," he growled, looking around in surprise at the unusually cool, immaculate kitchen.

"Please sit down to dinner now and I'll tell you afterwards. I'm actually hungry."

John Grey ate his third plate of "boiled dinner." The scowl had left his face entirely as he remarked:

"That's the best cabbage I ever ate. Some of that new kind out of the west corner, ain't it? I'll plant that entirely

next year. And that corned beef's sweeter'n usual. Bet you didn't get that down to Hacker's?"

"Yes, dear, and this is the same old kind of cabbage we've been using right along. I'm glad everything tasted so good to you because, you see, it was all cooked in the fireless cooker."

"Gosh all hemlock! You don't say. Where is the dumb thing?"

Mrs. Grey led him to the kitchen and pointed to the old trunk.

"Here's the 'dumb thing,' my own make, from directions I read in the Post."

The big farmer opened the trunk, saw buried in deep nests of hay the cooking pails from which the toothsome dinner had been taken, and listened open-mouthed to his wife's enthusiastic explanation of the process.

"And I'm not so tired out, the house is cool and not a fly in the neighborhood knew I was cooking cabbage. Of course, there's another kind you can buy that will also roast things."

Her husband thoughtfully rubbed his well-filled stomach, then took the little woman in his arms and said, "Well, little girl, if that has done you so much good, and can cook a dinner like that, I'll be jiggered, if I don't hitch up to-morrow and we'll go to town and get one of the other kind to go with it, and we'll fill 'em up and then go fishing to celebrate, both of us."

## Springtime Is Coming

There's a purple mist on the mountain,  
 There's a gray mist o'er the lea,  
 And a dimness of far horizon;  
 While robins from out yon tree  
 Proclaim the glad coming of Springtime,  
 With verdure again set free,  
 And the notes, so welcome, are wafted  
 Across the brown fields to me.

Not a single bud has unfolded,  
 Not a blade of grass uncurled,  
 And yet over all there's a promise  
 To a waiting, watching world,  
 And as surely as this great planet  
 Through infinite space is whirled,  
 When warmed by the sunlight, beauty  
 Will burst from each bud now furled.

—LOUISE STUART HIGGINS.

ished and carved, or burnt with the name of the bungalow. Many old New England farms have quantities of apple trees so decrepit as to be good for naught but fire-wood.

Often the stairs in a bungalow rise from the living-room and near the outer door, with one or two steps to the first landing. Under this landing is a space that can be used for rubbers by hinging one of the treads.

M. T. R.

\* \* \*

**I**N crossing to the West Indies one nearly always meets with a daily salad of cheese balls served on a white lettuce leaf with a spoonful of guava jelly at one side. It is easy, attractive and appetizing, and I have found that in this country it is quite as good served with crab-apple jelly which, after all, tastes a good deal like the guava and is easily accessible in the smaller towns where guava jelly is not to be found at all.

Any kind of a dietetic novelty is always hailed with delight; at a small, winter afternoon tea some tiny, hot, baking powder biscuits, not more than an inch across, split and thinly spread with butter and raspberry jam, became instantly popular. The hostess who had claimed them as an invention of her own was immediately promised any number of imitators.

J. H.

\* \* \*

### A Dessert of Dates

**F**EW housewives seem to know the value of dates as a food. One of our favorite desserts is this simple one of dates. Wash and cut in two enough dates to fill the required number of little serving dishes. Sprinkle them with pecan meats, broken into small pieces. Drop on each dish of dessert a spoonful of sweetened whipped cream or serve with plain cream. No sugar is necessary, for the dates are full of natural sugar, which makes the fruit valuable

as a heat and energy producer. At twelve cents per pound we find that one hundred calories in dates costs less than one cent.

I. L. S.

\* \* \*

### Chop Suey

1 lb. chicken meat	1½ cups water
1 lb. lean pork	½ cup butter
1 cup chopped onion	1 cup blanched pea-
1 cup chopped celery	nuts
1 can mushrooms	

Heat butter in the bottom of kettle. Sauté the chicken cut into small pieces, remove to a platter and brown pork in the same way. Return the chicken to the kettle and add other ingredients, using the liquor of mushrooms. The nuts may be chopped very fine or merely broken. Add salt and pepper to taste and boil for half an hour. Remove to cooker until ready to serve.

To vary the chop suey use veal as a substitute for chicken. The dish came originally from Japan where it was made with fish. The recipe given above is quite American, however, and much more practicable than the Chinese requirement. Chop suey should be served with boiled rice which may be cooked in a fireless cooker.

When one is making custards, Bavarian creams or any of the numerous gelatine dishes and, for some reason, is anxious to have them thicken quicker than they would normally, the process can be somewhat expedited by placing broken ice in a bowl and mixing with it some coarse salt such as is used for freezing ice cream. The more rapid melting of the ice which the salt induces will materially shorten the time required for cooling.

— — —

**I**N making rhubarb, cherry or any berry pie that is very juicy, try beating an egg light, and mixing in the sugar required by the fruit; add a little flour, mix thoroughly and then bake as usual. In this way excess of juice will be in the pie and not in the bottom of the oven





# *Queries and Answers*



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answers by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus, remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor. BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY No. 2517.—“Give recipes for Ginger Snaps and Sunshine Cake; also tell how to make a Lemon Pie Frosting that will not fall when browned.”

## Ginger Snaps

1 cup butter	1 teaspoonful soda
1 cup sugar	1 tablespoonful gin-
1 cup molasses	ger
1 egg, beaten light	Flour for a stiff
	dough

Mix in the order enumerated; sift the soda and ginger into two cups of sifted flour, then sift the whole into the first mixture; add as much more flour as is necessary to make the dough. If the cakes, on baking, spread too much, add more flour.

## Sunshine Cake

5 egg-yolks	7 egg-whites
1 cup sugar	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cream-	1 teaspoonful orange
of-tartar	extract

Beat the yolks until thick and light-colored; beat in the sugar gradually; beat the whites until foamy, add the cream of tartar and beat until dry; fold part of the whites into the yolks and sugar, fold in the flour, then fold in the rest of the whites and the extract. Bake in an unbuttered tube pan between fifty and sixty minutes. Let cool in the inverted pan.

## Meringue for Lemon Pie

When the pie is baked and cooled a little, beat the number of egg-whites to be used until very light, then gradually beat in two level tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar for each white of egg taken.

Spread the meringue over the pie and set it into a very moderate oven; let cook about ten minutes without coloring, then increase the heat that the meringue may color delicately in the next six or eight minutes. A meringue of ordinary thickness, baked in this fashion, will not be tough, will not shrink from the edge of the pie, nor will droplets of liquid be seen on the surface.

QUERY No. 2518.—“Suggest combinations for Sundaes that might be served in a Tea Room.”

## Sundaes

Junket ice cream is as good a foundation as one can get for “sundaes.” Serve in cups with sunshine strawberries, Melba sauce (raspberry pulp cooked with sugar), crushed strawberries mixed with sugar, caramel sauce, maple syrup or chocolate sauce. With caramel or chocolate sauce or maple syrup, sprinkle the top with chopped nuts or crushed caramel. Marshmallow sauce may be served with a chocolate sauce. For chocolate sauce, see recipe, page 535, of the February, 1915, issue.

## Hot Marshmallow Sauce

1 cup granulated	$\frac{1}{2}$ pound marshmal-
sugar	lows
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla

Melt the sugar in the water, wash down the sides of the saucepan, cover and let boil about five minutes. Remove from the fire, add the marshmallows and beat until they are melted. Keep hot over warm water; beat before serving.

QUERY No. 2519.—“Is there any reason why the syrup in Marmalade made of strawberries and pineapple becomes thin on standing?”

### Thin Strawberry and Pineapple Marmalade

Strawberries and pineapple do not contain as much of the jelly-making principle (pectin) as do apples, currants, etc., and it is doubtful if they yield a thick marmalade, unless oranges or apples be combined with them.

QUERY No. 2520.—“Kindly give explicit directions for preparing Salted Peanuts.”

### Salted Peanuts

The peanuts should be *fresh roasted*. Shell the nuts, and push off the skins. Beat the white of an egg slightly, then pass through a fine strainer. Have a few nuts in the left hand. Dip the tips of the fingers of the right hand into the egg and with them roll the nuts in the other hand, over and over, to coat them with the egg completely but lightly. Drop the nuts on an agate pan; continue in the same manner until a layer of nuts is formed on the pan, then dredge with salt, mix thoroughly and let brown delicately in the oven. Stir the nuts occasionally while they are cooking.

QUERY No. 2521.—“How may Cream Puffs be made light, crisp and dry that they may hold their shape? Also why should not the eggs be beaten before they are added to the cooled paste?”

### Cream Puffs

The recipe referred to in the inquiry is the same as the one given in this number of the magazine, in the Seasonable Recipes, under Chou Paste. When the puffs are light and well puffed in the oven and then fall on being removed, one may know that the puffs are slack baked. Cream puffs of the usual size require twenty-five to thirty minutes baking. Usually when properly baked they will slide on the pan or separate themselves from the pan, though this is not always the case. When done, a puff, taken up in the hand, will feel light as a

feather. If doughy inside or slack-baked on the sides, a puff will feel heavy and will be light yellow on the sides and will settle down (on the sides) and be flat. Pastry flour is called for. If the eggs are beaten before mixing them into the paste, the cakes will not be hollow.

QUERY No. 2522.—“Why does pastry baked for a Lemon Pie (on an inverted plate) and pricked with a fork all over shrink in baking?”

### Shrinking of Pastry on Baking

Pricking pastry with a fork has nothing to do with its shrinking. Pastry, baked over an inverted dish or where there is a large surface (comparatively) of paste, is pricked to allow the air beneath to escape; air below a large expanse of paste, expanding when heated, would puff up the pastry and cause it to be misshapen. All flour mixtures contract, or shrink, on cooking. A mixture of cooked liquid (fat or water) occupies less space than the flour mixed with the liquid.

QUERY No. 2523.—“Escaloped Potatoes made by a recipe in ‘Practical Cooking and Serving’ always curdle, though I use fresh milk. What is the cause?”

### Curdled Scalloped Potatoes

We use the recipe referred to often, and occasionally the milk curdles. Probably this appearance is occasioned by too hot an oven. The dish is by no means spoiled, but it is at its best when cooked a long time in a slow oven.

QUERY No. 2524.—“Why does Melted Chocolate, added to Custard sometimes stay in tiny particles instead of blending smoothly with the Custard?”

### How to Add Chocolate to Mixtures

After the chocolate is melted, add a little sugar and a little boiling water and stir to a smooth consistency, then add more sugar and gradually stir in the milk to be used. Have the milk hot if possible. If eggs are to be used, as in



custard, beat the eggs, add some of the sugar to be used, beat again, then gradually stir in the milk and chocolate.

QUERY No. 2525.—“How may the cork of a thermos bottle in daily use be kept from becoming musty? Leaving the cork overnight in water in which soda has been dissolved does not remedy the trouble.”

### Care of Cork in Thermos Bottle

Why not supply the bottle with two or three corks? Each night allow the cork used during the day to lie overnight in soda and water, then let dry all the next day, when it will be ready to use.

QUERY No. 2526.—“How may the undercrust of Lemon Meringue and Custard Pies be kept from becoming soaked and soggy in the baking?”

### Baking Undercrust of Custard Pie

All pies, including custard and lemon, should be set into an oven hot on the bottom, that the undercrust may be baked before it becomes soaked. If the oven is right, the pastry will bake before the filling is heated enough to boil. With a coal range, in which a fire is built each morning, bake the pies right after breakfast, when the fire is easily regulated.

QUERY No. 2527.—“What is the difference between Consommé and Bouillon?”

### Consommé and Bouillon

Bouillon, primarily, is flavored beef broth, but at the present day we speak of chicken bouillon or of tomato bouillon, the first being chicken broth flavored with vegetables, and the second beef broth to which enough tomatoes are added to give a vivid red color. Consommé is a clarified broth made of three kinds of meat, usually beef, veal and chicken, flavored with onion, celery, carrot and parsley. Bouillon may or may not be clarified, consommé is always clarified.

QUERY No. 2528.—“Is gingham always woven in a stripe or check, or do we see it sometimes in a solid color? Or, is the material

which has a solid color and resembles gingham always known as chambray?”

### Gingham and Chambray

We have consulted the buyer of cotton dress goods in a large department store in reference to the points distinguishing gingham and chambray and are told that the names, as also that of madras, are interchangeable. Designs suitable for men's shirts often come folded in the piece and are designated as madras.

QUERY No. 2529.—“On the labels of most of the cheap syrups and molasses on the market occur the words: ‘this contains sulphur dioxide.’ Are such articles injurious? What is the law regarding them?”

### Regarding Adulterations of Syrups

The U. S. Department of Agriculture will send you, free of charge, bulletins that hold all the information to be known about these products and preparations. The same departments of many States can furnish the same information. The law requires that all manufactured products be properly and accurately labeled. That goods of this kind be injurious or wholesome can be determined only by chemical analysis.

QUERY No. 2530.—“Recipe for Oyster Stew.”

### Oyster Stew

Put a quart of oysters in a colander or strainer and pour on a cup of cold water; take up each oyster, one after another, to remove bits of shell, if any be present. Heat the liquid to the boiling point and strain through two folds of cheese cloth; add the oysters and heat quickly to the boiling point; let boil one or two minutes, till the oysters look plump and the edges “ruffle” a little; add one quart of hot milk, three tablespoonfuls of butter, black pepper to taste and about a teaspoonful of salt. Serve at once with crackers and pickles or olives.

QUERY No. 2531.—“Give thickness of slice to cut Ham for frying, also time of cooking and degree of heat.”



"*Tomorrow's fate, though thou be wise,  
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;  
Pass, therefore, not today in vain,  
For it will never come again.*"—*Rubaiyat.*

"*Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time.*"  
—*Macbeth.*

## Why Not Today?

If you have heard how Crisco is taking the place of butter and lard in every department of cooking—

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### Jelly Roll

4 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful
1 cupful sugar	salt
2 tablespoonfuls	4 tablespoonfuls
melted Crisco	milk
2 cupfuls flour	Jelly or preserves
1 teaspoonful	1 teaspoonful
baking powder	lemon extract

(Use level measurements)

Beat eggs and sugar together 20 minutes, remove beater, sift in flour, salt and baking powder, add milk, extract and melted Crisco. Grease large flat tin with Crisco, dust over with flour, pour in mixture and spread over evenly. Bake 12 minutes in moderately hot oven. Turn out on sugared paper, spread quickly with jelly or preserves and roll up at once. The cake will crack if spreading and rolling are not quickly done. Sufficient for one jelly roll.

If you want to know more about Crisco, send for the "Calendar of Dinners". This book contains, besides the story of Crisco, a different dinner menu for every day of the year and 615 recipes gathered and carefully tested by the well-known cooking authority, Marion Harris Neil. Address your request to Department A-5, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O., enclosing *five 2-cent stamps*. A paper-bound edition, without the "Calendar of Dinners" and with 250 recipes will be sent free.

## Fried Ham

Unless the ham be particularly choice, boiling is preferable to frying. To fry, cut in slices about one-fourth an inch thick, a little thicker rather than thinner. Remove the rind, if present, and cut a few gashes in the fat on the edge. Have ready about a tablespoonful of fat melted in an iron frying pan; lay in the ham and let cook moderately until the fat on one side is browned, then turn to cook on the other side. The ham should not cook so slowly that the juice is drawn out into the pan, nor at such a heat that the fat spatters and burns.

QUERY No. 2532.—“Directions for frying slices of Halibut, Haddock and Sword Fish.”

## Frying Slices of Sea Fish

Directions for frying sliced halibut will be found in the Seasonable Recipes for this month. Swordfish should be fried in the same manner, but, as the fish is very firm and the heat does not penetrate it readily, the slices are cut less thick than halibut. A generous half or a scant three-quarters of an inch is about the right thickness for slices of swordfish. Haddock is cut across the fish in slices about three-fourths an inch thick. Haddock and cod flake more easily than halibut and swordfish and so do not hold their shape during frying as well as halibut and swordfish. Haddock and cod are better boiled, or filleted and baked, or in chowder, than fried. Creamed haddock and cod are always satisfactory.

QUERY No. 2533.—“What is the difference between Pastry and ‘All-round’ Flour, and how should the quantities used be varied?”

## Pastry and All-round Flour

The quantity of an “all-round” flour, it would seem, would have to be increased slightly when used for bread and diminished slightly when used for cake and pastry. Probably a level tablespoonful of increase or decrease to each cup of sifted flour called for would give right proportions.

QUERY No. 2534.—“Recipe for Vinaigrette Sauce, and for what is it used.”

## Vinaigrette Sauce

Half a clove of garlic	1 thin slice onion
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful mustard	$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful finely chopped parsley
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful paprika	1 teaspoonful finely chopped chili pepper
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful chopped chives	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider vinegar
	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups olive oil

Rub a bowl with the cut side of the garlic. Put the seasonings into the bowl, scraping the pulp from the slice of onion; add one tablespoonful of the oil and crush and mix the seasonings with it, then add the vinegar gradually, mixing and crushing meanwhile; lastly, add the oil and mix again. Strain or not as desired. This dressing is used for cooked asparagus or for fresh endive or lettuce.

QUERY No. 2535.—“Recipe for small cakes like a Sponge Cake.”

## Small Cakes

The recipe for lemon queens, given in the Seasonable Recipes of this number, cannot be improved upon for small cakes. Any recipe for sponge cake may be baked in small tins, or dropped in rounds upon paper-covered baking sheet and baked as sponge drops. Plunkets are a little dry, perhaps, but are called choice little cakes.

## Plunkets

1 cup butter	2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cup sugar	Grating of lemon or orange rind
6 eggs	
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour	
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cornstarch	

Cream the butter; gradually beat in the sugar; beat the whites of the eggs dry, the yolks until thick, pour the yolks over the whites and cut and fold the two together; then gradually add the eggs to the butter and sugar with the grated rind. Sift together, twice, the flour, corn starch and baking powder; then beat into the other mixture. Bake in small buttered tins about twenty-five minutes. Decorate with boiled frosting.



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## New Books

*Palm Beach Dainties.* By ANNIE E. G. METCALFE. Price, 50 cents. The Tropical Sun, Palm Beach, Florida.

This little booklet is devoted to a selection of a few suggestions for dainty dishes to be made from products of the field, grove, woods and waters of Palm Beach County, Florida. Southland recipes for southland dishes, with the distinctive products of the region, are well represented herein. They convey a smack of the sunny land.

In speaking of our part of the world, we like to let you know that Palm Beach county "Weather" and "Atmosphere" are not much given to moodiness, but are mainly bright and cheerful; so if you have satisfactory conditions in your present locality, do not come here and be "homesick"—just send freight, express and parcel-post orders for such of our county products as your section does not furnish. On the other hand, if you come, "here's hoping"—"You'uns" becomes "we'uns" and "you all" changes to "we all."

*Spices.* A text-book for teachers. McCormick & Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

This booklet contains brief and useful information about spices and their use in flavoring. The descriptions are plain statements of facts. The illustrations are fine. The booklet will be sent free to bona fide teachers of Domestic Science upon presentation of credentials to the publishers.

*Home Entertaining.* By WILLIAM E. CHENERY. Price, 75 cents net. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Massachusetts.

This book is not to be confused with any of the ordinary "handbooks" dealing with home games and pastimes. It is the product of years of study and the

practical trying-out of every conceivable form of indoor entertainment. All the games, tricks, puzzles, and rainy-day and social-evening diversions have been practised by the editor; many are original with him, and many that are, of course, not original have been greatly improved by his intelligence. Only the best, cleanest, and brightest games and tricks are allowed in this collection. All are told in the plainest possible way. The book is well arranged and finely printed.

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### THE SUMMER SCHOOL

WITH the approaching vacation season the Summer Schools invite attention. The school at Topo Pino, New Hampshire, conducted by the editor of this magazine, is somewhat special and unique in character. Teachers, dietitians, caterers, managers of tea rooms, young and prospective housekeepers have made up the classes in past seasons. The pupils can specialize, in a measure, each doing what she needs or wants to do most. They obtain here practical information about Food Principles and Cookery such as can not well be found elsewhere. The location is free from outside distractions, hence ample time is found for daily recreation in the open air of the mountains. After taking Domestic Science courses in school and college, many young women come to Topo Pino to learn how to prepare and serve three times a day palatable and wholesome meals. The results appear in improved health and the experience and self-confidence gained by doing. More actual cooking is done here in one month than is done during a four years' course in most schools and institutions.

Plan early to combine healthful recreation and practical training, pleasure and profit, in a single "outing."

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# The Silver Lining

## Little Polly's Puzzle

The thing that puzzles me is why  
My daddy lives with Mother;  
To live with some *Man* smart as him  
Is what I'd think he'd rather.

You see, Ma's queer as anything  
And simply *will not* bother  
To put to use all the advice  
That's handed out by father.

He tells her what she ought to read  
And how to wash the dishes,  
And what her study club should do  
And how to cook his fishes.

And yet that silly thing works on  
As *she* sees fit and pleases,  
And hardly notices that Dad  
Is just so mad he wheezes.

And so I say I don't see why  
He doesn't live forever  
With some smart *Man* who, like himself,  
Does only what is clever.

—E. K. CARRUTH.

## Starting the Day Wrong

There was a gloom on the face of the  
New England farmer, says the N. Y.  
*Evening Post*.

"What's the matter, Elijah?" asked his  
nearest neighbor. "Flapjacks given out  
over to your house?"

"Worse'n that," said Elijah. "You  
know, 'twas apple year, and wife says  
we can't have any more apple pie for  
breakfast."

"Can't you make out if you have ap-  
ple pie noon and night?"

"I can, because I've got to," said  
Elijah, "but I tell you, it upsets me,  
starting in the day wrong like that."

## Necessary to Civilized Man

A teacher was explaining to her pu-  
pils in the primary class the difference  
between civilized and uncivilized races,  
insisting upon the three things as requis-  
ites for civilization—food, clothing and  
shelter.

The following day she resumed her  
subject, by way of review.

"What are the three things necessary  
to a civilized man?" she asked.

Several of the children remembered  
food and clothing, but the third requisite  
seemed to have entirely escaped their  
recollection. Finally, after the question  
had been repeated two or three times,  
one of the boys, the largest one in the  
class, raised his hand, triumphantly.

"Well, James, you may tell us."

"A wife."

## He Was "It"

When my wife and I were on our  
honeymoon, says a writer in *The Strand*  
*Magazine*, we were advised to visit a  
certain ruined castle, the custodian of  
which was a relative of the noble owner.  
Having viewed the glorious old pile, I  
was at a loss how and in what way to  
offer a gratuity, bearing in mind the  
"blue blood" of our guide. The follow-  
ing conversation took place.

"We thank you for your courtesy, and  
would be glad to give a small sum to  
any cause, if you have a box for that  
purpose."

"Sir," was the reply, "we have such a  
box."

"Then, may I see it?" I asked.

"Sir"—with a pleasant smile and a  
bow—"I am that box."

## Let Justice Be Done

A lawsuit was recently in full swing,  
and during its progress a witness was

## CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPERS

Use a Reliable Disinfectant all over the house.  
A cupful in a pail of water for scrubbing floors  
and woodwork.

Pour a little in the sink, tubs, basins and toilets.  
Wash refrigerators and store-rooms.

Has no disagreeable odor.

Safe, Strong and Economical.

Two Sizes: 25 and 50 cents

**Platt's Chlorides,**  
**The Odorless Disinfectant.**

Sample and Booklet, "The Sanitary Home," FREE

HENRY B. PLATT 42 Cliff St., New York



# You Should See How We Make These Biscuit

You should see the selected materials which are used—flour, sugar, butter, eggs, nuts, spices, fruits and flavors.

You should see the large, airy bakeries, with their new apparatus for mixing, with evenly heated ovens and with white-clad attendants.

These, together with ceaseless care and newest methods, make each variety of National Biscuit Company biscuit the best of its kind.

You will find the attractive packages in the grocery store near you, for the National Biscuit Company distributes from Coast to Coast.

*Buy biscuit baked by*

**NATIONAL BISCUIT  
COMPANY**

*Always look for that Name*



## Uneeda Biscuit

Perfectly baked soda crackers—perfectly kept in the moisture-proof package. Five cents.



## Snaparoons

Delightful biscuit with the flavor of cocoanut. Always fresh. Ten cents.

cross-examined as to the habits and character of the defendant.

"Has Mr. March a reputation for being abnormally lazy?" asked counsel briskly.

"Well, sir, it's this way—"

"Will you kindly answer the question asked?" struck the irascible lawyer.

"Well, sir, I was going to say it's this way. I don't want to do the gentleman in question any injustice, and I won't go so far as to say, sir, that he's lazy, exactly; but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food—why, he'd die from lack of nourishment, sir."

### All She Could Handle

In Iowa, they are telling a story of a German farmer in one of the northern counties who has for some time been posing as an apostle of progressive agriculture. Following the lead of such men

as Hoard and Wallace he has been preaching against the practice of growing nothing but corn and small grains, and has been advocating cattle, silos, and alfalfa.

"It iss cows, cows, cows vich iss needed in dis country. Dey vill bring back der fertility. Ve haf altogether too much corn, corn, corn. Ve should haf a hoonderd thousand cows in Iowa to make us all rich."

"That's pretty good doctrine, Otto," said a member of the State Legislature to him one day. "I suppose you practice what you preach. How many head of stock have you on your half section?"

"Vell," said Otto, hesitatingly, "I haf now ten cows."

The Legislator expressed surprise. "Why," said he, "I expected to hear that you had at least two or three hundred. How is that?"

"Vell," replied the German sadly, "you see ten cows iss all mine frau can milk."

### A Clerical "Fan"

It was an Episcopal clergyman, and an ardent lover of the great American game, who inadvertently remarked at the end of the portion of Scripture appointed to be read:

"Here endeth the first inning."

"Why do you feed every tramp who comes along? They never do any work for you."

"No," said the wife, "but it is quite a satisfaction to me to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking."

Little Robert was very bright, and at the end of his first term at school was promoted to the second grade. He was much attached to his first-grade teacher, and was loath to leave her. "Miss Eva," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I do wish you knew enough to teach second grade, so I wouldn't have to leave you."—*Exchange*.



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G. F. CO.  
1914

**HEALTHY** kiddies are active from morning till night at hard play that is good for their little bodies. They exercise more muscles than do grown-ups and the things they wear must stand great strain and rough service.

**Velvet Grip**  
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON  
HOSE SUPPORTERS

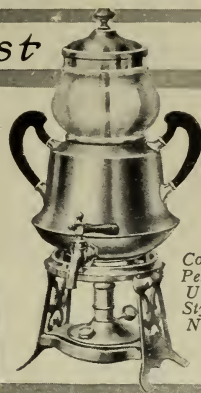
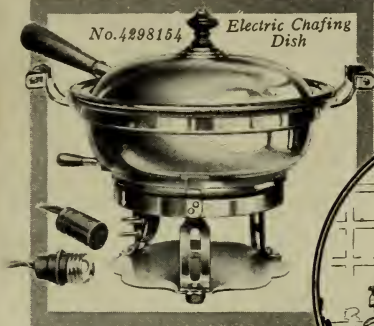
Child's sample pair (give age) 15c. postpaid  
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Means



Best



Coffee  
Percolator  
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Style  
No. 3493



Coffee Percolator

No. 9093

# Manning-Bowman Quality Ware



Bread Maker

No. 10



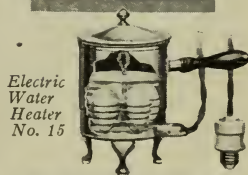
Relish Dish  
No. 278



Relish Dish  
No. 278



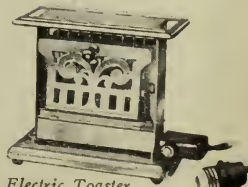
Cake Basket  
No. 291



Electric  
Water  
Heater  
No. 15



Casserole  
No. 1993



Electric Toaster  
No. 1212

THE attractiveness of the home has been greatly added to by the use of those devices that permit the making of tea or coffee at the table, or preparing there many things heretofore cooked in the kitchen.

The modern housewife now considers her home incomplete without these articles that lighten her work and add so much to the niceties of the table service.

Manning-Bowman Ware most advantageously lends itself to these conditions. Aside from the beauty of design of the various articles that comprise this line, their practical perfection and durability have established a standard of quality that has long been associated with the name Manning-Bowman.

The line includes any cooking or heating device for use with electricity, alcohol or on ordinary coal or gas range. Also a large variety of table accessories in nickel and silver plate.

On sale at jewelry, hardware, housefurnishing or department stores. Special booklet describing any article sent on request.

For free book of chafing dish recipes  
write for Catalogue E 41. Address

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.  
Makers of Nickel Plate, Solid Copper and Aluminum Ware





## Make Delicious Desserts

You can give your desserts a rich, smooth, exquisite flavor, blending all through the recipe—giving the matchless delicacy of the Mexican Vanilla which makes even a plain pudding a triumph.

You are sure of this with

# Burnett's VANILLA

You can easily succeed with new and unusual delicacies too—for special occasions—by flavoring with Burnett's.

**ALSO**  
Almond  
Lemon  
Orange  
Fresh  
Fruit  
Extracts  
etc.

### A Delicious Pudding Sauce

One teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in milk. Stir into 1 pint of boiling milk, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar, until creamy. Add 1 teaspoonful of Burnett's Vanilla.

You need very little of *any* flavor, so why risk success by using the heavy, rank coarseness of imitation extracts or those made from inferior Vanilla Beans?

*Write for our new booklet of 115 dainty desserts  
Sent free if you mention your grocer's name*

**JOSEPH BURNETT CO.**

Dept. K, 36 India St., Boston, Mass.

## Seasonable Recipes

(Continued from page 777)

sides of each round, then roll in shredded cocoanut to fill the frosting with cocoanut; set choice strawberries on the top of each round of cake, pipe whipped cream around the berries and coat the berries with equal measures of fresh strawberry juice and sugar thickened with gelatine. Use half a tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, to a pint of juice and sugar.

## Frozen Pudding

Scald two cups of thin cream and one cup of milk in a double boiler; beat the yolks of five eggs; add three-fourths a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt and beat again, then cook in the hot milk as a boiled custard; add half a level tablespoonful of granulated gelatine, softened in four tablespoonfuls of cold milk, and stir until dissolved, then strain, chill, flavor with one tablespoonful of vanilla and freeze; add one cup of fruit (sultana raisins, cleaned currants and sliced cherries) cooked tender in boiling water and soaked overnight in syrup (sugar and water), turn the crank a few minutes, then pack the mixture in a melon mold, cover carefully and let stand an hour or more buried in crushed ice and rock salt. Use four or five measures of ice to one of salt. Serve turned from the mold with whipped cream. In the illustration the pudding was served in long-stemmed glasses and was garnished with whipped cream.

## Peach Tart

Roll flaky pastry into a thin sheet; on it set (upside down) a pie plate, then cut out a round that will fit the plate (it probably should be an inch larger on all sides than the plate); fit the paste on the inverted plate, trimming it as needed. Set the paste-covered plate on a tin sheet, prick all over with a fork and let bake until done. Set the cooked paste in place on the inside of the plate and half fill with peach or apple marmalade or with

# Crawford Ranges



**This picture** shows the ease of operating a range with the wonderful **Single Damper**. One motion—push the knob to “Kindle”, “Bake”, or “Check”—the range does the rest. This damper is the greatest improvement ever made in cook stoves. It is found only in Crawford Ranges.

Then there is the deep **Ash Hod** with Coal Hod beside it. A patented feature.

Gas Ovens attached if desired; double (*elevated*) or single, (*at end*).

*Ask the Crawford Agent to show you.  
Write us for circulars.*

**WALKER & PRATT MFG. CO., Makers**  
31-35 Union Street, Boston

## Keep Your Kitchen Clean

The Sanitary Kitchen is the Clean Kitchen—keeping the Kitchen clean and sweet is keeping it sanitary. Keeping the Kitchen sanitary is warding off sickness and disease—insuring health and happiness.

A McClernan Sanitary Steel Kitchen Cabinet means 100% efficiency in keeping your kitchen clean and sanitary and it takes the “L” out of slave. It is all steel, beautifully enameled, inside and out—it is the one cabinet that is as clean and as sanitary as sunshine and built to last a lifetime.

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The McClernan Cabinet combines pantry, store-room and kitchen work-table. Has storage capacity greater than most cabinets; not too big for a cottage yet big enough for a hotel. The seamless steel construction makes

it positively and permanently sanitary. No cracks or crevices to catch dirt and refuse. No wood to absorb and exude odors. Rats or mice cannot gnaw into it. This splendid steel cabinet costs no more than an ordinary wood cabinet. Let us send you our

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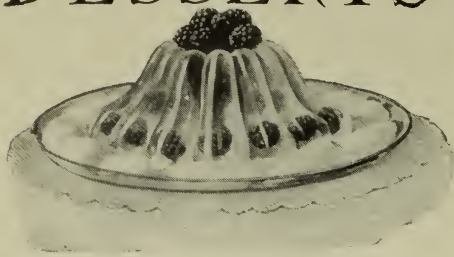
It tells the truth about kitchen cabinets and we will tell you how to try it before you buy it or pay anybody a cent

**McCLERNAN METAL PRODUCTS CO.**  
3515 South Ashland Ave., Chicago

Buy advertised goods—do not accept substitutes



# DESSERTS



Jellies, puddings, frozen desserts and salads—with or without fresh or canned fruits—are most popular when made with

## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

*(It's Granulated)*

### LEMON JELLY (Like Above)

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 10 minutes and dissolve with 2 cups (1 pint) boiling water; add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar and stir until dissolved and cooled; then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice and strain through a cheese cloth into mold. Add fresh or canned fruits or fruit juices as desired. Serve with or without whipped cream.

They are appetizing and economical. A package of Knox Gelatine makes two quarts ( $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon) of jelly.

The contents of both packages are alike, except that the Acidulated package contains an extra envelope of lemon flavoring, saving the cost of lemons.

### Send for FREE Recipe Book

It contains many economical Dessert, Jelly, Salad, Pudding and Candy Recipes. It is free for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and your grocer's name.



Yellow Package



Blue Package

Chas B Knox  
Co, 307 Knox  
Ave., John-  
stown, N. Y.

cooked peaches pressed through a sieve and sweetened; above the filling set halves of cooked peaches; add half a tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, to a pint of the syrup from the peaches, made hot; when the gelatine is dissolved let the mixture cool and thicken, then use to glaze the top of the peaches and fill the spaces between them. Set a cherry in the hollow of each half-peach, pipe a little boiled frosting, if convenient, at the sides of the cherries, and sprinkle the edge of the paste with chopped nuts. Serve with or without cream.

### Vegetable Protein Not Inferior to Animal Protein

For many years a stock argument against the non-flesh dietary has been the claim that animal protein is much more readily and completely assimilated than vegetable protein. At best this argument would be only a matter of economy and would amount to nothing, since the cost of vegetable protein is not more than one-fifth to one-tenth the cost of animal protein, so that one could easily afford to lose five or ten per cent of the raw material while making a saving of three hundred to four hundred per cent in cost.

But a review of the supposed experiments of comparative indigestibility of protein has shown that there is no real foundation for the claim that vegetable proteins are less digestible than animal proteins. In the earlier experiments it was observed that when a large amount of the protein of the diet was derived from peas or beans, only three-fourths to four-fifths of the protein was assimilated, whereas in the case of animal proteins in the form of eggs or meat, eighty-eight to ninety per cent was assimilated.

Experiments made by an eminent Japanese physiologist with the pure protein of the soy bean have shown it to be digestible to the extent of ninety-six per cent, a degree of digestibility fully equal



# Perfected Electric Cooking for Domestic Science Schools



Over one hundred Domestic Science Schools are already equipped with Hughes Devices for electric cooking. Hughes Electric Ranges and Hot Plates have made electric cooking a reality for poor as well as rich—practical, economical and simple.

The advantages are wonderful. Fuel, ashes, smoke, soot and dirt are eliminated. Drudgery and hot kitchens are gone. Food cooked in a Hughes Range is vastly superior in flavor and nutrition.

Electric cooking is now **really economical**, due to the lowering of current rates by central stations, and to the remarkable efficiency of the Hughes Electric Range. Our Ranges are not an experiment. They have been on the market for years and are in use in practically all parts of the civilized world. We make a specialty of equipments for Domestic Science Schools. Write for particulars.

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South Chatham, New Hampshire

**WILL OPEN JULY 7**  
**For the Twelfth Season**

Do you wish to learn something of marketing, of food values, and of cooking for from 1 to 30 people? In demonstration lectures, in class work, or at the home table, do you wish to be able to present new dishes without fear of failure, or to judge with accuracy as to the value of any new recipe? Come to South Chatham and learn how to do these things by doing them.

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### MENUS FOR ONE WEEK DAY

#### Breakfast

Berries	Cereal
Calf's Liver and Bacon	Creamed Potatoes
Philadelphia Butter Buns (reheated)	Coffee

#### Dinner

Brown Soup with Noodles (begun the preceding day)	
Turbans of Fresh Fish, Baked	
Fish Bechamel or Hollandaise Sauce	
Cucumbers, French Dressing	
Potato Balls with Parsley	
Fried Chicken, Corn Fritters (home-canned corn)	
Green Peas	
Cranberry Sauce (cranberries canned in cold water)	
Baking Powder Biscuits	French Bread
Blueberry Pie	Muscovite Sherbet
Maple Syrup Cake	

#### Supper

Gnocchi à la Romaine (made in the morning)		
Parker House Rolls (reheated)		
Lettuce-and-String Bean Salad		
Berries	Cake	Tea



**PRESERVES  
KEEP  
IF YOU USE  
GOOD  
LUCK  
RUBBER RINGS**

Do you know that the rubber ring you use in preserving is the most important item?

Cheap rubber rings harden, crack, and let in air; and your preserves "work" and spoil.

**Good Luck** rings keep out the air *indefinitely*. Made of live rubber, extra wide, thick, soft and tough and *will not taint the fruit*.

Send 10c. for Package of 1 Dozen if your dealer hasn't them in stock

**OUR FREE BOOKLET**  
"Good Luck in Preserving" tells why preserves spoil and how to prevent it. It also contains 36 unusual and practical preserving recipes never before published and 80 gummed and printed jar labels.

**Write for it now.**  
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DEPT. NO. 3  
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to that of any animal protein. It appears that the only reason why animal proteins have seemed to be more digestible than vegetable protein has been the fact that vegetable proteins are combined with various other substances, especially cellulose, which is indigestible, so that digestion is hindered.

These experiments have been repeated in this country by Dr. Mendel of the Yale University laboratory and with practically identical results. Doctor Mendel does not hesitate to state that vegetable proteins are equally as digestible as animal proteins.

### Kornlet

This excellent food contains all the nourishment and flavor of sweet corn, without any solid fibre or hulls. Kornlet can be readily assimilated; heated with a little milk, it has often been found acceptable and appetizing to patients who rejected all other nourishment.

In making Kornlet the milk is taken out while the kernels are plump and juicy—and this milk, without the indigestible hulls, is boiled down and concentrated.

Desirable forms of use of Kornlet for patients in the home or in the hospital. experience has taught, are as follows:

#### TESTED RECIPES

*(For the Invalid or Convalescent)*

**Kornlet Broth.**—One can Kornlet and skim milk in equal proportions. Thoroughly stir or beat with an egg beater. Strain through cheese cloth or fine sieve. Add a pinch of salt and cook in double boiler at boiling point fifteen minutes.

**Kornlet and Barley Gruel.**—Boil one cup of barley in three cups of water in double boiler for an hour. Remove from fire, add one can Kornlet, one pint milk, one tablespoon butter, season with salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. Let boil up once, stirring steadily, then rub through a sieve. This will be found especially good for the babies and also for feverish patients, allaying both thirst and hunger.





"A STORY WITHOUT WORDS"

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**Send No Money—  
Try It 10 Days Free**

**Why Be a Slave to Cooking?** Here's a new kind of maid, with no wages to pay. Cooks your meals from Soup to Dessert while you are away enjoying yourself. Can't burn or scorch the food. Gives all the time you want for leisure, social pleasures, sewing, reading, shopping or resting.

**Cuts Fuel Bills  
60% to 80%**

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**Weavever Aluminum Cooking  
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Write for big illustrated free book explaining everything. Learn how you can use the "Perfection"—the new kind of fireless cooker—ten days in your own kitchen without paying a cent in advance, and how a few cents a day is all you need pay if you keep it.

**Special Direct-from-Factory Price**

quoted to all who write at once. Just say "Send your free book," on a postal, and our wonderful message of freedom from cooking drudgery will reach you by return post. Write this minute. Address

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## PURE VANILLA EXTRACT

Every Housewife knows how difficult it is to obtain a **Pure Satisfactory Vanilla Extract.**

For years we have been large importers of **Vanilla Beans** and manufacturing **Vanilla Extract** in bulk only for the high class Manufacturers and Dealers.

Owing to the many demands we have had for our **Vanilla** by the Pint, we have decided to put up our Extract in this size for the family trade and **sell direct**, thereby giving you the benefit of the **lowest price** as we eliminate the dealer's profit.

This is the **Highest Grade Extract** that can be produced, and we appeal only to the most epicurean taste.

**Price \$1.50 in FULL Pint Bottles Only**  
**By Parcel Post, paid**

Send Check or Money Order, or we will send C.O.D.

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Buy advertised goods — do not accept substitutes



## Household Hints

To make biscuits light—drench with gasoline and ignite before serving.

How to keep servants—chloroform them and lock in the cellar.

Quickest way to get rid of peddlers—buy all they have.

How to remove fruit stains from linens—use scissors.

To keep rats out of the pantry—place all food in the cellar.

To entertain women visitors—let them inspect all your private papers.

To entertain men visitors—feed the brutes.

To keep the children at home—lock up all their clothes.

To keep hubby at home—hide his toupee.

In order to prevent accidents in the kitchen—fill the kerosene can with water.

To stop leaks in pipes—send for the nearest plumber.

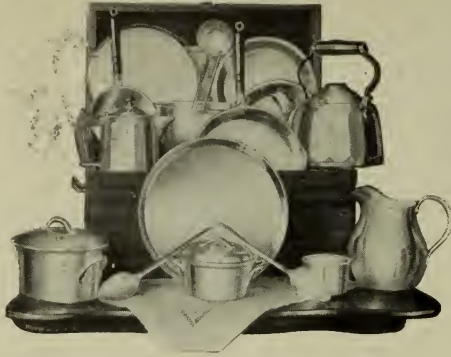
To economize on coal—get a gas range.

To test the freshness of eggs—drop them on some hard surface.

To propitiate the cook—it can't be done.—*Smart Set*.

At the Marshall home there was much discussion of woman suffrage and other political questions, and little Vera had always been a very much interested listener. "What will you do when you can vote?" a visitor asked her. "Help to put candy on the free list," was the unexpected reply.

Those cynical slaves who are so silly as to suppose it unbecoming a wise man to indulge in the common comforts of life should be answered in the words of the French philosopher. "Hey, what, do you philosophers eat dainties?" said a gay marquess. "Do you think," replied Descartes, "that God made good things only for fools?"—*Dr. Kitchiner*.



## The Gift for Wedding and Anniversary

For the bride of a day, or the bride of years—no gift could give more lasting satisfaction than a chest containing an assortment of kitchen utensils of

**WAGNER**  
CAST  
ALUMINUM  
**WARE**

"From Generation to Generation"

Not a seam, not a joint—not an article stamped or spun (please get this clearly in your mind), but each and every utensil, from spoons to kettles and percolators, cast in one solid piece, with the Wagner name cast on every item to insure its genuineness.

Such a set, or individual pieces of Wagner Cast Aluminum Ware bought separately will never crack, chip or warp. A gift of this kind is always new, always handsome and always serviceable.

Wagner Cast Aluminum Ware is sold by dealers who cater to the better class of trade. Sold direct only where we have no dealer.

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*See our exhibits at the San Francisco and San Diego Expositions.*



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Why open the door every two or three minutes—when you don't need to. Simply look through the clear glass door now and then to watch the roast or baking.



Two ovens in one—a big, full-sized oven or a little oven just as you need. Change is made instantly by moving the flue plate from top to middle position. BOLO is the biggest thing in ovens. Heats quickly—saves fuel. Order a BOLO of your dealer—or write for booklet and dealers' names.

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## Good cooks use

every reliable and economical aid in their work. To introduce to you one that for 30 years has been a standard, we want to send you

A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE OF

# Kitchen Bouquet

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

From long experience, we know a trial of our Kitchen Bouquet in browning gravy, coloring and flavoring soups, sauces, stews, etc., will make you its friend and user.

Mail us your name and address, and we will promptly send you a sample bottle together with a very up-to-date cook book.

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FLOUR well sifted is a cake hall baked. Only light and fluffy flour makes light baking, therefore you want the best flour sifter. The old fashioned way of sifting from pan to pan is slow, wasteful, unsanitary. Sift without waste—do it quicker and better by using a

## 2-IN-1 SIFTER

(Tested and Approved by Good House-keeping Institute)

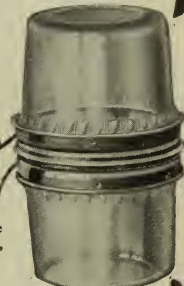
Place flour in upper glass bowl, sift to lower bowl, then turn sifter and re-sift as often as desired. No flour wasted—no time lost. Price \$1.00, prepaid (Three for \$2.00.) With Grinder, below, for \$2.50.

## KNIFE GRINDER, \$2.00

Just the thing for sharpening knives, scissors, hatchets, etc. Fastens to table or shelf. Turns easy with one hand. Enclosed gears give great speed. Knife guide insures even edge. Sent prepaid for \$2.00, or with our famous 2-in-1 Flour Sifter (reg. price \$1.00) for only \$2.50. Every housewife needs them both. Order today.

AGENTS AND DEALERS WANTED. Write for our liberal proposition.

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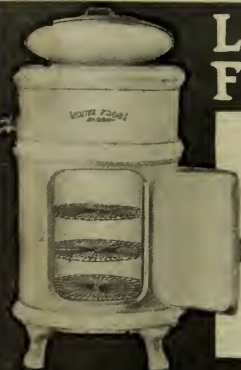
You can buy a White Frost on easy terms while enjoying its beauty, sanitation, ice economy and modern improvements. Enameled snowy-white inside and out; revolving shelves; cork cushioned doors and covers—noiseless and air-tight. Cooling coil for drinking water, new feature. Nickel trimmings. Move-easy casters. Many features found in no other refrigerator. 25-year guarantee. Lasts a life-time. Immediate delivery.

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**THE GREAT White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator**



Buy advertised goods—do not accept substitutes





Children love desserts and good desserts are beneficial to children. The delicious Blanc Mange, Custards, and Puddings made with Sea Moss Farine are always popular with the little folk. They like the flavor, it satisfies their appetite and digests quickly. Sea Moss Farine is easily prepared with milk and requires but a few minutes cooking. You can safely give the children all they want because it is healthful and very nourishing.

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*Delicious--Dainty--Wholesome*

*There are many other uses, too, for this Pure Food product. Recipes with each packet. Sea Moss Farine lends itself to every course---Soups, Gravies, Sauces, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Cream.*

**Economy is an important feature;  
one package makes 16 quarts Desserts.**

PRICE 25 CENTS PER PACKAGE.  
AT ALL GROCERS OR SENT BY MAIL POSTPAID.

**Send for Sample and  
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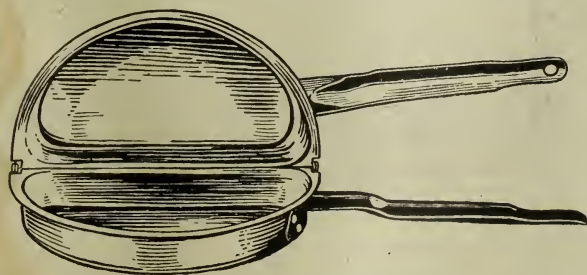
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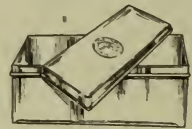
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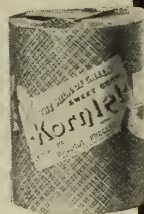
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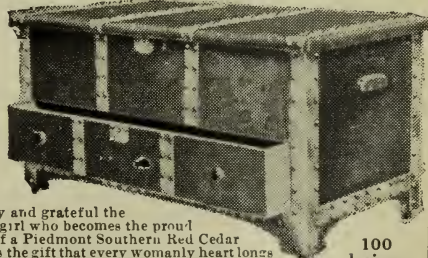
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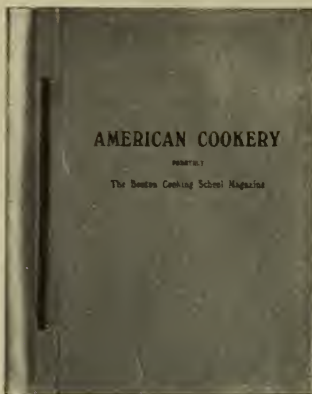
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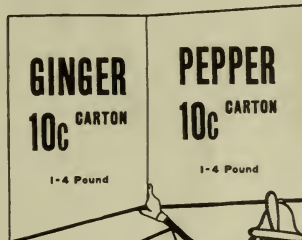
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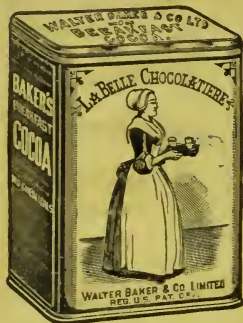
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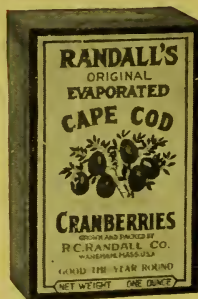
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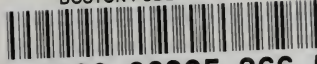








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